© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

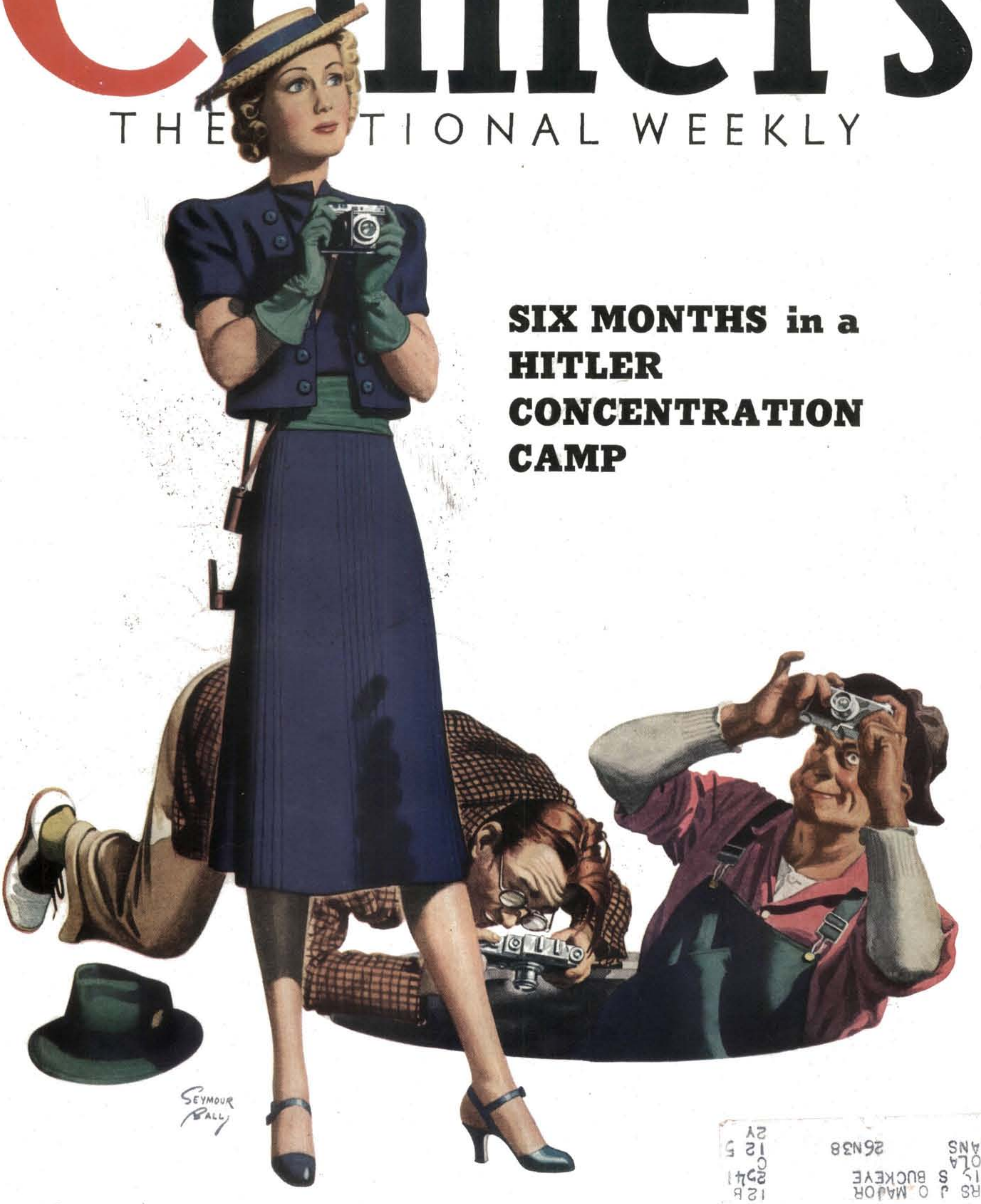
June 18, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

SIX MONTHS in a HITLER CONCENTRATION CAMP

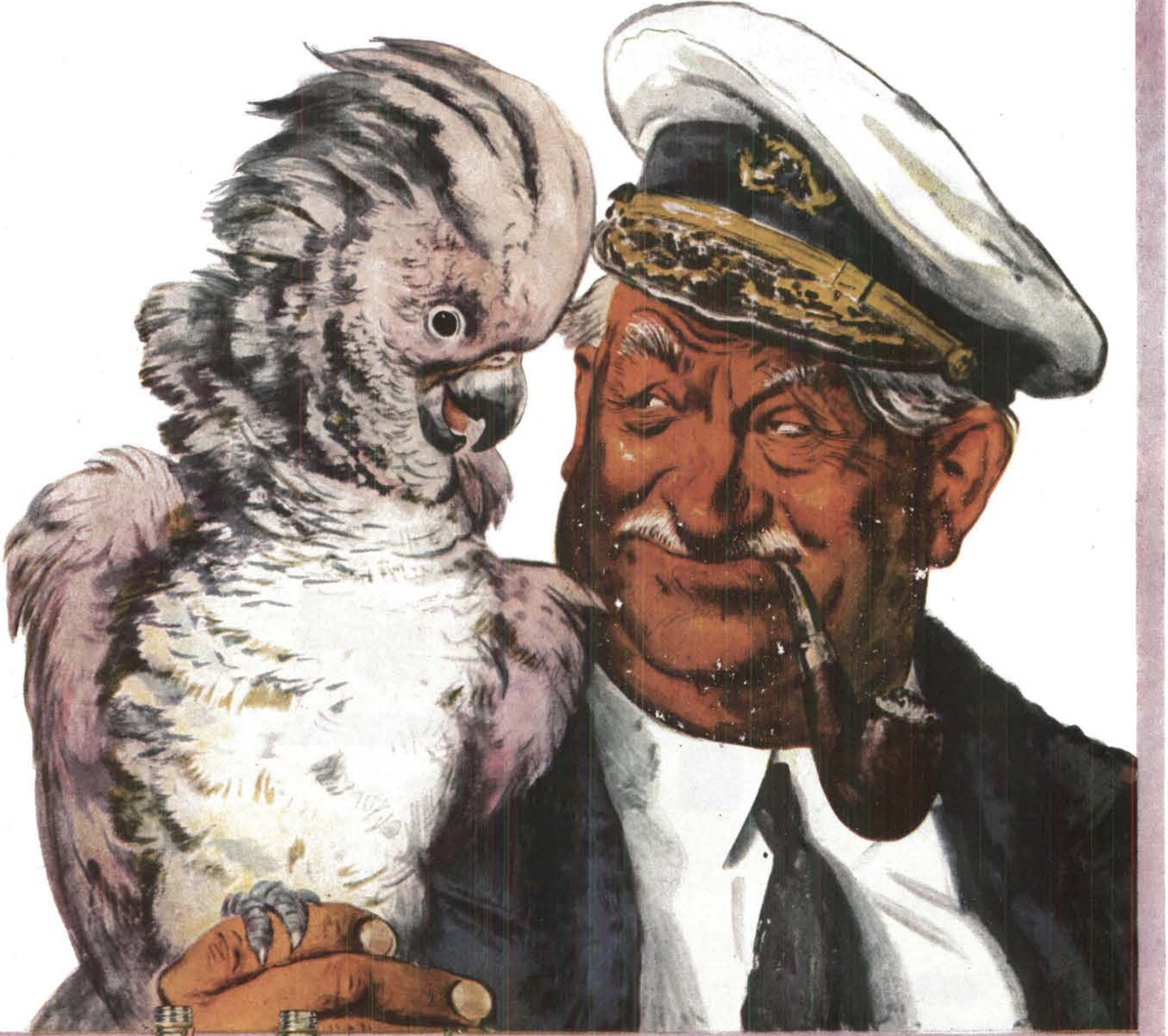


MRS J O MAJOR
215 S BUCKEYE
IOLA KANS
26N38

JUNE 18, 1938

"LEARN TO SAY FLEISCHMANN'S"

(*THAT'S THE SPIRIT*)



FLEISCHMANN'S
SLOE GIN
FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN

65 PROOF 90 PROOF

Some people look upon Fleischmann's Gin as a luxury because it costs a few cents more a bottle than some other gins. We think drinking *is* a luxury. If you are going to drink, why not drink the best? Why not pay a little more and drink a little less? Learn to say Fleischmann's . . that's the spirit.

Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin: Distilled from American Grain. Copyright 1938, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

IT'S EASY TO OWN THIS EXCITING PLYMOUTH "Roadking"

Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

PLYMOUTH

"Roadking"

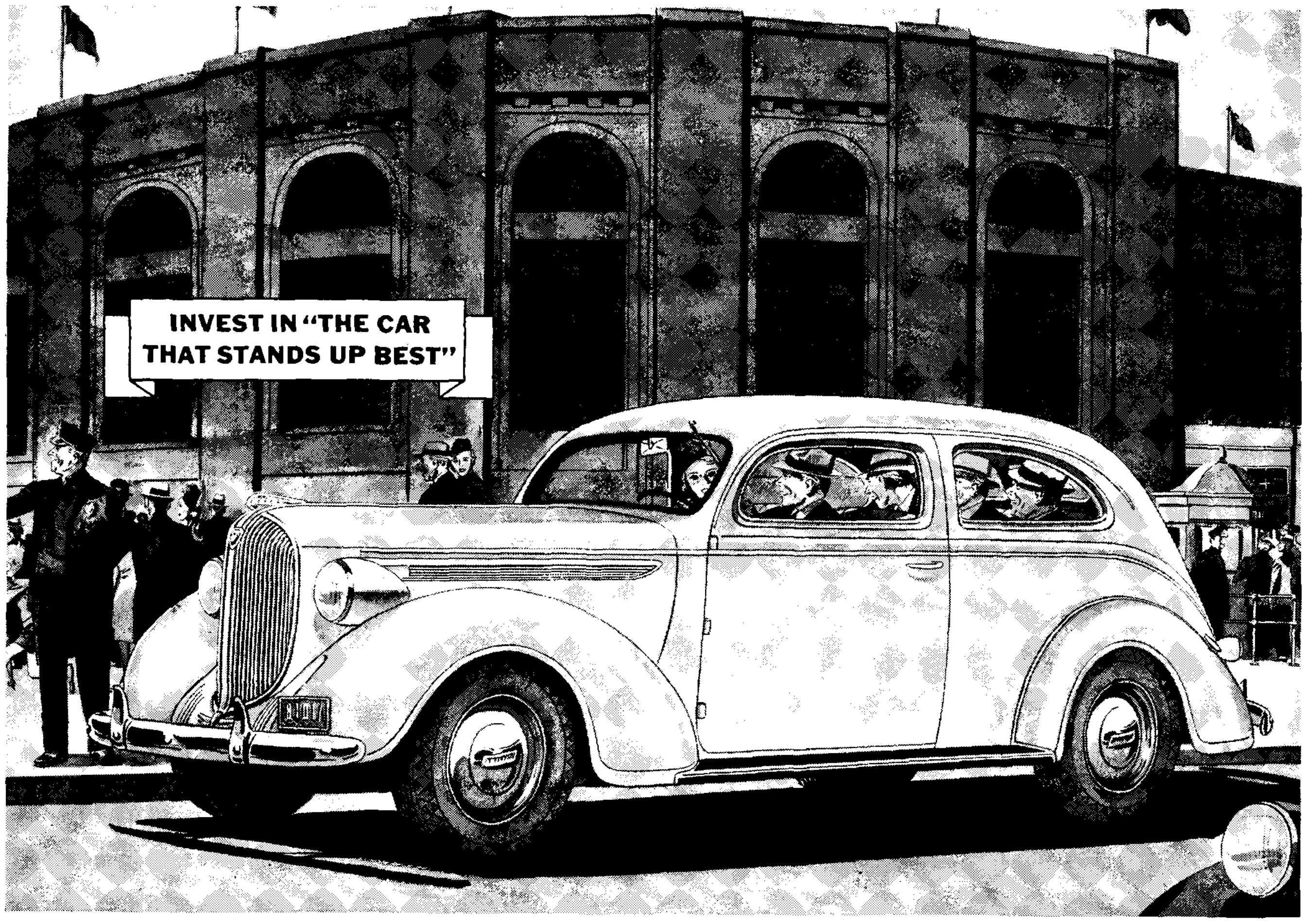
5-PASSENGER SEDAN

$685

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet).

Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included. Phone your nearby Plymouth dealer for a demonstration today.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E.D.S.T.


INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

"I HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IT, I BOUGHT ONE!"

"So many people raved to me about the Plymouth 'Roadking,' I went to see it and bought one," says Joseph Stillman, Brooklyn, N. Y. "I was astonished by the car's wonderful ride and amazed to find that I could get a Plymouth at such a low price."

BIGGEST OF THE 3 leading lowest-priced cars...the popular Plymouth "Roadking" is nearly 7 inches longer than one; over 10 inches longer than the other.

AMAZING NEW RIDE—The Plymouth "Roadking's" new ride is causing a "swing to Plymouth" in the lowest-price field. It has new faster steering, easier handling.

Bumps and vibration are absorbed by unique rubber body mountings and big, airplane-type shock absorbers.

FULL POWER—The "Roadking" is making a big hit because it has the big, 82-horsepower, "L-head" engine which gives both full-powered performance and record economy—without sacrifice of one or the other! Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas!

Find out why this Plymouth is winning so many new fans. Take a few minutes today...see and drive this great Plymouth "Roadking." Phone your nearby Plymouth dealer for a demonstration. No obligation. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

June 18, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

"YOU can't explain swing," Mr. Williams said. "You gotta be gut-bucket at heart to understand it. I've always been a gate, and gates swing wide. If you're a sender you get to rug-cutting when you're grooving a wax, what with the suitcase man being hot on the skin, and because you're not a paper man, you gotta lick it high and wide to be happy." That's how the King of Swing put it, and Mr. Steinberg, president of Monmouth Pictures, found it a little hard to follow. "Not even English can he speak," said Mr. Steinberg.

Others in Hollywood also found Monmouth's new genius hard to understand, and catastrophe loomed just ahead when Angela Jones found the combination. "Strictly Ding-Dong" is by Richard English.

IF WE run true to form this year there will be upward of 150,000 forest fires in this country. They will cost us $50,000,000, and ninety per cent of them could have been prevented. A pretty state of affairs! But you don't get the picture from looking at the figures. Come out to the fire lines and watch a whole mountainside explode in front of a racing crown fire. Watch life shrivel at its approach. "Hell and High Timber" is by Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain.

BILL FOSS was captain and stroke of the Harvard crew. He was so good that people got tired of hearing how good he was. Even the coach. The coach was jealous; people thought he couldn't get along without Foss. That's how it happened that Foss found himself walking along the bank, watching the others. And that's how he met the willowy girl with yellow hair, who took a hand in crew affairs. The story is by George Frazier.

"WHEN you're down to your last cent," said Adolphe Menjou, Senior, "go to a tailor and have some clothes made." Some years later, enjoying $5,000 a week, Adolphe Menjou, Junior, concludes that "Father Was Right." The article is by Quentin Reynolds.

HOW Ol' Mose, who hadn't fought in four years, went to Mexico and met Tiger Lopez in order to do a good turn for his friend Mister George is told in "Final Fight," a short story by Walter Stewart.

HUGH WILEY, John R. Tunis, Budd Wilson Schulberg, Hannah Lees, Kathleen Norris, Freling Foster, Mignon G. Eberhart and others contribute stories and articles. You can't go wrong.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

HOWARD BARRY
Three Met in Dublin. Troubled heart in troubled Ireland. Page 9

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
Schooner's Class. Eye opener at reunion. Page 14

HAMLEN HUNT
Romance in the Rain. The boy from Tokyo. Page 20

DONALD BARR CHIDSEY
Tight Spot. Ace in the hole. Page 26

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Coward, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The Runaway, Part III. Break with the past. Page 16

MIGNON G. EBERHART
The Glass Slipper, Part VII. Mounting terror. Page 19

ARTICLES

DOROTHY DUCAS
The Lady Says No. Ilona Massey, new star. Page 11

As told to SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON
The Nazis Got Me. Hitler's unwilling guest—in a concentration camp. Page 12

J. D. RATCLIFF
Pullet Paradise. Efficiency takes charge of the hen. Page 18

ROBERT McCORMICK
Sol the Salesman. Mr. Bloom, dealer in ideas. Page 48

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Afternoon on Eighth Avenue. Pug factory. Page 51

●

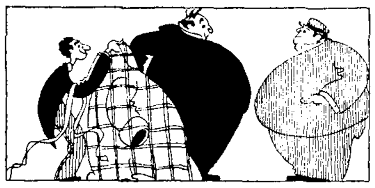
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Talking points. Page 6

EDITORIAL
No Profit, No Business. Page 70

COVER *SEYMOUR BALL*

Any Week

ONE of our most reliable correspondents, Mrs. Georgia McKenwell of New York City, reports that a gentleman named Klein is the proprietor of a store for fat men. This may not be unusual even though Mr. Klein exhibits in his shop windows trousers built for gentlemen with waist measurements of seventy-two and seventy-eight inches. And coats which will cover chests sixty-six inches around. Mrs. McKenwell says that Mr. Klein does a nice business too, having served in a single day as many as twenty-seven gents with girths ranging from sixty-six inches to seventy-two. But what Mrs. McKenwell wants us to know is that Mr. Klein's business motto is: If All Men Were Fat, There Would Be No Wars. We're *inclined to believe it.* Besides, Mr. Klein says that a mere handful of his customers would fill any ordinary battlefield to overflowing with no room left for tactics and artillery. Furthermore, think of the expense of feeding and clothing them. Mr. Klein weighs a hundred and twenty pounds. He buys his clothes next door.

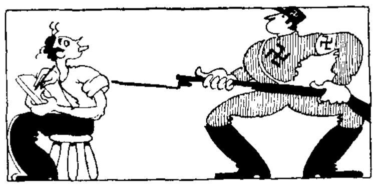


ONE of Mr. Harry Hopkins' almost innumerable employees suggests that we write a story about the "inventive genius uncovered by relief investigators." The gentleman assures us that "under the educational system of WPA men and women who have never had a chance to demonstrate the productivity of their brains" a surprising array of talent has been discovered. "Many of these slumbering geniuses have made valuable contributions to the common good," writes he. "For example, we have one sparkler who has invented a chair cleverly equipped with thirty-four springs, which, when the sitter relaxes, are set in motion, thereby inducing almost immediate slumber." And that isn't all. "If you can't relax," says our informant, "join the WPA. Learn while you earn."

WHILE we weren't looking, a paragraph crashed our columns making light of the many virtues of the prune. Personally we're not prepared to argue prunes with an expert, being rather fond of them and having consumed vast quantities in our time. But Mr. Russell E. Pettit, *manager of the San Jose* Chamber of Commerce, takes us to task—San Jose being the home of many a good prune. We started this paragraph thinking to make peace with Mr. Pettit and the prune industry. We are, as anyone can see, floundering a bit. Surrounded by several of our more important colleagues we leave you for a few moments to refresh ourselves at Tony's across the street—with a large dish of prunes.

AND just what we needed. Reminded us to tell you that Miss Willha Burnes of Washington, D. C., has just got a job, which, says she, will keep her "busy for many patriotic months." She has been employed by a firm that specialized in telling the public what a calamitous thing it would be if the electorate failed to vote in overwhelming numbers for its clients. "I don't know just which statesman I will be assigned to glorify, but no matter what I think of him now he is going to be heaven's gift to a sorely pressed people before I'm through with him. Before I'm through he'll *believe it himself. I'm good at this.* Ask Charlie Michelson."

IN THIS issue of Collier's you'll read the story of a decent young man who lived through six months in one of Mr. Hitler's concentration camps. If the experience weren't hideous it might be ridiculous. Tortured because one cannot love hate. The piece is illustrated by a German artist who spent nearly six months in another Nazi prison. We are not publishing this fine draftsman's story. But we've listened to it. And somehow, we're rather glad we're able to loathe the system and the man who is responsible for what happened to these two guys. Every now and then we have a hard time restraining an urge to be awfully fond of the United States—with all its faults.



ANYWAY, we've got to take our weekly magic lesson. A very impressive sleight-of-hand fellow is teaching us tricks. Producing rabbits out of hats. Sounds political, doesn't it? Our teacher is Lawrence G. Blochman, a versatile guy who also writes. You've read, of course, Sunset Voyage. Today we're to take up a new coin trick.

IF WE can find a coin. W. D.

Vol. 101, No. 25 Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1938, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.
Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

SEE HOW NEW KIND OF TIRE DRIES WET ROADS

GIVES YOU THE QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN

WHEN you're driving in the rain and suddenly flash past that familiar warning... "ROAD SLIPPERY WHEN WET"... *look out for skids!* Will the tires on *your* car slip or grip?

For, remember, in every wet road emergency you need a tire that will turn the wet road under your car into a *dry* track. And now, thanks to the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with Life-Saver Tread, you can have a *road-drying* tire that really works.

Goodrich engineers knew that skid protection depends on drying the road. And drying the road depends on sweeping away the water. So they developed this new tread with never-ending spiral bars that sweep the water right and left—*like a whole battery of windshield wipers.* The outcome was the safest, quickest stops on wet roads that motorists have ever seen! And this fact was checked not only on Goodrich's own proving grounds, but by three months of grueling road tests conducted by the nation's largest *independent* testing laboratory! (See report below.)

No Extra Cost!

Remember, this new skid-protected Silvertown also gives you the famous blow-out protection of the Goodrich Golden Ply. Thus the lives of yourself and your family are protected *two* important ways—against *both* skids and blow-outs. And when you can get this amazing tire AT NO EXTRA COST, the 19.1% greater non-skid mileage in Silvertowns is really like getting EVERY SIXTH MILE FREE!

Your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store wants to give you a free demonstration of this new kind of tire in action. So why not go in and get first-hand the thrilling experience of a SILVERTOWN STOP? And, for safety's sake, make your next tires Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

Life-Saver Tread and Sidewall of the New Goodrich Silvertown Protected by Design Patents Numbers 108,226; 108,247 and 108,248.

YOU ALMOST CRASHED RIGHT INTO US
I SKIDDED! I COULDN'T STEER OR STOP
1 LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
2 GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION
GOODRICH SILVERTOWN

ACTS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS

The never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves. Thus you have a dryer, safer road surface for the rubber to grip.

PROOF!

READ THE REPORT *from America's Largest Independent Testing Laboratory*

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

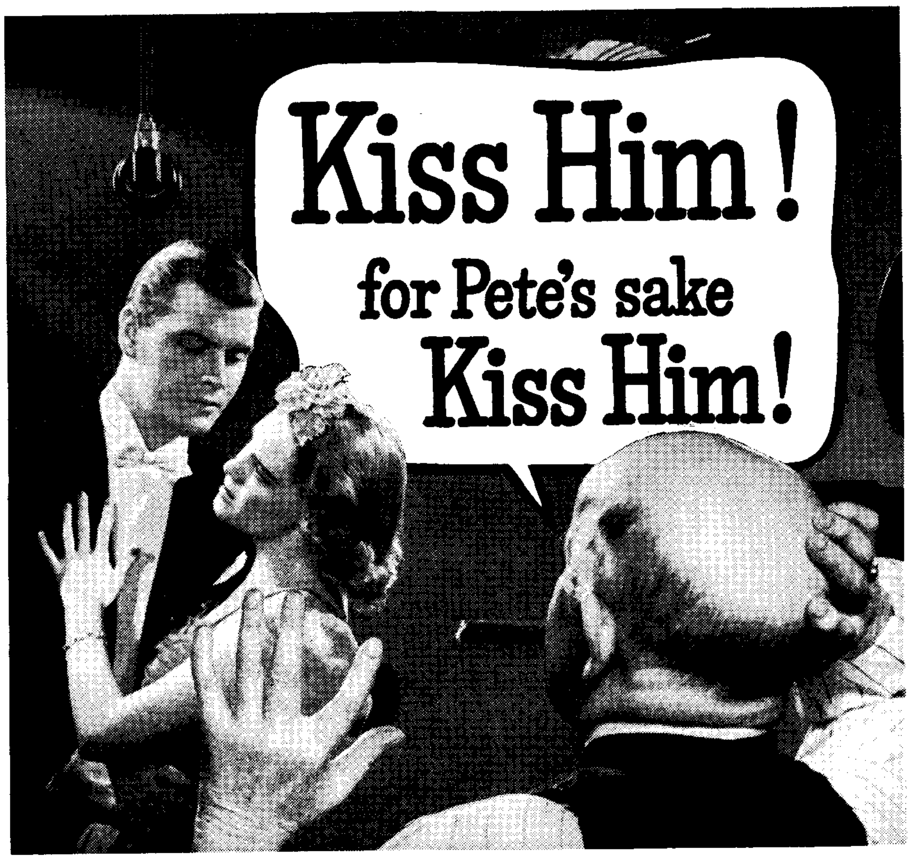
"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

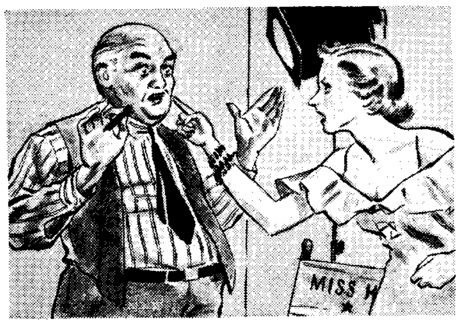
A. R. Ellis, President

PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY ESTABLISHED 1881

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

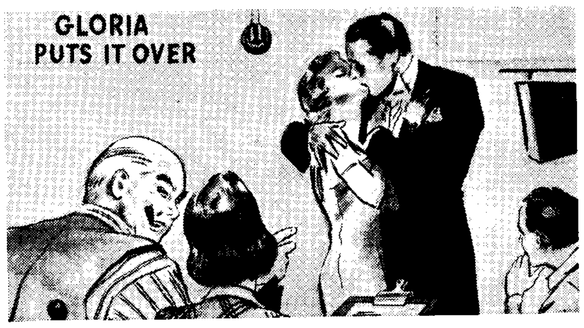

Kiss Him! for Pete's sake Kiss Him!



GLORIA: Sure the scene was lifeless! Sure there'll be retakes! But it's not *my* fault. Tell your Juvenile to take care of his terrible breath and maybe I'll be *able* to kiss him with feeling!

DIRECTOR: Barry, you've got to do something about your breath! It's got you off to a bad start with Gloria—and others have complained. If you want to get ahead on this lot better use Listerine every day!

BARRY: My big opportunity and I nearly muffed it! Wish the director had suggested Listerine sooner!



DIRECTOR: What a scene! Look at Gloria go to town! And the kid's a wow! Star material if I ever saw it!

SCRIPT GIRL: You said it—and he owes most of it to you—and Listerine Antiseptic!

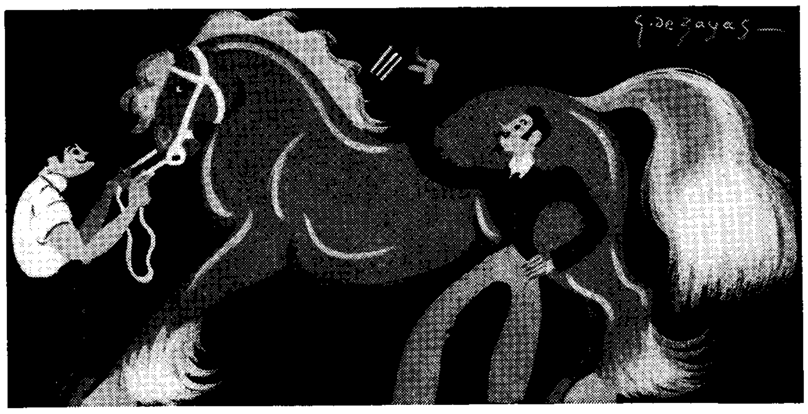
DOES SHE TURN HER CHEEK WHEN YOU KISS HER GOODNIGHT?

Do girls find an excuse when you want to make love to them? Give you their cheek to kiss instead of their lips? Better take stock! Chances are you have halitosis (bad breath). Modern habits being what they are, probably everyone offends at some time or other—usually without knowing it!

Don't run this foolish risk! Use Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine halts fermentation in the mouth, a major cause of odors, and quickly overcomes the odors themselves.

Don't let bad breath ruin romance, cool friendships, endanger your job! Use Listerine night and morning, and between times before social or business engagements. Your breath will be sweeter, cleaner, and more wholesome. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although the first purebred Percheron draft horses came to this country from France less than a hundred years ago, more than 229,000 of them have been registered in the stud books of the Percheron Horse Association in Chicago. They now outnumber all other draft breeds combined, in the United States.—*By Mrs. C. E. Beam, Statesville, North Carolina.*

The war boomerang, which does not return like the type used for amusement, is a deadly weapon. When properly thrown, it travels in a straight course and at such speed that it can inflict a fatal wound from a distance of five hundred feet.—*By E. W. Hyde, Akron, Ohio.*

Up to a century ago, the common law courts of England rarely assumed that a person had died, even when records showed that he could not be alive. In 1826 the court of the King's Bench asserted that it could not "judicially presume" that a certain man was dead although he had been missing for 792 years.—*By W. H. File, Jr., Beckley, West Virginia.*

An aerial photograph, taken from the stratosphere balloon Explorer II over South Dakota on November 11, 1935, from an altitude of 72,395 feet, shows about 37,000 square miles, which is the record for territory covered at one time by a single camera exposure.

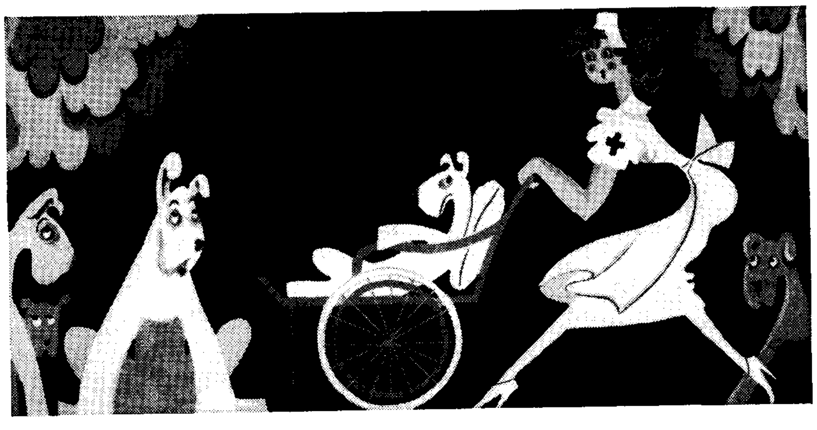
Like human beings, dogs are known to have nervous breakdowns from too great a mental conflict, the attacks usually being characterized by whining, heart palpitation and labored asthmatic breathing. Among the remedies recommended is a rest in a different, quiet and friendly environment.

Nystagmus is a peculiar affliction in which a person, for short periods, loses control of his eye muscles, and his eyeballs rapidly move from side to side, up and down or with a circular motion. It occurs normally with dizziness during and after bodily rotation, after injury to the cerebellum or the vestibule of the ear, or after straining the eyes for long intervals, such as in the dim light of a mine.

The fluctuations in the fortunes of slave traders is revealed in the biography of the famous Theodore Canot who transported Negroes from Africa to America between 1827 and 1847. On one early voyage, he lost his entire cargo of three hundred slaves in a smallpox epidemic, while on another trip he safely landed 217 and sold them for $77,469.—*By Frank MacCarthy, Springfield, Massachusetts.*

When a cardinal is created in the Roman Catholic Church, the third and last ceremony begins with the Pope's closing the dignitary's mouth, and ends with the Pope's opening the mouth. The first act symbolizes the discretion that the new cardinal should henceforth observe, while the last one is symbolic of his right and duty to express opinions and to vote on matters that fall to him.

The celebrated Lafayette Escadrille, the little group of American aviators who fought for France for a year before the United States entered the World War, has since become famed for its "self-elected" members. Although less than fifty fliers ever belonged to it, more than 3,000 others have claimed membership, in newspaper stories about themselves, during the past twenty years.—*By Edwin C. Parsons, Hollywood, California.*



Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

If I were a man

(A Woman's Viewpoint on "5 O'Clock Shadow")

"If I were a man I'd pay a lot of attention to that phrase, '5 O'Clock Shadow'. It's that messy beard growth which appears prematurely about 5 P. M. You probably have it — *most men have.*

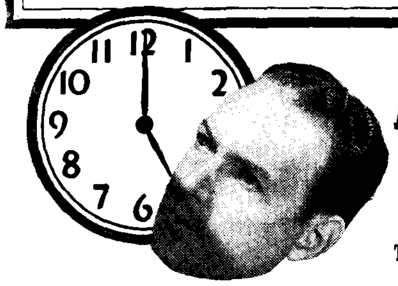
"Frankly, I can't imagine a *woman* starting an evening with a smudged face. If I were a man, I'd cultivate face neatness — not just in the morning but throughout the day."

* * *

You simply can't avoid "5 O'Clock Shadow" if you use inefficient shaving instruments which "top" the beard... Gem Razor's face-fitting bevel gets the beard at skin level; the 50% thicker, super-keen Gem Blade, stropped 4840 times, leaves no trace of whiskers behind! Be neat all day the Gem way!

●

$1.00 buys a Gem Razor with 5 blades at all dealers. Or send coupon and 25¢ for "Proof" offer.



AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW" WITH GEM RAZOR AND BLADES

TWIST — IT OPENS! TWIST — IT CLOSES! All one piece — nothing to take apart!

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

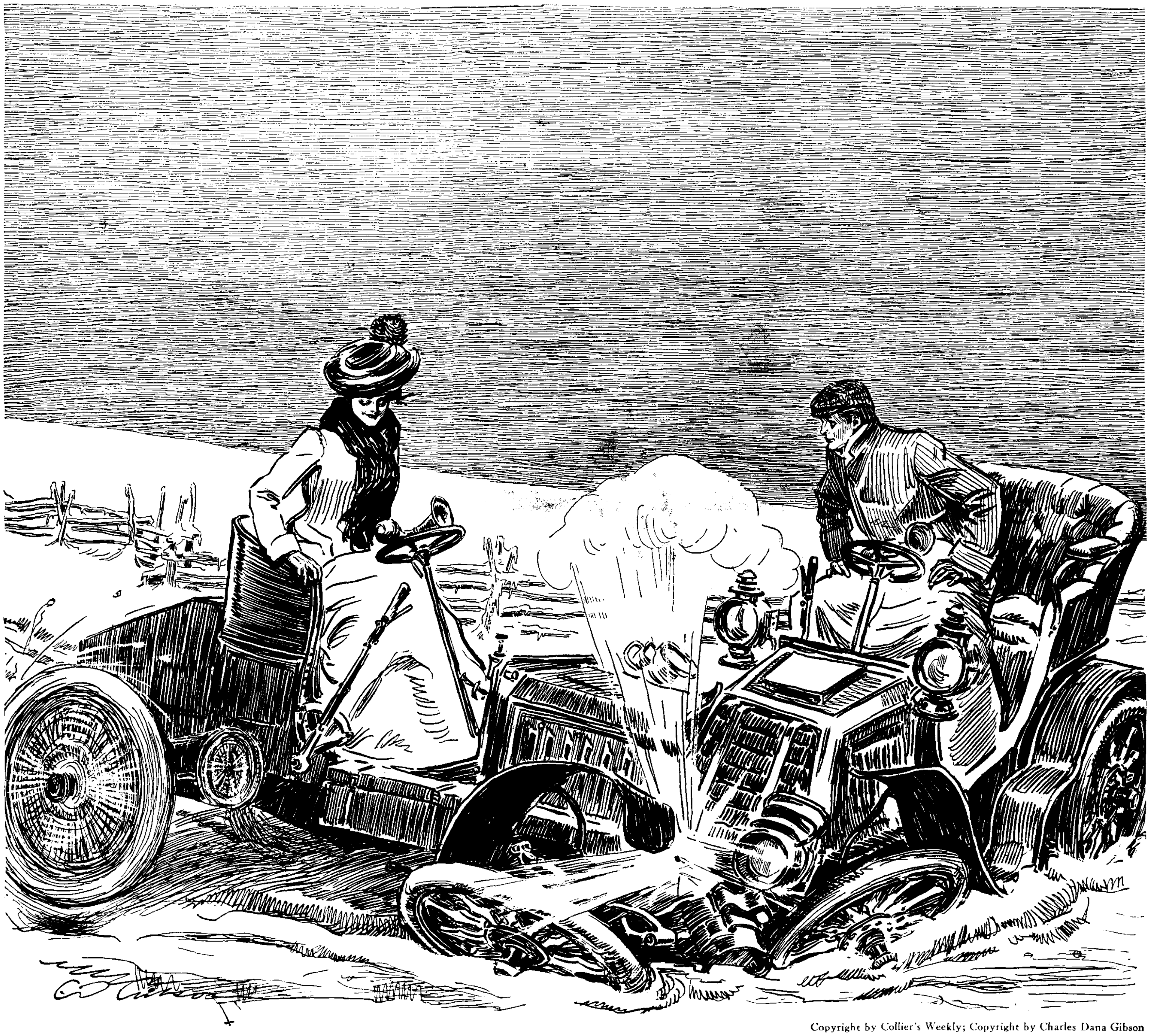
Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C49, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME ____________________
STREET ____________________
CITY ____________________ STATE ____________

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 1209 Kings St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

Copyright 1938, by American Safety Razor Corp.



Copyright by Collier's Weekly; Copyright by Charles Dana Gibson

ALL BROKEN UP

ANOTHER COLLISION WITH SERIOUS RESULTS

BACK in the "get-a-horse" days, many a "den" was decorated with this sprightly Charles Dana Gibson drawing.

The picture is interesting because of its quaintness. The costumes are quaint. The old cars are quaint. But the idea that automobile accidents were once considered amusing is even quainter.

Today, with the hazard of more than 30 million fast-moving cars on the road, an accident is no amusing matter. It is far more apt to lead to court *action* than court*ship*. If a verdict goes against you, it can mean a staggering financial disaster. Savings have been wiped out by such verdicts, future earnings mortgaged. This ever-present risk, and the mental disturbance that accompanies it, make the carrying of sound and adequate auto liability insurance a plain matter of common sense.

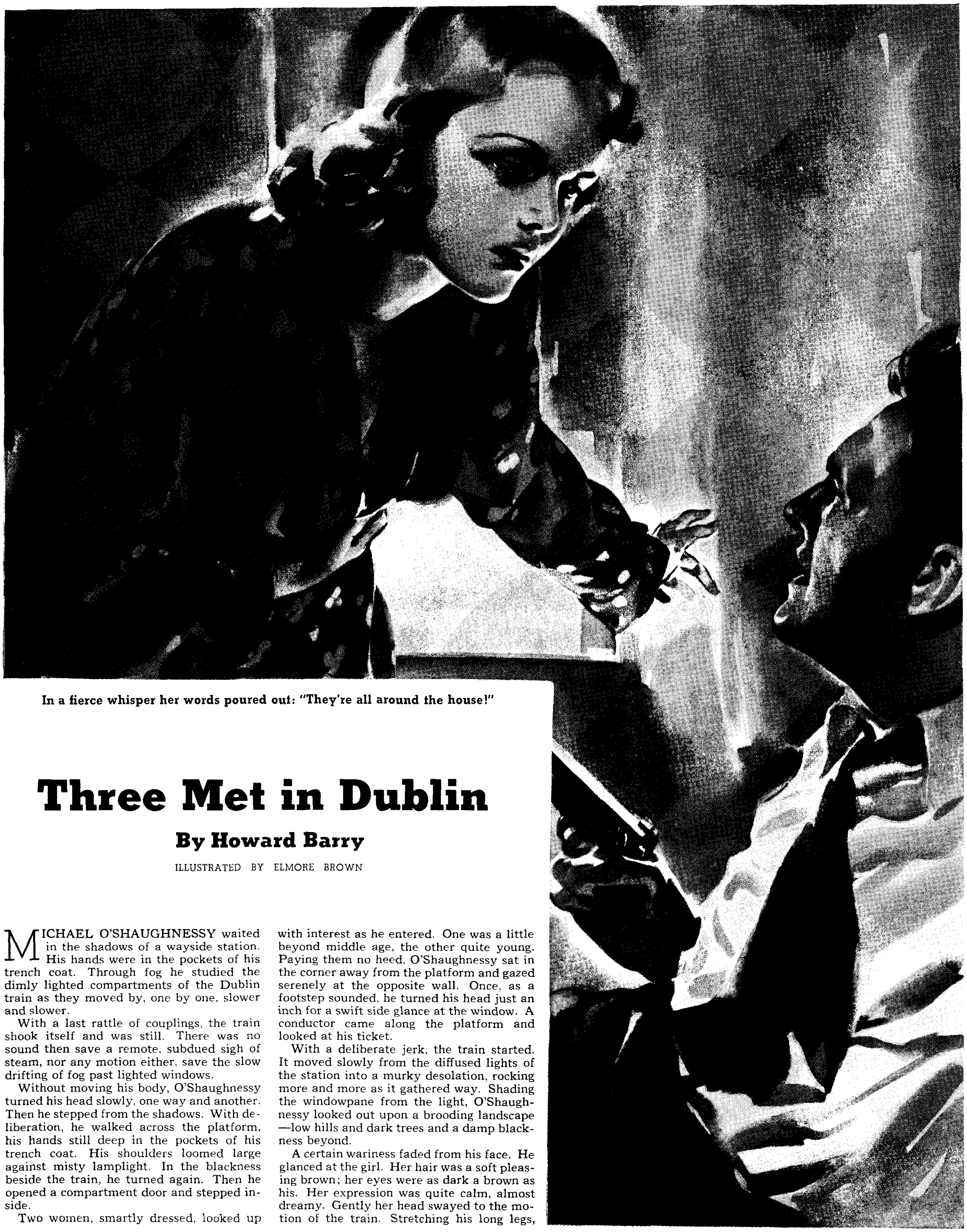
And it is also a matter of common sense to place your insurance with a company equipped to give you prompt service anywhere, anytime. The Travelers has thousands of representatives and hundreds of claim experts throughout the United States and Canada, to take care of you promptly, no matter when or where an accident happens.

Consult your Travelers representative now. Moral. Insure in The Travelers.

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Historical Note

This year marks the 40th anniversary of automobile insurance. In 1898, The Travelers wrote the first automobile policy ever issued. Since then The Travelers companies have paid out more than $165,000,000 for automobile liability claims. In addition they have paid out, as the result of automobile accidents, many other millions to holders of personal accident, life, and other forms of insurance.



In a fierce whisper her words poured out: "They're all around the house!"

Three Met in Dublin

By Howard Barry

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

MICHAEL O'SHAUGHNESSY waited in the shadows of a wayside station. His hands were in the pockets of his trench coat. Through fog he studied the dimly lighted compartments of the Dublin train as they moved by, one by one, slower and slower.

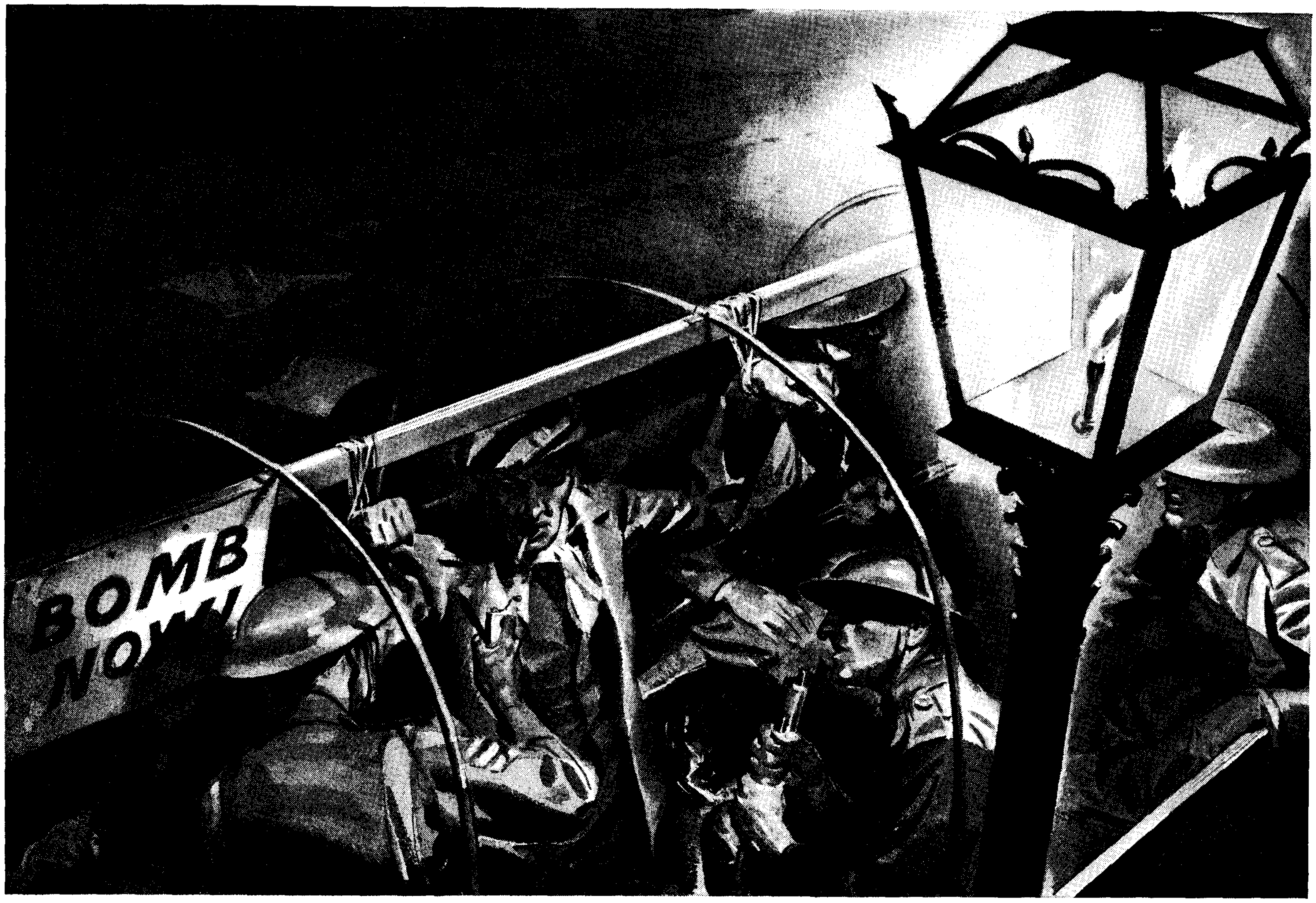
With a last rattle of couplings, the train shook itself and was still. There was no sound then save a remote, subdued sigh of steam, nor any motion either, save the slow drifting of fog past lighted windows.

Without moving his body, O'Shaughnessy turned his head slowly, one way and another. Then he stepped from the shadows. With deliberation, he walked across the platform, his hands still deep in the pockets of his trench coat. His shoulders loomed large against misty lamplight. In the blackness beside the train, he turned again. Then he opened a compartment door and stepped inside.

Two women, smartly dressed, looked up with interest as he entered. One was a little beyond middle age, the other quite young. Paying them no heed, O'Shaughnessy sat in the corner away from the platform and gazed serenely at the opposite wall. Once, as a footstep sounded, he turned his head just an inch for a swift side glance at the window. A conductor came along the platform and looked at his ticket.

With a deliberate jerk, the train started. It moved slowly from the diffused lights of the station into a murky desolation, rocking more and more as it gathered way. Shading the windowpane from the light, O'Shaughnessy looked out upon a brooding landscape —low hills and dark trees and a damp blackness beyond.

A certain wariness faded from his face. He glanced at the girl. Her hair was a soft pleasing brown; her eyes were as dark a brown as his. Her expression was quite calm, almost dreamy. Gently her head swayed to the motion of the train. Stretching his long legs,



"Every lorry carries an Irish prisoner. If it's bombed, the Irish are blowing one of their own men to pieces"

O'Shaughnessy sank lower in his seat, leaned his weight upon his shoulder blades and stared absently before him. His head was tilted just a little to one side; his firmly cut lips were compressed.

For fifteen minutes they rode in silence. Then O'Shaughnessy sat up straight as the power was shut off. The train was coasting in toward another station. The brakes took hold. Once more the fog was visible against platform lights. The train stopped.

O'Shaughnessy slipped both hands into the pockets of his trench coat. On the platform sounded the tramp of many feet. Lamplight gleamed upon steel helmets and upon the polished metal of rifles.

Someone was approaching the compartment. The tread was heavy. Casually, O'Shaughnessy turned his eyes from the window and gazed at the wall.

With a sudden jerk, the door opened. A very short, very ponderous man, with a round stomach and a brick-red face, climbed with an ostentatious dignity into the compartment. Then he sacrificed the dignity as he struggled to drag a huge suitcase in behind him. In the small compartment it was difficult to strut, but he did just that as he moved over to a seat. Relaxing his severity then, he looked around at O'Shaughnessy and the two women with an air of great good fellowship.

"Well, glory be to God, it's a fine thing to be sittin' here peacefully away from thim Tans. Ye'd think I was Michael Collins or Mr. De Valera thimselves. 'What's yer name?' says the lieutinint to me. 'It's Flanagan,' says I. 'What yer got in the bag?' says he. I thought it was makin' fun of me they was, so I says to thim, 'Sure it's full of grenades fer the Dublin b'ys to throw in the Tans' lorries.' 'Keep yer mouth shut,' says he, 'and when yer speak to a British hofficer show the proper respict.' Then he tells me to get on me way now and they don't even bother to look in me bag. Wouldn't it be the fine joke now if the bag was full of grenades!"

The women regarded him with polite though somewhat dubious attention. O'Shaughnessy ignored him. O'Shaughnessy glanced toward the window, through which the top of a steel helmet was visible. Then the train lurched forward.

AGAIN they were rushing through the dark hills, but the compartment wasn't silent now. It reverberated with the voice and the laughter of Mr. Flanagan. His face was a shining red mask of ever-changing expression. His eyes were a watery blue under broad, sandy brows that arched and waggled as he talked. With a frank curiosity, he scrutinized the women's traveling bags.

"So it's from Boston ye are!" he shouted at the younger woman. "Sure ye won't find Dublin much like Boston, what with the bombin's an' the shootin's."

He fixed her with a rheumy stare.

"And it's not only in Dublin," he added meaningly.

Leaning forward with a solemnly impressive air, he waggled a fat finger at the two women, each in turn, his eyes following the finger.

"Right up the road here, just the other day, a whole lorryful of the Tans was ambushed as they was passin' the side of a hill. Some of the b'ys tossed a grenade into the lorry and then gave it to thim with rifles. Did in the whole lorryful. Thin the Tans go around and grab every likely-lookin' young fellow they can find. If they get anything on 'em a' tall they takes 'em to the place where the lorry was bombed and they shoots 'em."

He rolled his head solemnly.

"Oh, but it's a terrible state of pandemonium this country's in—a terrible state, to be sure."

Reflections on this pandemonium seemed to depress him so much that he opened his suitcase and brought out a half-empty bottle of whisky. He extended it toward O'Shaughnessy.

"Will ye have a drink with me, sir?"

O'Shaughnessy shook his head.

"No, thanks."

"I'll have one mesilf thin if the ladies don't mind."

He drank—deeply. O'Shaughnessy's gaze wandered over the rich brown coat of the younger woman. Then her eyes, very dark yet very luminous, held his for a moment. Her glance was still upon him when he lifted his head quickly. The train had slowed suddenly. In an instant, however, it picked up speed again and O'Shaughnessy settled back. He glanced again at the girl. Quickly she turned her eyes away.

Mr. Flanagan's face had deepened several shades of red after a tremendous gulp of whisky. Wiping a hand across his mouth, he took a deep breath. Then the breath flowed out and a stream of words flowed with it.

"Sure there's many the fine b'y out there tonight, sleepin' under the wet hedges or hidin' in the graveyards, knowin' that if he goes to his home the Tans'll get him. It's a terrible thing to be on the run—a terrible thing, to be sure—and me heart goes out to thim—me heart goes out to thim b'ys."

He drank to the boys.

While the bottle was at his mouth, the brakes took hold with an unexpected jerk and he burst into violent coughing.

Slower and slower the wheels ground. The train stopped. To the left was open country—hedges, trees and low, dark hills—to the right a deserted platform. O'Shaughnessy looked carefully at this desolation. Again the girl's eyes were upon him speculatively.

There was a pause while packing boxes were being unloaded at the head of the train. Then from up a side road came an increasing rumble. O'Shaughnessy's face hardened to a grim wariness. The girl's eyes were upon him sharply.

SWINGING round a turn, a motor lorry pulled up at the station. Soldiers in tan uniforms and black puttees jumped to the ground. Through a blue mist, the station lights glinted upon steel helmets. Upon the stone pavement, rifle butts rang.

O'Shaughnessy swung to the door that led to open country. He wrenched at the handle—but it stuck. Twisting and jamming, he had it almost free when steps sounded on the platform.

Sinking swiftly again to his seat, he stared at the wall as the door was flung open. From the platform an officer eyed them each in turn. Then he stepped inside, a private following. In absolute silence, they studied O'Shaughnessy. The girl leaned forward, her lips slightly

(Continued on page 39)

The Lady Says NO

By Dorothy Ducas

THE director of the Volksoper, second largest opera house in Vienna, laid the paper on the dressing table with a flourish.

"You were magnificent tonight," he said. "Here is your contract."

The beautiful girl with the flush of victory on her round cheeks smiled gratefully. Her blue eyes sought the reflection in the mirror, seemed pleased with the sight of the youthfully voluptuous Tosca she saw there.

"I'll let you know tomorrow," she murmured.

"Let us know?" The director was amazed. "Why, this is what you have wanted ever since you came from Budapest! Just think—prima donna of the Volksoper!"

When he had gone, Ilona Massey met her narrowed blue gaze in the mirror.

"The Volksoper," she whispered. "Why not the Vienna State Opera?"

Next day she went to see Felix Weingartner, Vienna's leading conductor. She never signed the Volksoper contract. Instead, she entered the Vienna State Opera.

Everything in Ilona's life has been achieved by earnest endeavor and high hope, liberally flavored with that rare and valuable quality, the power to say "No." This is her philosophy: When you reach a goal, don't grab it. Stop and think. Is it what you want? Will it lead to the next thing? Always beyond the current achievement, there must be something bigger. Say "No" and see.

You remember Ilona Massey, the seductive Hungarian singer of Rosalie, which was the first picture she ever made in America? That haunting smile, those wistful eyes, that voice with a gypsy lilt? Now those wares have catapulted her to stardom. She is to co-star with Nelson Eddy next, an opportunity for which half the singing stars of movieland would give at least the tip of a shell-like left ear.

Her real name is Hajmassy, too hard for Americans to say. Ilona was born the year the World War began, third daughter of a newly urbanized family. Her father was a printer, dreaming of fields to plow. Her mother, a good hausfrau, had to confine her skill to a two-room-and-kitchen flat. Even before the war, the Hajmassys had struggled for bread. With the war, there was near-starvation. Her father went to the front; her mother and older sister, Dodo, went to work.

Her father came home from the war disabled, so her mother continued to work, and Dodo, ten years older than Ilona, was mother of the little household. About the only pleasant memory Ilona has carried out of those days is the sound of a rusty gramophone. The children in the tenement courtyard sang and danced to its tunes. There were only a few records; Ilona knew them by heart. One was Arias from Tosca.

When she was seventeen, she had her first proposal of marriage, from a businessman with a comfortable income, whom she rather liked. But she said "No," saying it with that Oliver Twist emotion in her breast, and jutting out her chin. So, reluctantly, she went into a dressmaker's shop to learn the trade.

"I hated dressmaking," she confided. "I did it only to please my mother, who thought some day I might have a shop of my own. But I knew by then I wanted to go on the stage. So one day I went to the King's Theater and asked for a job—any old job. I couldn't do anything. I was just eager. I don't know why they hired me, except that I was so eager."

The manager of the King's Theater told Ilona: "Maybe some day you will be a good dancer. Perhaps you will be an actress. But you must never sing." Ilona is grateful to that anonymous man, for he sowed the seeds of her operatic aspirations. Like so many immature girls, you had only to say she couldn't—and she would.

It looked very much as if she had deviated from her course, though, when about three years ago she up and married Nick Szavozd, a young lawyer who was preparing to take over his father's vast estates. It proved to be only an interlude of poignant preparation. Ilona was very happy as mistress of her own household, the while she diligently studied music, but Nick's family refused to approve the marriage; financial troubles overtook them. They were forced to separate.

The divorce came through, but there was by then plenty to grip her attention, keep her moving on—and up.

It was tragedy that led her footsteps away from Europe. Word of Ilona's success (she enjoyed a tremendous personal popularity among the music-lovers and smart set of Vienna) reached Nick in Budapest. Like a character in one of his beloved's operas, realizing that Ilona was lost to him forever, Nick committed suicide.

Ilona worked more feverishly. She had made one moving picture in Vienna. Now, looking ahead to new surroundings, to a whole new life to make her forget what was irrevocably gone, she went to Budapest to make another film there. For two years she alternated between singing at the opera and making pictures. Then came the day when her contract for the next year was being prepared. Contracts seem to make Ilona restless. She took the reins of her own fate in hand again, went to the Vienna office of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

Luck was with her. Two scouts from London would be in Vienna the next week. They came, they heard, she conquered.

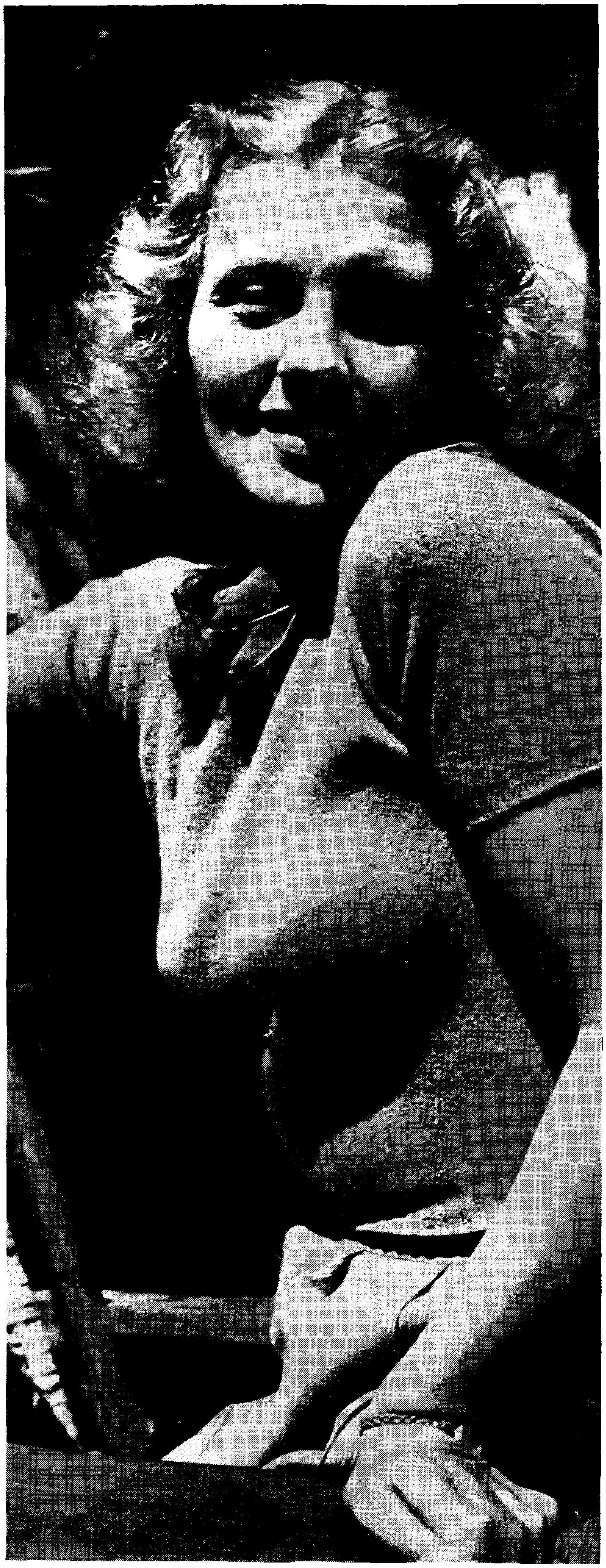
"No," she said to the opera management, "I do not sing here next year."

And "No," said the former seamstress again, before she sailed for America. This time, very gravely and a bit wistfully, to the management of the Varosi Theater in Budapest. On only three days' notice, Ilona had pinch-hit for the star, Maria Nemeth, appearing as Empress Josephine at the première of Empress Josephine, the Emerich Kalman opera. It was the most brilliant success of her whole career and anticlimactic, too. For critics declared her performance the greatest in fifty years, and directors of the Budapest opera made her flattering offers as prima donna there, to which she *had* to say "No" whether she wanted to or not.

She is not sorry she turned her back and came to Hollywood, where she has still to cut as wide a swath as in Budapest. More money, yes. More romances, certainly. But more freedom, most of all, appeals to her.

She is delighted with free dips in the sea, and American salads. She has lost ten pounds, expects to lose six more. She hates winter sports.

In her spare time she practices "No" in several languages. ★★★



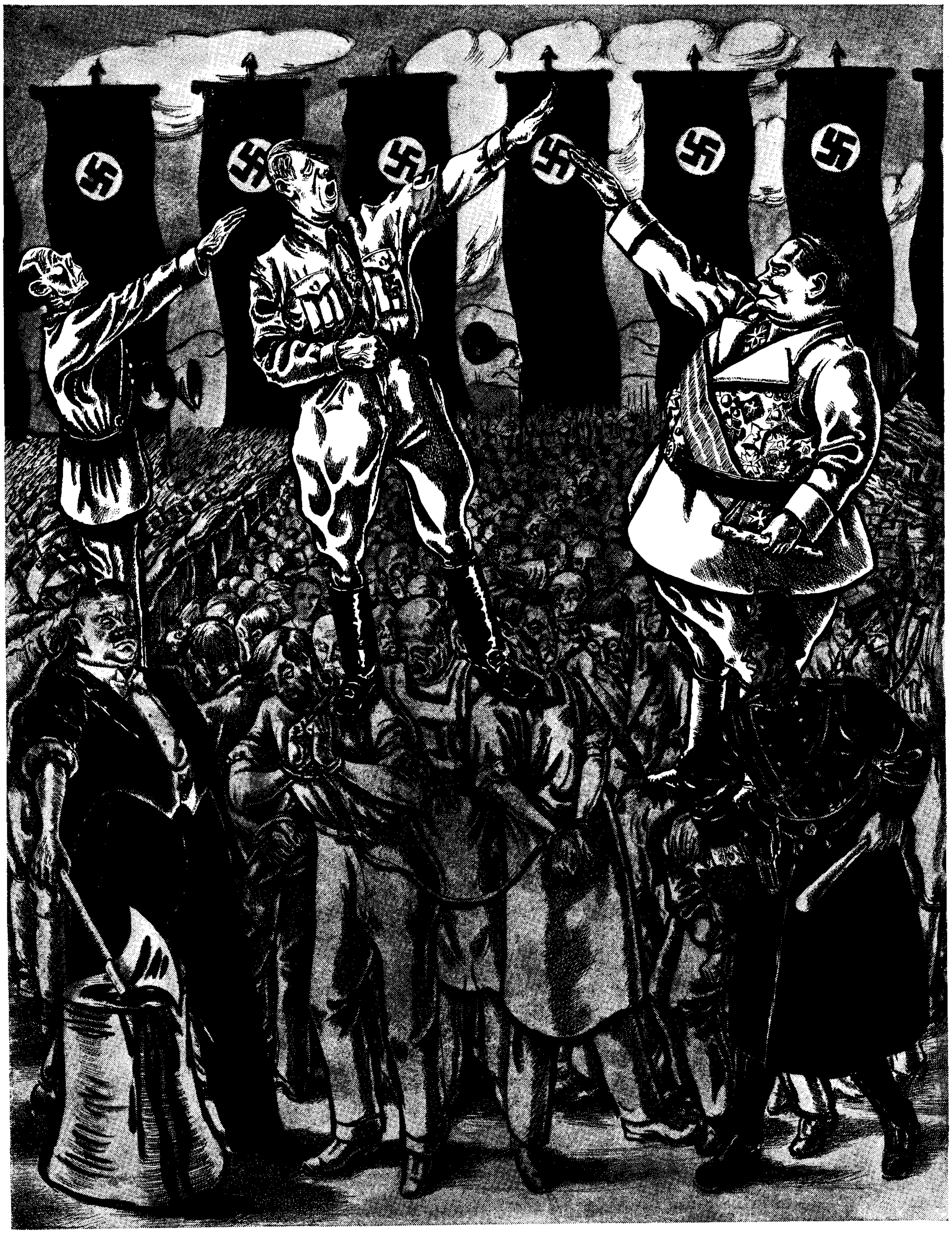
PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS. COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Ilona Massey, Hollywood's new find, who climbed to stardom by saying "No"

The Nazis Got Me

As told to Samuel T. Williamson

Like the relator of this grim story, the illustrator spent six months in Nazi concentration camps. Both men are Aryan. Both are telling the truth. We verified that. To illustrate this article with such photographs as the Nazis see fit to release would be dull, inadequate and flat. What we wanted was a good artist who knew what he was drawing. We found him. His story is one of the most unpleasant tales that we have ever listened to. But we have expressed our opinion on page 4 of this issue of Collier's. As we cannot, for obvious reasons, give you the author's name, neither may we identify the artist. He has relatives still living in Germany



Hitler, Goebbels, Goering—Third Reich stalwarts. The headsman's block and concentration camps are their weapons

MY REAL troubles began when I visited my mother-in-law at Coblenz in the Rhineland. Calling upon my wife's sister one afternoon, I met an elderly woman who clicked her tongue sympathetically when she heard that my wife and I planned to begin life over again in America. I had made good money as a singing comedian, but now the Goebbels propaganda office—the correct designation is Ministry of Culture—refused me an actor's permit. Under a provision in the so-called Nuremberg law, Germans may be entertained only by pure Aryans, and one of my grandparents was so lacking in foresight seventy-five years ago as to marry a Jew. We grandchildren had forgotten all about it.

"That's too bad," sighed my sister-in-law's caller. "Too bad you lost your job. You sang so nicely over the radio—nothing but good German songs."

She glanced at the wall, then pointed with a half-smile to a photograph of Hitler with Julius Streicher, Germany's most fanatical Jew-baiter.

"That actor!" I exclaimed bitterly.

That was all I said, but those two words, spoken in the privacy of what I thought was a sympathetic, understanding circle, brought me seven months of terror. They cost me my nerve, forty pounds in weight, and the right ever again to put my foot on German soil. The old woman who seemed so sorry for me belonged to the type *that rushes to a spot where Hitler* passed, picks up pebbles on which der Fuehrer may have trod, and preserves them as sacred relics. She was what we in Germany called a "200-per-cent Nazi," so she told the Gestapo—secret political police—what I had said that afternoon in my sister-in-law's house.

I found that out in Munich six days later and 400 miles away. My wife and I were asleep in our apartment when we were awakened at six in the morning by insistent pounding on the door. I opened it, and there stood two plain-clothes men.

"Get dressed and come with us," they barked. "The Gestapo Commissioner wishes to see you."

"Why?"

"None of your business! He'll tell you; let us in."

The Gestapo Pays a Visit

No one could have been more Nazi than our scowling visitors. In their coat lapels they wore the *Blutorden*'s red ribbon—the Blood Order, the prized decoration given only to survivors of Hitler's quickly suppressed 1923 Munich beer-hall rebellion. One of those Nazi pioneers stamped into our bedroom, bellowed, "Get up, you!" at my wife, and pulled the bedding to pieces. Nothing that could get through a vacuum cleaner escaped their suspicious attention. They yanked out violently every drawer and looked under every rug and cushion in the place. They peered into the built-in Bavarian tile stove and tried to piece together charred scraps of paper. All books and magazines were inspected, and one volume with a foreign title was thrust under my nose.

"That's not mine; it's our landlord's," I said as I pointed to his name on the flyleaf.

One agent went downstairs after him, but the landlord, having heard the Gestapo at our door, had left word with his wife that he was "called away on business."

In my wallet the Gestapo found our tickets to America. In a trunk they came across letters from friends in the United States, and you might have thought that I was a murderer after they read this sentence: "Tough luck losing your job; when you get to America you can thumb your nose at the Nazis."

"So! We'll see about that," snarled the Gestapo men. "Come."

"I'll be back in an hour or so," I tried to reassure my wife.

But that's the last I saw of her for seven months. As for the landlord, he telephoned his home every day but didn't dare return for a week.

During the next ten days I saw the cheerless insides of four of Munich's swarming jails. Before the Hitler regime, when spoken thoughts were not greater crimes than theft and bigamy, these prisons were large enough for offenders under sentence or awaiting trial, but now, with political prisoners outnumbering criminals, they were fearfully overcrowded. Cells with room enough for seven men held twenty, and prisoners slept even in corridors. In one jail my bed was a table.

Among the Trial Men

Cellmates warned me that the Gestapo Commissioner was a terror. Guards took me to his office, where I found a distinguished-looking giant enjoying a cigar in an easy chair. He allowed me to sit down. The commissioner picked up a report upon me from the Coblenz Gestapo and repeated the remark I made at my sister-in-law's.

"Did you say that?" he demanded.

I took refuge in the guilty man's evasion: "I don't remember."

He read from my American letters and inspected the steamship tickets found in my apartment.

"Quite a story you could tell *if* you go to America," he observed.

"No! No!" I protested. "I don't want to go to America to talk but to earn a living. They won't let me earn one here any longer."

"I'm sorry," said the commissioner, ending the hearing, "but I can't do anything for you. This evidence stands against you, and you'll have to wait until the matter is cleared up."

Back in jail my cellmates crowded around. "Did you have a hearing? Did you see the commissioner? Isn't he a swine?"

I described my interview. They were incredulous. Some said I must have a pull; others reasoned that my considerate treatment was to give me less cause to talk should I get to America. I wondered when I would be brought to trial.

"Trial!" repeated one man who looked like a ghost. "I've been here two years waiting for a trial. I was unemployed for a year until I was enrolled in a labor battalion. Then they said they found a Communist newspaper in my kit and sent me here. But I never saw that paper. I never had it, I tell you! Two years here without a trial, and I never—"

We had to sit on him. He was making too much noise.

For half an hour each day prisoners were marched in relays for exercise in the prison courtyard. We could see the others from our cell windows while we awaited our turns for fresh air. One man who paced up and down was better dressed than the rest. His clothes were clean and well-pressed. Guards did not shove him around but treated him with deference.

He was a Nazi and had been secretary to Schneidhuber, Munich's president of police, who was killed in the Roehm purge of 1934. No charges were preferred against the secretary of the dead man, but he was jailed for life, not incarcerated in a cell like other prisoners but in a room to himself with books and other comforts. He had all the privileges that a jail could give, except contact with the outside world. The secretary's status was known as *Ehrenhaft*, the literal English translation for which is "honor arrest," but I find that it is a term that my English-speaking German friends in America, who came here before the Nazi regime, do not comprehend or cannot render into a free translation understandable to Americans.

One young man in the exercise yard seemed fresh from the drill sergeant. His coat was civilian but he wore the distinctive black breeches of the SS, Hitler's elite *Schuetzstaffel*, the most Nazi of Nazi units. He had been a guard at Dachau, the dread concentration camp outside Munich for political prisoners. Those who were released from there were broken men with terror in their eyes and reluctant to speak, pledged, in fact, on pain of a Reich prison not to tell their experiences. The boy in the black breeches was in the Munich jail for two years because he gave two cigarettes to a Dachau prisoner. Soon I was to know why Nazis considered this act of kindness a crime.

During the half hour's smell of fresh air, prisoners were forbidden to speak. One afternoon when I was turned out for my daily caged-lion act, a man walking beside me mumbled: "I'm an American. Gestapo arrested me at a secret meeting of the Stahlhelm (German veterans organization suppressed by the Nazis) and my wife has gone to the American consul to get me free."

Up charged a guard.

"Did you speak?" he asked us.

"Yes."

The result was two days without that precious thirty minutes out of doors. I never saw the American again, nor did I learn his name. I suppose his consul got him off.

On the whole, the Munich jail guards were not a bad sort. They were older than the concentration-camp guards. They held the same jobs before the new regime, so they were not more than 100-per-cent Nazi; the others were 200-per-cent. One night a guard called me to my cell door where I stood stiffly at attention, arms rigid as pokers. Off to another jail? I wondered.

"I've heard you on the radio," said the guard. "Will you sing a little song for me?"

So I stood before the prison bars and sang. I'd sung that song in crowded beer halls, with customers beating time on the tables, and waiters staggering up with more foaming seidels, and tobacco smoke hanging thick beneath the rafters. I didn't realize then that it was the last song I'd ever sing in Germany.

And Terror Crept Behind

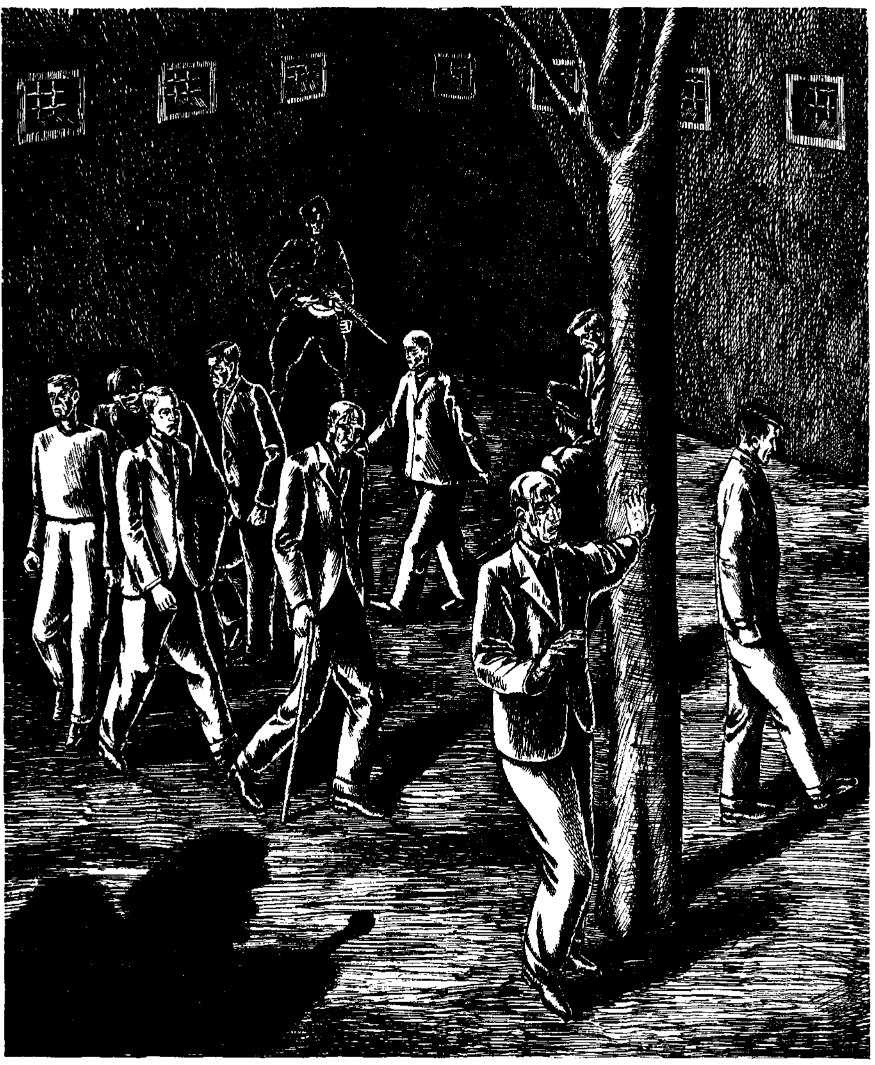
On the morning of the eleventh day guards herded me with a dozen or so others into a conveyance that looked like an omnibus without windows. Where were we going? Back to Coblenz, maybe, and perhaps to trial?

No talking!

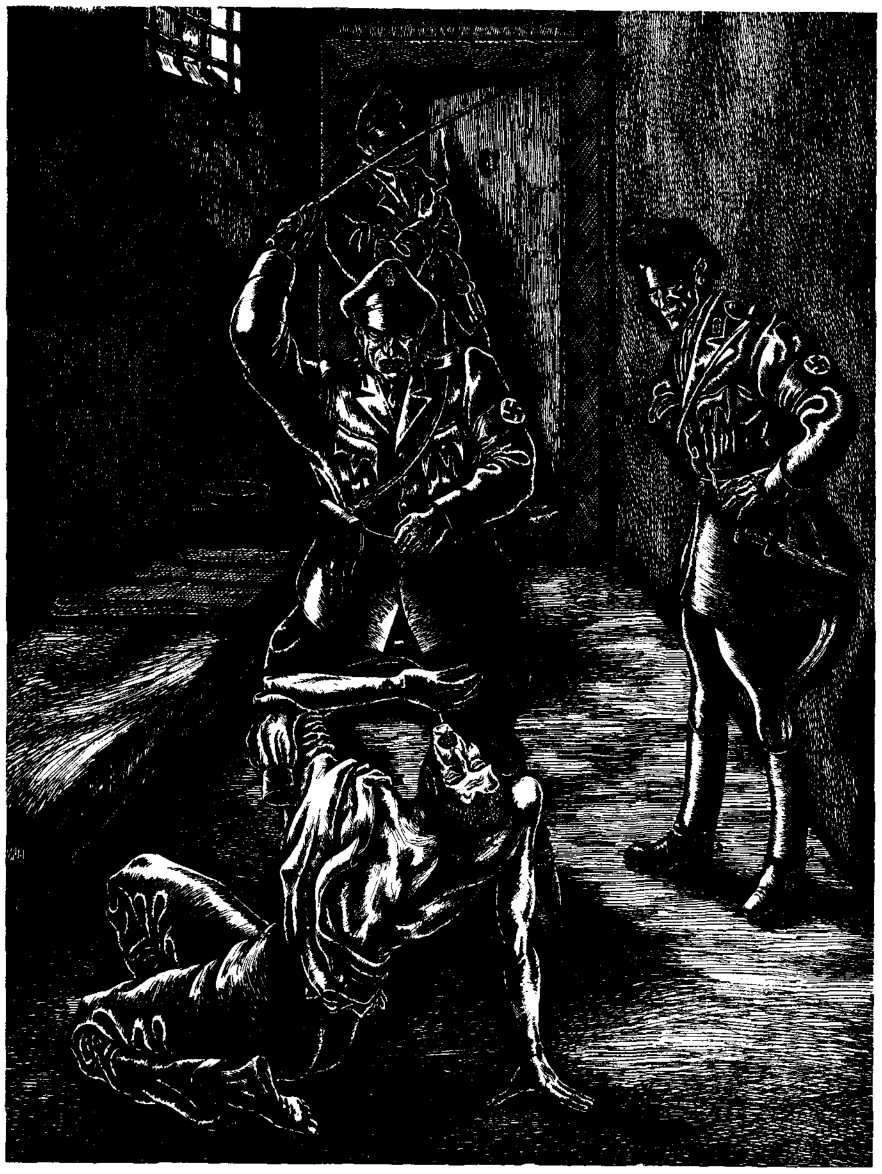
Each prisoner was locked in a tiny cell barely large enough in which to sit down. Slits in the side gave ventilation and a chance to peep out. The bus rolled through Munich's ordered streets into the open country, and it was good to see trees and fields again. Shadows cast by trees on the ground indicated that we were driving north. Coblenz lay in that direction! About an hour from the city we neared a swampy terrain where a roadside sign flashed by: "Dachau." Dachau! The concentration camp where a guard got two years for being kind to a prisoner!

It would be easier for the camel of the Bible to walk through a needle's eye than for a prisoner to escape from Dachau, where I spent the next six months. The concentration camp is surrounded by a high masonry wall that is studded

(Continued on page 62)

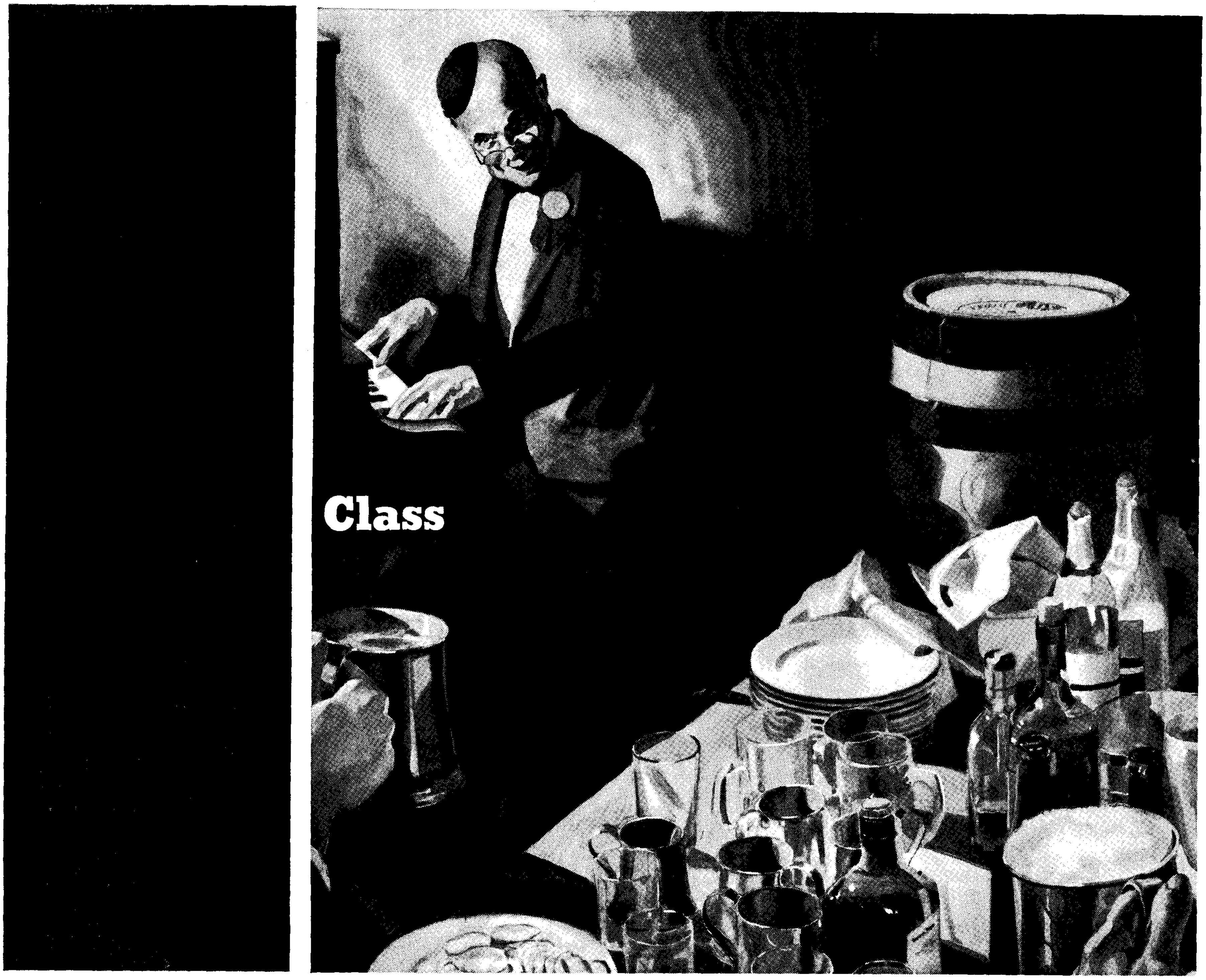


"They were walking dead, men without souls. I became like them"



The darkroom—a room with no light, no heat and a guard with a whip

Class



"I shall now," he said, "emit an imitation of Pozzy Banks, attempting to sing while under the influence of wine"

WHEN he said good night to his son and Tom Drury and the rest of them, Lane Parrington walked down the steps of the Leaf Club and stood, for a moment, breathing in the night air. He had made the speech they'd asked him to make, and taken pains with it, too—but now he was wondering whether it wasn't the same old graduate's speech after all. He hadn't meant it to be so, but you ran into a lingo, once you started putting thoughts on paper—you began to view with alarm and talk about imperiled bulwarks and the American way of life.

And yet he'd been genuinely pleased when the invitation came—and they'd asked him three months ahead. That meant something, even to the Lane Parrington of United Investments—it was curious how old bonds held. He had been decorated by two foreign governments and had declined a ministry—there was the place in Virginia, the place on Long Island, the farm in Vermont and the big apartment on the river. There were the statements issued when sailing for Europe and the photographs and articles in news weeklies and magazines. And yet he had been pleased when they asked him to speak at the annual dinner of an undergraduate club in his own college. Of course, the Leaf was a little different, as all Leaf members knew. When he had been a new member, as his son was now, the speech had been made by a Secretary of State.

Well, he'd done well enough, he supposed—at least Ted had come up, afterward, a little shyly, and said, "Well, Dad, you're quite an orator." But, once or twice, in the course of the speech, he had caught Ted fiddling with his coffee spoon. They were almost always too long—those speeches by graduates—he had tried to remember that. But he couldn't help running a little overtime—not after he'd got up and seen them, waiting there. They were only boys, of course, but boys who would soon be men with men's responsibilities—he had even made a point of that.

ONE of the things about the Leaf—you got a chance of hearing what—well, what really important men thought of the state of the world and the state of the nation. They could get a lot from professors but hardly that. So, when a sensible fellow got up to explain what sensible men really thought about this business at Washington—why, damn it, nobody was going to ring a gong on him! And they'd clapped him well, at the end, and Ted's face had looked relieved. They always clapped well, at the end.

Afterward, he had rather hoped to meet Ted's friends and get in a little closer touch with them than he did at the place in Virginia or the place on Long Island or the apartment in New York. He saw them there, of course—they got in cars and out of cars, they dressed and went to dances, they played on the tennis courts and swam in the pool. They were a good crowd—a typical Leaf crowd, well-exercised and well-mannered. They were polite to Cora and polite to him. He offered them cigars—now and then; during the last two years he offered them whisky-and-soda. They listened to what he had to say and, if he told a good story, they usually laughed at it. They played tennis with him, occasionally, and said, "Good shot, sir!"—afterward, they played harder tennis. One of them was Ted, his son, well-mannered, well-exercised, a member of the Leaf. He could talk to Ted about college athletics, the college curriculum, his allowance, the weather, the virtues of capitalism and whether to get a new beach wagon this summer. Now, to these subjects was added the Leaf and the virtues of the Leaf. He could talk to Ted about any number of things.

Nevertheless, sometimes when the annual dinner was over, there would be a little group at the Leaf around this graduate or that. He remembered one such group his senior year, around a sharp-tongued old man with hooded eyes. The ex-senator was old and broken, but they'd stayed up till two while his caustic voice made hay of accepted catchwords. Well, he had met Ted's friends and remembered most of their names. They had congratulated *him* on his speech and he had drunk a highball with them. It had all been in accord with the best traditions of the Leaf but it hadn't lasted very long.

FOR a moment, indeed, he had almost gotten into an argument with one of them—the pink-faced, incredibly youthful one with the glasses who was head of the Student Union—they hadn't had student unions in his time. He had been answering a couple of questions quite informally, using slang, and the pink-faced youth had broken in with, "But, look here, sir—I mean, that was a good speech you made from the conservative point of view and all that—but when you talk about labor's being made responsible, just what do you mean and how far do you go? Do you mean you want to scrap the Wagner Act or amend it or what?"

But then the rest of them had said, "Oh, don't mind Stu—he's our communist. Skip it, Stu—how's dialectic materialism today?" and it had passed off in kidding. Lane Parrington felt a little sorry about that—he would have enjoyed a good argument with an intelligent youngster—he was certainly broad-minded enough for that. But, instead, he'd declined another highball and said, well, he supposed he ought to be getting back to the inn. It had all been very well-mannered and in accord with the best traditions of the Leaf. He wondered how the old ex-senator had got them to talk.

Ted had offered to walk along with him, of course, and, equally, of course, he had declined. Now he stood for a moment on the sidewalk, wondering whether he ought to look in at class headquarters before going back to the Inn. He ought to, he supposed—after all, it was his thirtieth reunion. It would be full of cigar smoke and voices and there would be a drunk from another class—there was always, somehow or other, a drunk from another class who insisted on leading cheers. And Schooner Fairchild, the class funny man, would be telling stories—the one about the Kickapoo chief, the one about President Dodge and the telephone. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. He didn't dislike Schooner Fairchild any more—you couldn't dislike a man who had wasted his life. But Schooner, somehow, had never seemed conscious of that.

Yes, he'd go to class headquarters—he'd go, if for no other reason than to prove that he did not dislike Schooner Fairchild. He started walking down Club Row. There were twelve of the clubhouses now—there had been only eight in his time. They all looked very much alike, even the new ones—it took an initiated eye to detect the slight enormous differences—to know that Wampum, in spite of its pretentious lanterns, was second-rate and would always be second-rate, while Abbey, small and dingy, ranked with Momus and the Leaf. Parrington stood still, reliving the moment of more than thirty years ago when he'd gotten the bid from Wampum and thought that he would have to accept it. It hadn't been necessary—the Leaf messenger had knocked on his door at just three minutes to nine. But whenever he passed the Wampum house he remembered. For, for almost an hour, it had seemed as if the destined career of Lane Parrington wasn't going to turn out right after all.

THE small agonies of youth — they were unimportant, of course, but they left a mark. And he'd had to succeed—he'd had to have the Leaf, just as later on, he'd had to have money—he wasn't a Schooner Fairchild, to take things as they came. You were geared like that or you weren't—if you weren't, you might as well stay in West Emmetsburg and end up as a harried high-school principal with sick headaches and a fine Spencerian handwriting, as his father had. But he had wanted to get out of West Emmetsburg the moment he had realized there were other places to go. Well, he had gone a long way.

He remembered a look through a microscope and a lashing, tailed thing that swam. There were only two classes of people, the wigglers and the ones who stood still—he should have made his speech on that—it would have been a better speech. And the ones who stood still didn't like the wigglers—that, too, he knew, from experience. If they saw a wiggler coming, they closed ranks and opposed their large, well-mannered inertia to the brusque, ill-mannered life. Later on, of course, they gave in gracefully, but without real liking. He had made the Leaf on his record—and a very good record it had had to be. He had even spent three painful seasons with the track squad, just to demonstrate that desirable all-aroundness that was one of the talking-points. And even so, they had smelled it—they had known, instinctively, that he wasn't quite their kind. Tom Drury, for instance, had always been pleasant enough—but Tom Drury had always made him feel that he was talking a little too much and a little too loud. Tom Drury, who even then had looked like a magnificent sheep. But he had also been class president, and the heir to Drury and Son. And yet, they all liked Schooner Fairchild—they liked him still.

And here was the end of Club Row, and the Momus House. He stopped and took out a cigar. It was silly to fight old battles, especially when they were won. If they asked the Drurys to dinner now, the Drurys came—he'd been offered and declined a partnership in Drury and Son. But he had helped Tom out with some of their affiliates and Tom had needed help—Tom would always be impressive, of course, but it took more than impressiveness to handle certain things. And now Ted was coming along—and Ted was sound as a bell. So sound he might marry one of the Drury daughters, if he wanted—though that was Ted's business. He wondered if he wanted Ted to marry young. He had done so himself—on the whole, it had been a mistake.

FUNNY, how things mixed in your mind. As always, when he remembered Dorothy, there was the sharp, sweet smell of her perfume; then the stubborn, competent look of her hands on the wheel of a car. They had been too much alike to have married—lucky they'd found it out in time. She had let him keep the child—of course he would have fought for it anyway—but it was considered very modern in those days. Then the war had washed over and obliterated a great deal—afterward, he had married Cora. And that had worked out as it should—Ted was fond of her and she treated him with just the right shade of companionableness. Most things worked out in the end. He wondered if Dorothy had gotten what she wanted at last—he supposed she had, with her Texan. But she'd died in a hospital at Galveston, ten years ago, trying to have the Texan's child, so he couldn't ask her now. They had warned her about having more children—but, as soon as you warned Dorothy about anything, that was what she wanted to do. He could have told them. But the Texan was one of those handsome, chivalrous men.

Strange, that out of their two warring ambitions should have come the sound, reliable, healthy Ted. But, no, it wasn't strange—he had planned it as carefully as one could, and Cora had helped a great deal. Cora never got out of her depth and she had a fine social sense. And the very best nurses and schools from the very first—and there you were! You did it as you ran a business—picked the right people and gave them authority. He had hardly ever had to interfere himself.

There would be a great deal of money—but that could be taken care of—there were ways. And Ted need never realize it, at all. Well, there was no reason he should—no reason in the least.

He pulled hard on his cigar and started to walk away. For the door of the Momus Club had suddenly swung open, emitting a gush of light and a small, chubby, gray-haired figure with a turned-up nose and a jack-o'-lantern grin. It stood on the steps for a moment, saying good night a dozen times and laughing. Lane Parrington walked faster—but it was no use. He heard pattering footsteps behind him—a voice cried, "Ought-Eight!" with conviction, then, "Lane Parrington, b'gosh!" He stopped and turned.

"Oh, hello, Schooner," he said, unenthusiastically. "Your dinner over, too?"

"Oh, the boys'll keep it up till three," said Schooner Fairchild, mopping his pink brow. "But, after an hour and a half, I told them it was time they got some other poor devil at the piano. I'm not as young as I was." He panted, comically, and linked arms with Lane Parrington. "Class headquarters?" he said. "I shouldn't go—Minnie will scalp me. But I will."

"WELL," said Lane Parrington uncomfortably—he hated having his arm held, "I suppose we ought to look in."

"Duty, Mr. Easy, always duty," said Schooner Fairchild and chuckled. "Hey, don't walk so fast—an old man can't keep up with you." He stopped and mopped his brow again. "By the way," he said, "that's a fine boy of yours, Lane."

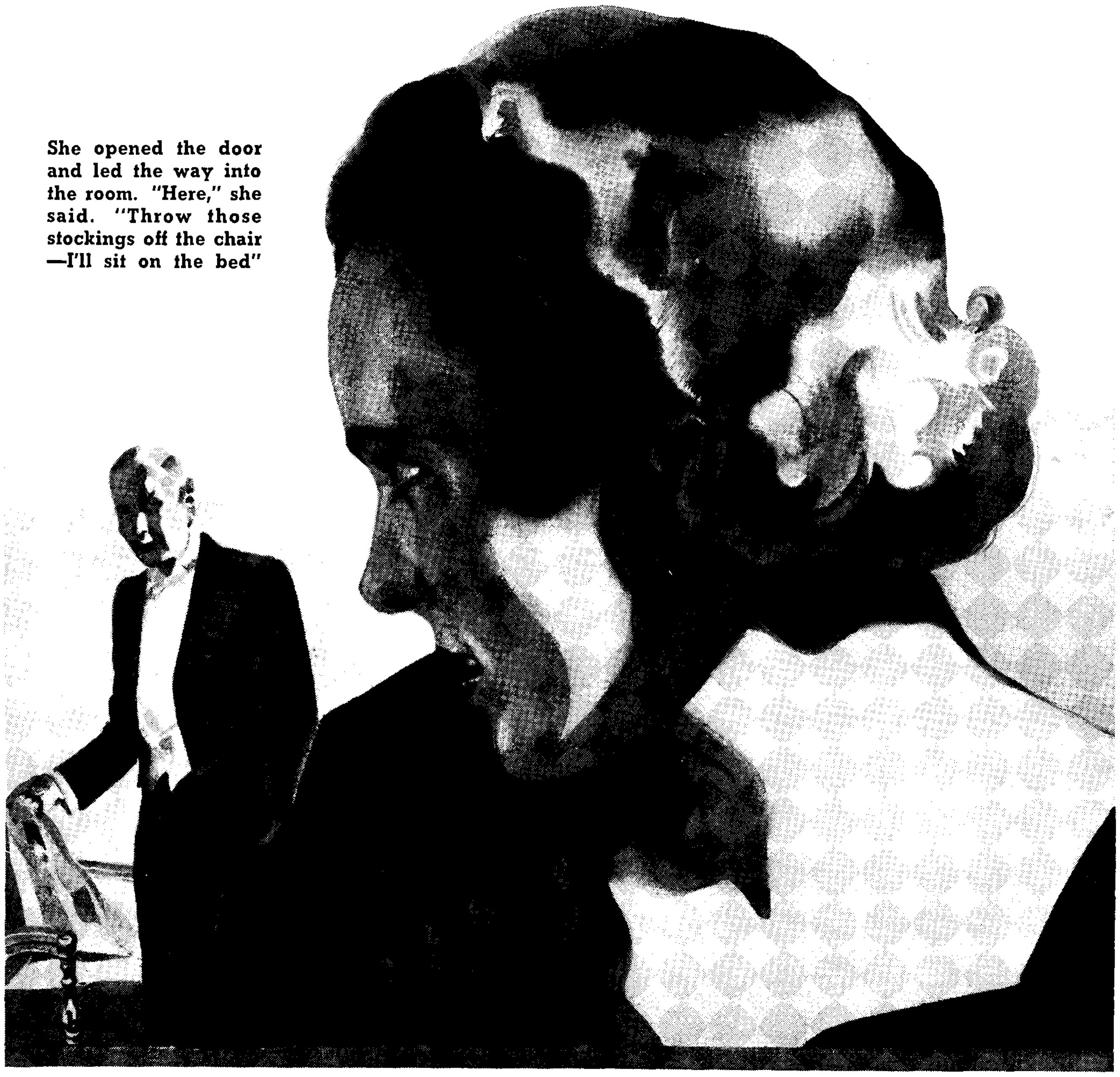
"Oh," said Lane Parrington awkwardly. "Thanks. But I didn't know—"

"Saw something of him last summer," said Schooner Fairchild cheerfully. "Sylvia brought him around to the house. He could have a rather nice baritone, if he wanted."

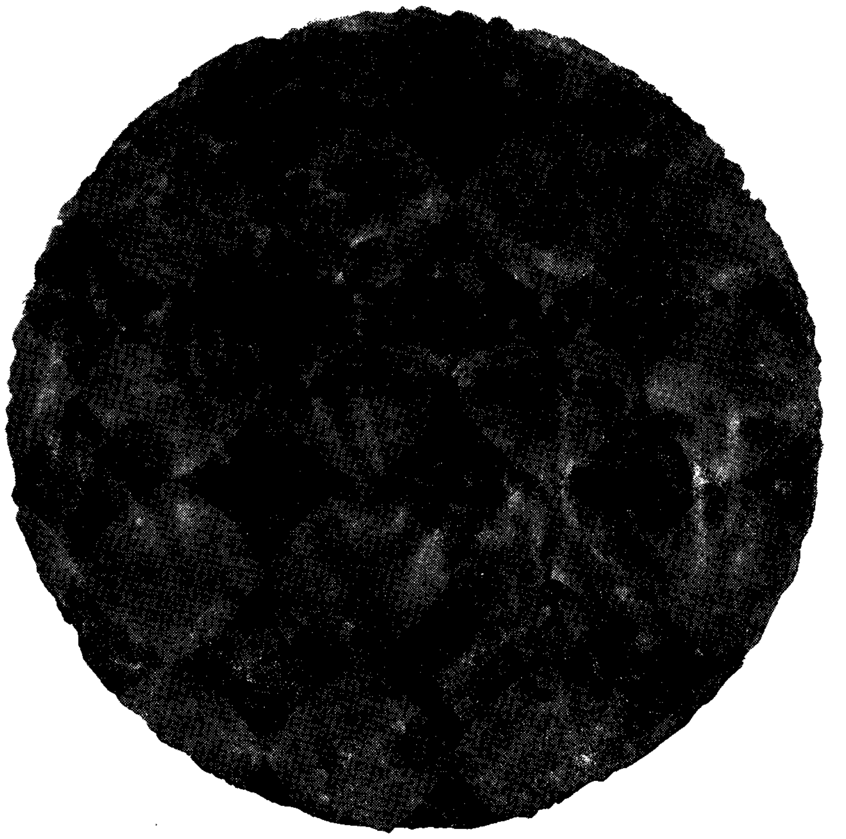
"Baritone?" said Lane Parrington. "Sylvia?"

"Eldest daughter and pride of the Fairchild château," said Schooner Fairchild, slurring his words by a tiny fraction. "She collects 'em—not always—always with Father's approval. But

(Continued on page 65)



She opened the door and led the way into the room. "Here," she said. "Throw those stockings off the chair—I'll sit on the bed"



The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Joe Feratta, a hard-working young lawyer in the little town of Salletts, which nestles in California's San Joaquim Valley, Becky Gibson is by no means sure that she loves him. Nevertheless, like many another girl to whom opportunities to marry come seldom, she takes it for granted that she will become Joe's wife.

Becky's mother and father have had a hard struggle; they have five children—Becky, Robert, Spin, Andy and Cary; they regard the match as a good one, for Joe's family is well-to-do and unquestionably he will do well in his chosen profession.

A stranger, Gavin Flood, comes to town. He is thirty-one years of age; he has had an adventurous career; unlike Joe Feratta, he is fascinating, romantic—a man of a type Becky has not heretofore encountered. No sooner has he been introduced to Becky than he tells her that he loves her; and following a few chance, or stolen, meetings, Becky is hopelessly in love with him.

Flood is living in Hollywood. He tells Becky, quite frankly, that, because he has spent years wandering about hither and yon, he has not been a "success." But he insists that now, at last, he is going to make something of his life in Southern California. He tells Becky that he will be in a position to marry her in time—if she will only wait for him. And, when he leaves Salletts, Becky promises to break her engagement to Feratta—and wait.

An honorable girl, Becky tries to summon up the courage needed to tell Joe of what has happened. But—again like innumerable other girls confronted with a similar situation—she procrastinates. Days pass. Weeks. She does not break the news to Joe.

Then Sarah, her mother, learns that she is corresponding with Gavin Flood. Shocked, Mrs. Gibson asks for an explanation. Becky tells her the truth. Again and again, Mrs. Gibson argues with her, implores her to break with Flood; she points to the fact that Becky knows nothing about Gavin Flood, other than what Flood has told her; she lays stress on his failure—at thirty-one!—to achieve any worth-while goal; she is sure that Becky will be unhappy if she marries him.

Becky is adamant. She will not give Gavin Flood up. Her arguments futile, Mrs. Gibson (very reluctantly) resorts to a desperate expedient. She tells Becky that she, Mrs. Gibson, is not her mother! "I knew your mother," she says calmly, "she—" "Mother," Becky interrupts; she is astounded; "you're fooling!" "I wish I were fooling," says Mrs. Gibson. Becky leans forward. "Go on," she says.

III

I'LL have to go back some way, then, Beck," Sarah said, "to tell you how it was I met your mother. I was working in one of Chicago's big department stores; I was about twenty-five. My parents were dead, but I'd met Dad, and we wanted to be married. But we had no money, and it seemed as if we must wait forever.

"One day in November—it was cold, I know, and looked as if it might snow—I noticed a lady standing quietly watching me for quite some time. When I was free she came up and bought a book, and we stood talking. She was handsomely dressed, but she looked sad, and sick. She was going to have a baby soon."

"Not married!" Beck said quickly.

"Oh, yes, she was married. And somehow—I never knew exactly how—she drew me out to tell her about my being engaged and wanting to get married. Then she said she was in great trouble and asked me if I would help her. I was as puzzled as I could be, and I said that in any possible way—I remember, Beck," Sarah diverged to say simply, "I remember wondering if she was a crook of some sort. We were always hearing about well-dressed women who were crooks. But she didn't seem that sort. She looked like you, only smaller, and very frail. Her wrists weren't much thicker than one of my fingers are now!" Sarah added, with a pitying little reminiscent laugh.

Becky, her face in shadow, her eyes two glints in the gloom, continued her intense stare at her mother's face and said nothing.

"SHE asked me what time I went to lunch," Sarah resumed, "and she waited for me. We had lunch together, and we talked. She was going to have a baby in a few weeks and she didn't want her husband to know; not that you were coming, not that you lived, nor whether you were a boy or a girl. She'd left him, months earlier. I imagined that maybe he was a cruel, a dangerous man, and she wouldn't have any baby of hers left in his care. Of course I don't know whether he was like that or not. I never saw him. I never knew his name."

"You knew *her* name?"

"I knew the name she gave me. But I saw her only three times in this life, Beck. Lunch, that first day, and then a day we met at the bank, a week later. And then in the hospital."

"At the bank?"

"Yes. By that time I'd talked to your father—to Dad, I mean, and he'd agreed to change his name, and that we should be married right away, and adopt her baby. It was like the skies opening to us!"

"Change his name?" Becky, in her complete bewilderment, could only stupidly echo the amazing phrases, one by one.

"That was the condition she made. We were to change our names, take you as soon as you were born, go to some completely strange city, live there for at least two years, and then move to California. I'd told her our dream was to live out here on a little ranch. She said that was what she wanted for you. Only she always called you 'my little boy.' She said that under other circumstances she would have loved to have a son in her arms; that there had been times when she had longed and prayed for a child, 'to keep her from despair,' but that now she was ill, she was afraid she would not live, and she could not leave her little boy to a father like that! She clung to my hand, Beck; she was like a crazy creature, and in the end I promised her everything, told her we'd take you and treat you as our own, showed her my new wedding ring. And that was the first happiness you brought Dad and me, Becky, that we could be married and plan for our California ranch!"

"And it was then that Dad had his streak of luck, and you could afford to come out here?"

"You were our streak of luck, Beck," Sarah said, her loving eyes on Rebecca's downcast face.

"Oh, I see! She gave you money?" Rebecca said.

"That was it. That was how Spencer and I could marry and why we changed our names. We took a telephone book, and took the top name on the left and the last name on the right of two pages. It came out Spencer Gibson. The money in the bank was deposited to the credit of Sarah Gibson. Twenty thousand dollars. All the time that you were coming—it was about a month—we were making our plans, and when you were five days old I went to the little private hospital and took you. I said I was your aunt."

"But she?"

"She died when you were seven days old. I saw her dead. She had made arrangements to die."

"She killed herself?"

"No. She'd had transfusions—everything. But perhaps it didn't take very much to kill her."

Becky looked up heavily.

"What was her name?"

"The name she gave me wasn't her own, Becky. At least, I don't think it was. She called herself Mrs. William Davis. But of all the William Davises in the Chicago telephone book there wasn't one who took any notice of her death, or came to the hospital. Dad and I arranged for the funeral—she had left plenty of money for that. We stayed only a few more weeks in town. Then we went to Brooklyn. We went there because it seemed a big place, a good place to get lost in. We were there two years—Dad had a job in a bank, and then we came here and bought the ranch."

"She hated my father?"

"Enough not to want him even to know you were coming."

"She'd left him?"

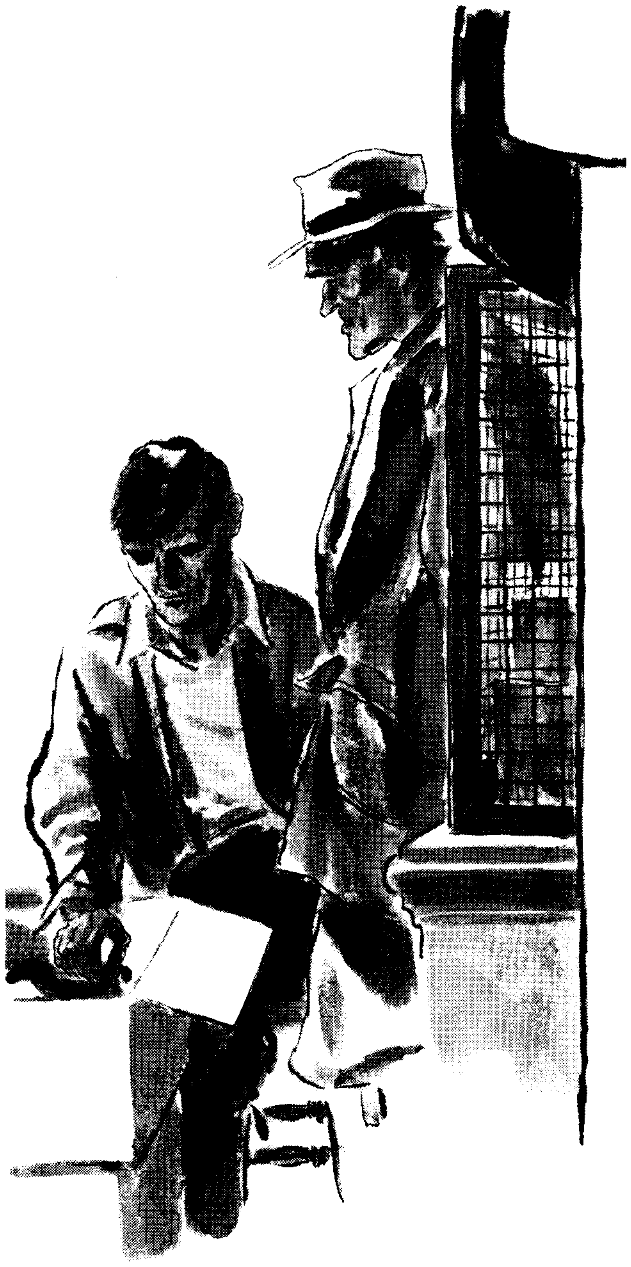
"She said so."

"And where was she living?"

"That I don't know."

"She just chose you, at random? A person she didn't know at all?"

"Not quite like that. She said she'd watched me for



three days, and heard one of the girls ask me when I was going to be married, and heard me say, 'Oh, not until we can afford a baby!' She said I looked 'wholesome,' " Sarah said. "I looked like someone she could trust. Someone who didn't have very much money, and who couldn't easily be traced. She'd thought it all out. Anyway, she was desperate."

"My father was a criminal," Becky said slowly.

"I don't think so, Becky. I imagine they'd quarreled, and she felt that if she died you'd be all his. Perhaps she hated his mother and wouldn't trust her with you."

THERE was a silence. Becky broke it in a somber voice.

"Then I really haven't—anyone."

"Dad adopted you legally," Sarah answered briefly. She was silent for a moment, her heart sick with pity.

"You've been—terribly kind to me," Becky said stiffly, her throat thick. "Money is money, of course. But money didn't buy what you've—what you've done for me."

She had to keep her voice low to hold it steady. Sarah spoke simply:

"No child was ever more loved than you've been by us. It wasn't only that you were such a wonderful baby, Becky. But it was everything else—our being able to get away from the city into this wonderful country—fruit trees and the creek, and then the boys. I think Dad loves his girl more than any of his boys, Beck. You know that."

Becky did not answer. After a moment she got to her feet and walked through the mottled shadow and moonlight to the side gate and stood there leaning on the bars, staring down the road. The misty meadows were wreathed in gauze; oaks stood out in mysterious flat surfaces, the village lights were merely a pink blur on the silver smoke. Sarah sat on the porch in the deep shadow, trembling, afraid.

After perhaps ten minutes Rebecca came back. To Sarah's infinite relief she was not crying; she spoke almost in her normal voice, as she resumed her seat on the upper step.

"Mother, what was your name originally?"

The older woman hesitated a second. Then she said:

"I see no reason why you shouldn't know that, Beck. I was Sarah White, my father was Robert White, a salesman in a hardware store in Chicago. I was the only child, and my father and mother both died in the year I was twenty-two. Father was killed, and Mother had been ailing for some time. Your father—Dad, I mean—was Frank Smith. I don't know much about his people except that they came from Buffalo. He came to Chicago and worked in a jewelry store; that was when I met him."

Becky's eyes were fixed on her for a long minute. Presently the girl said, hesitatingly, finding words slowly:

"It's a strange story. It makes me feel—queer. It makes me feel—I really don't know how. I'm—horribly sorry, I think. And of course, of course"—Becky stumbled on, laying a hand now on Sarah's knee, "I'm yours. You're the only mother I've ever had, and even if she'd lived she wouldn't mean anything to me. But she *is* dead?" the girl ended on a note of sharpness.

"I swear it, Becky. They'd told her she was dying. She made me swear, that last day in the hospital, when she was so weak!—that I would treat her child as I would want my children treated when I had children. And I've not looked at one of them, Beck, when he was first born in the hospital without thinking of that."

"You didn't have to take any oath," Becky said thickly, awkwardly, her fingers linked in Sarah's fingers.

Sarah didn't say: "Ah, my darling" or "Now you mustn't let this make the slightest difference, my dear." Becky, holding to her fingers, knew that she was too wise, too true for that. She felt the roughened hand tighten its hold a little, that was all.

"Mother, were you going to tell Joe this if I had married Joe?"

"Just that you were adopted before you were a week old, and that all we knew of your mother was that she was a woman of—well, of fineness, Beck, much—very different from me!" Sarah said with a little apologetic laugh, "that you were legitimate, of course."

"What made you sure of that?"

"What she was, Beck. How she seemed. Fine and very sad and not poor, you know. Her clothes were fine. And she gave me her wedding ring. She was married."

BECKY considered this. "I don't think it matters," she said musingly.

"I don't know that it does," Sarah agreed, a little puzzled, but anxious to reassure her.

"And my father, whoever he was, never knew I was born?"

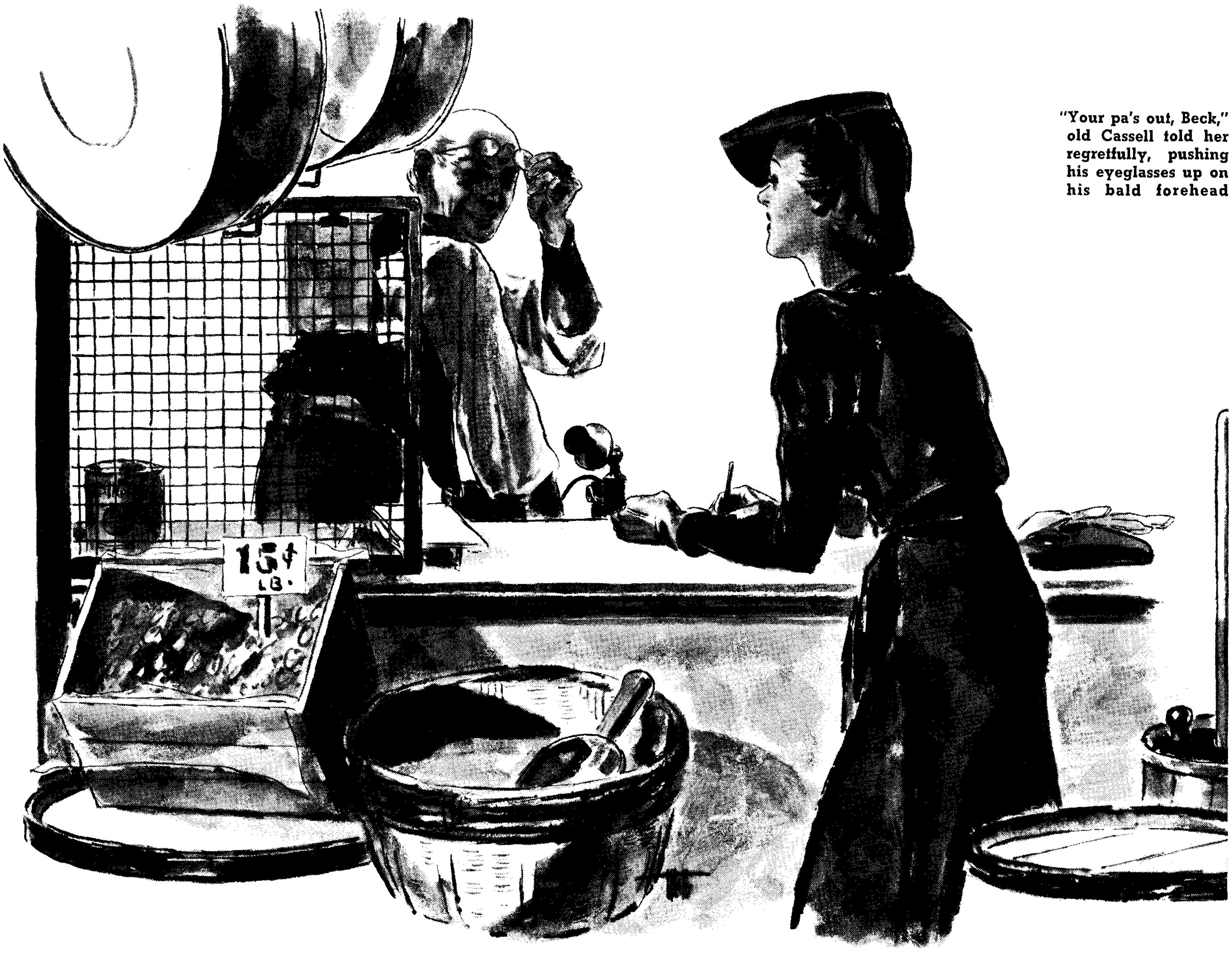
"She said not."

Another silence.

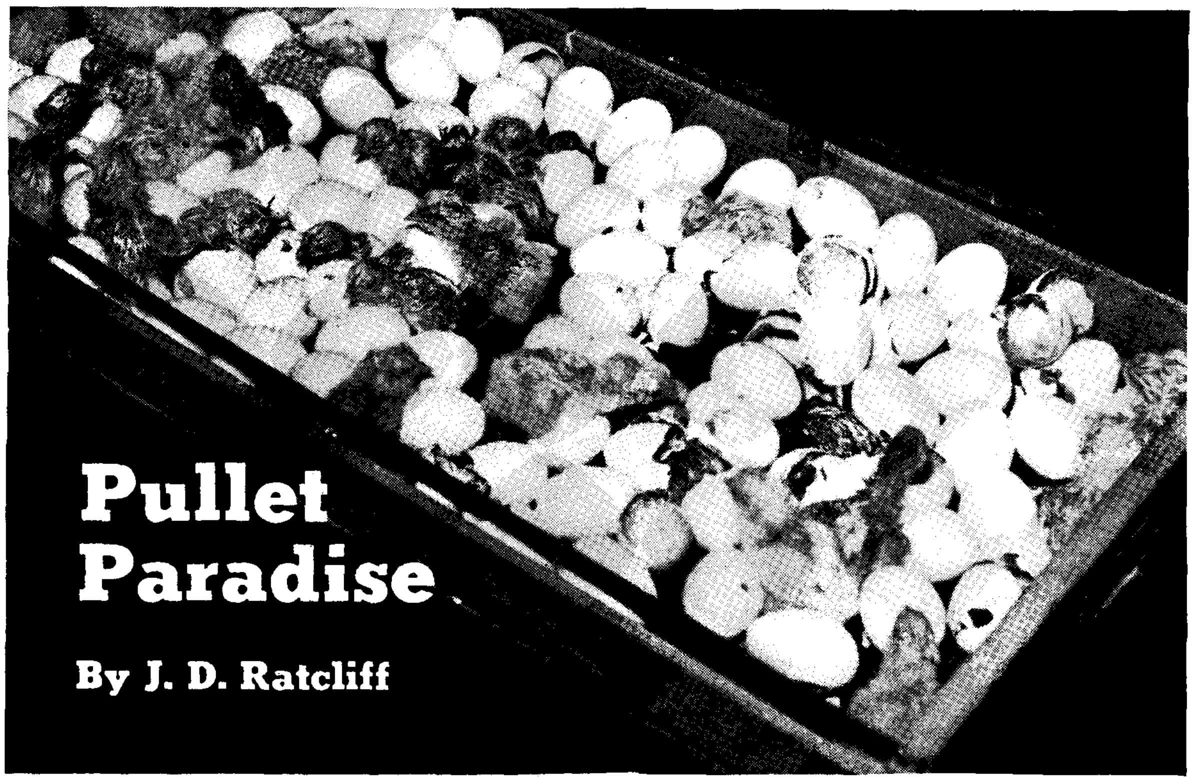
"Why did you tell me this now, Mother?"

"Because—well, perhaps because I'm so much afraid of the world for you, Becky. It treated her so badly. We talked it over, Dad and I, and he thought I should tell you."

"Heavens, that's eleven striking!" Becky said with an effort to speak naturally, when they had sat on for a minute or two more, (Continued on page 58)



"Your pa's out, Beck," old Cassell told her regretfully, pushing his eyeglasses up on his bald forehead



Pullet Paradise

By J. D. Ratcliff

Out of the barnyard and into the factory—that flighty and unco-operative animal, the hen has finally been forced to take her place in industry

●

Left: A tray from the incubating oven of a chicken factory. Some of the chicks have just hatched out

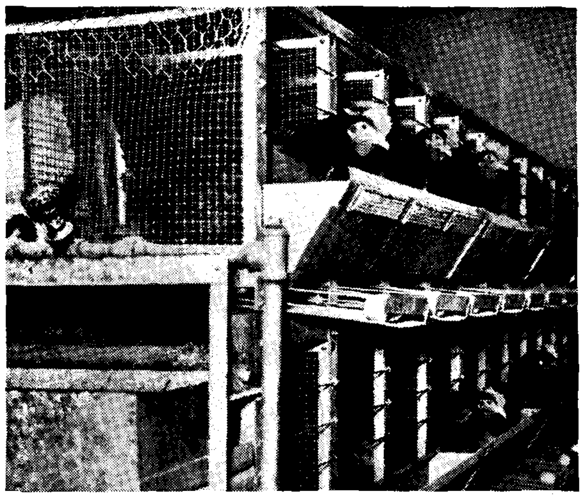
Below: These chicks are just one day old. They will be packed in cartons and mailed to your order

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Right: Chickens are subject to a number of [illegible] diseases. Inoculation is one vital health measure

Middle: Rhode Island Reds in the scientifically controlled laying batteries of the chicken "factory"

Bottom: This machine weighs and sorts the eggs into first-, second-, third- and fourth-grade classes



THERE is a broiler factory in a deserted brewery in Detroit and another within a few blocks of the Chicago Loop. Egg factories are functioning on the roofs of hotels in Los Angeles, Chicago and scores of other cities, and Brooklyn has one that is within sight of the Empire State Building. A dozen or so outworn textile mills in Massachusetts are housing enormous poultry farms—one of them netted $92,000 last year. The hen has come to the city, been retailored to fit into a mechanical civilization, and taken her place on the assembly line.

Look at the picture a few years back and you'll understand why this perverse bird was sorely in need of the efficiency man's attention. Left to her own devices, she scratched around the barnyard for bugs, worms and other hen delicacies that were supplemented by an occasional fistful of cracked corn. Her owner, usually a farmer's wife, collected the eggs, sold them of a Saturday and put the money in the spare sugar bowl against the day when there would be enough to buy a sewing machine or a new churn.

But did the hen co-operate in this picture of rural bliss? She did not. Full of cussedness (and lack of vitamins), she laid plenty of eggs in July when they were selling at 12¢ a dozen and hardly any in February when they fetched 30¢. Or maybe she refused to lay at all, in which case she went into the stewpot—and came out tough and stringy. Occasionally she would answer some hen urge and wander off to set on a batch of eggs she had produced. Not more than 60 per cent of them produced chicks. And the chicks? Hawks and foxes got some, and chilly, wet mornings dispatched a good proportion of the remainder. Bacterial diseases and lice, mites and other assorted bugs claimed their share.

When anyone took the trouble to figure out cost vs. production of a hen, she almost always turned out to be the most uneconomic critter imaginable. The figures generally proved that there was no reason for such a bird. That's what they proved to Mr. Milton H. Arndt. Still, the country had to have fried chicken for Sunday dinner, and 35 billion eggs a year.

After being born on a farm outside Rock Island, Ill., Mr. Arndt had suffered one disastrous experience after another with hens. When he was two years old a big Buff Orpington hen—they're the ones that have feathers growing on their legs—tried to peck his eyes out. After he got out of Augustana College, where he studied pharmacy, he tried running a chicken farm. It failed. Then he tried a butter-and-egg store in Philadelphia. It was a flop. The tall, thin, blond Mr. Arndt became bitter. It was a case of beating a flock of pullets, or being beaten by them. It is a pleasure to report that he won, and in doing so produced as engaging a piece of machinery as you ever laid eyes on. To the casual observer the Arndt battery looks like nothing more than a 3-deck stack of neat metal hen coops. Closer examination reveals a great many differences.

First off, there is the endless belt that runs under each tier of cages. Chicken droppings fall through the wire cage bottoms, and land on the belt. Several times a day the battery attendant turns a crank at the end of the tier. A scraper cleans the belt and the manure is sold for 12¢ a bushel. If the battery is large enough, this revenue pays for light and heat. Through a trough, running water passes each cage, so that no labor is required in furnishing drinking water.

A good many years ago the U. S. Department of Agriculture determined that the chief reason hens didn't lay in winter was because there wasn't enough daylight. Just as a hen would work herself up to the idea of laying an egg, dusk would arrive and she would knock off for the day. In one series of classic experiments, department investigators kept a group of 50 hens confined to cages that were lighted only by sunlight. A second group had the sun supplemented by electric bulbs so that there was light for twelve hours a day. The experiment lasted from November 1st to March 20th and in that period the electrically lighted hens produced 60 dozen more eggs than the control group.

Mr. Arndt includes electric lights in his laying batteries and controls them *(Continued on page 46)*

"Among all the white uniforms and white caps I always knew the little square set of your shoulders," he'd said

The Glass Slipper

By Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

TEN months after his first wife, Crystal, dies, Dr. Brule Hatterick, a distinguished Chicago surgeon, marries a nurse—one of the two nurses who had attended Crystal.

Months go by. The police of Chicago receive a series of anonymous letters that lead them to believe that Crystal Hatterick *may* have been poisoned. They interview the physician who had been in charge of the case—Dr. Andrew ("Andy") Crittenden, one of Hatterick's closest friends. Whereupon, Andy has a serious talk with Rue Hatterick (the nurse who had become Brule Hatterick's second wife). He reminds her that she is sure to be strongly suspected; he says he loves her; he implores her to run away, with him, to Canada.

She does not yield to Andy's entreaties. She stays in Chicago, faces the police, answers all questions truthfully. A few hours later, Juliet Garder—the nurse with whom she had shared the work of caring for Crystal—calls on her. Juliet, seemingly intoxicated, talks incoherently about "murder." To sober her, Rue gives her a cup of tea (brought in by Gross, the butler). Juliet takes a few sips, dies!

Living with the Hattericks in their beautiful home are: Madge Hatterick, Brule's daughter by Crystal, and Steven Hendrie, a semi-invalid who is under Brule's care. Hendrie is engaged to Alicia Pelham, once Crystal's dearest friend. Both Alicia and Madge hate Rue.

When the police, notified of Juliet's death, arrive, they interview everyone. They identify the poison that had killed the nurse; and they note, to their amazement, that the hands of the corpse *have turned green!*

That night someone places poison in a glass that Rue uses every morning. And the house (where Alicia Pelham, it should be noted, has spent the night) is in a turmoil. One person, at least—Andy Crittenden—thinks that he can name the murderer. He warns Rue by informing her that Brule and Alicia Pelham are having an affair—an affair that has lasted for years! He says that Brule would have married Alicia, had they not had a quarrel; that Brule married Rue, after Crystal's death, to protect Alicia against a possible murder charge!

Rue asks Brule some leading questions, concerning Alicia. Brule's eyes narrow. "I'll tell you the truth," he says slowly. *"I did marry you because of Alicia."*

VII

AND there was enough Rue wanted to say. A very flood of fury, of accusation, welled up, clamoring to be spoken—to be cried out angrily. Humiliation has its own special cutting power and she felt that keen edge so acutely that it was like a physical wound.

But there were things she had learned about self-control. She was strongly conscious of Brule's steady, watchful look—a look that perceived so many things, was so deeply, habitually observant of the terms of life and living. She said at last, slowly:

"You've not failed in any way to keep the terms of the marriage you offered me. But now that I—know the truth, I cannot have Alicia in the house. If she stays here, I must go."

"Where?"

It confused her; brought her up short to regard the practical aspect of it.

"I think I could find work. I've done so before."

"Not if I refused to let you return to the hospital."

"I don't think," said Rue slowly, "that you would be so ungenerous."

"In any case you've forgotten the police and our present situation. You can't go away. Or at least if you did there would be a lot of to-do on the part of the newspapers—comment and speculation. And in all probability a policeman or two would go with you."

"It can't—last forever," she replied.

"Look here, Rue," said Brule suddenly. "Are you in love with Andy? You'd better tell me, you know." He paused and then went on: "He's been making love to you, hasn't he? I asked you that once before. Oh—" he put his hand up toward her in a quick gesture as if to check words of defense he felt were coming—"I know I've not exactly the right to ask you. Except—you are my wife, you know."

"Alicia—" said Rue, half whispering.

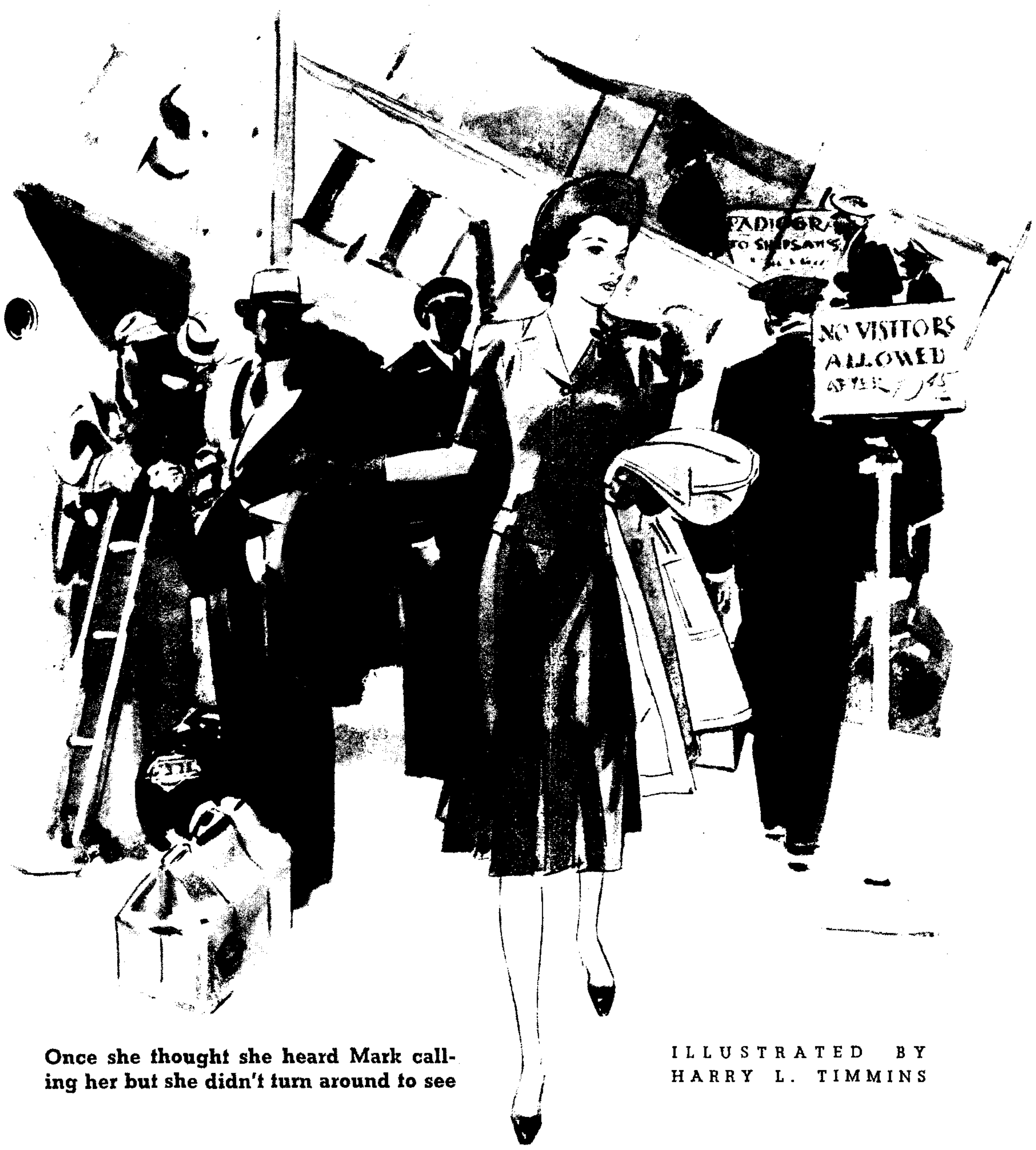
"All right. I'll tell you the truth, Rue, so far as I can. Alicia must stay, if for no other reason than that she's Steven's fiancée."

"Poor Steven," said Rue. "He's in love with her."

"Well," said Brule. "What about it? That's all right. You think I'm inhuman, don't you, Rue? Perhaps I am but—nevertheless, I expect you to go along with me in this emergency."

"Exactly what do you mean?"

(Continued on page 53)



Once she thought she heard Mark calling her but she didn't turn around to see

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Romance in the Rain

By Hamlen Hunt

Headlong career toward heartbreak. But Jean and Mark deserved everything that later happened to them

THIS spring evening in Cambridge was like a thousand others. And there was nothing unusual in Mark's meeting Jean outside the Co-op.

Mark, who went to Harvard, was a big, bareheaded, handsome boy in a crumpled gabardine coat. Jean, who went to Radcliffe, was a small, dark-haired girl with a kerchief tied under her chin.

"I called you to meet me," Mark said, in a rather precise and curious accent that meant he had learned English in another country, "because I have had today a letter from my mother."

"Not bad news?" Jean asked quickly, because Tokyo was not the quietest city in the world these days and because that was where Mark and his twin brother, Martin, lived. Their father, who belonged to the minor nobility, was attached to the Danish Legation there.

Mark looked at her. "Nothing about the war, though."

"About us?" Jean asked timidly. It was still hard to believe that her life was going to be so strange and so different after June. Born and brought up in a New Hampshire town, she had never expected to look farther afield than Boston or New York until Mark had fallen in love with her and changed everything, even the future.

Mark took Jean's hand. It fitted inside his, warmly and quickly.

"Let's go on the river," he said. "We have so little time in this nice place where there is a river and no worries."

He thought uneasily of his mother's letter. His mother was a beautiful red-haired woman who knew five languages and wrote in Latin because it was easy for her and good for her sons not to forget the language as schoolboys do. Her family had been wealthy and cultured for generations, and she had married a man fifteen years older than herself; she expected Mark and Martin not to marry for years, and then only suitably, to girls who would know how to set up a beautifully structured, social marriage in Tokyo or Budapest or London—or wherever their husbands' diplomatic jobs sent them. The boys had been sent to Harvard to get a little of what their parents considered rough-and-tumble life and were expected to return to their own world in June, unattached and with their pockets more or less emptied of wild oats.

Jean had met the brothers at a skiing party the winter before. She had been feeling out of place because her clothes weren't right and because she knew she wasn't being quick or talkative or sparkling. She could be all those things, but not when she was shy. There had been a commotion outside, a clatter of voices, one rather shrill, calling, "Hi, frère, do not drop that!" and one deep and quiet, answering, "Frère, you worry too much!" And then there had followed quick, incomprehensible syllables.

"They're talking Japanese again!" someone had shouted. "Make them stop!"

Then there was laughter and talking and introducing. Suddenly Jean and Mark found each other. There were a lot of people in their way, but they drifted toward each other until they were standing near enough to touch, on a little quiet island of their own awareness. Mark Lunoe looked down at a smallish, white-skinned girl with black hair. She, Jean Sparks, a scholarship student from New Hampshire, had looked up at a tall, enormously wide-shouldered boy with cropped hair and light gray eyes that were surprising under such heavy black brows and in a face tanned so dark by the sun that shines on skiers.

"You stay with me now, won't you?" Mark said. "You did not come with anyone?"

"No," Jean said. "And I feel so shy here."

Mark said, "Not any more, because you are my girl."

HE SWEPT her into the middle of all the gaiety. She hadn't realized what a catch she had made, even for an evening. The brothers Lunoe, with their background and their money, were the social event of the season, and Mark even more than Martin because he was less wild and less given to passing out in corners. She didn't even know that Mark didn't usually pay much attention to the girls who clustered around him. She only knew that she could not look at this strange boy without feeling uncertain and excited and happy.

"Come and walk," he said abruptly, later in the evening. "It is hot as hell here, and noisier."

"I don't feel like walking," Jean said quietly.

Mark laughed. "What an amazing girl!" he cried. "Look, everyone, look at my nice, amazing girl who tells me to go to hell so politely you hardly notice! Isn't she pretty? Isn't she—" He stopped abruptly. "I am sorry," he said.

"That's all right," Jean said softly. She put her hand in his because he looked ashamed of himself for attracting so much attention. She wanted to let him know she was glad he liked her. "I'd like to go for a little walk—just a little one."

Mark took her other hand. "You are so nice. The nicest girl I ever saw in my life."

Outside, with creaking snow around them and the brilliant blue sky looking near enough to touch, Jean turned to Mark.

"I wish you'd kiss me," she said. "I've never asked anyone to do that before."

Mark said, "Thank you for asking. I wanted so much to kiss you, but not unless you wanted." He laughed, standing close to her so that she felt lost and powerless in this strange, deep forest of emotion she had never explored before. "I care what you want because I never saw a girl like you before," he said. His laughter was full of excitement, and then it stopped abruptly and left him staring down at the girl in his arms. "Because I love you," he said, and gave her the kiss she had asked for.

"Oh, no!" she cried finally, pushing at him in terror. "Don't, don't!"

"Don't be afraid because you love me," he said. "I'm so glad."

She said, "I'm glad—if it's love—but I'm afraid a little, too."

"Don't be," he said.

"We—we mustn't stay out here any more—they'll be wondering about us."

"I wish we were here on this mountain alone," he said wildly. "When you first find your girl, it is wonderful. You should be alone. There should be places to be alone."

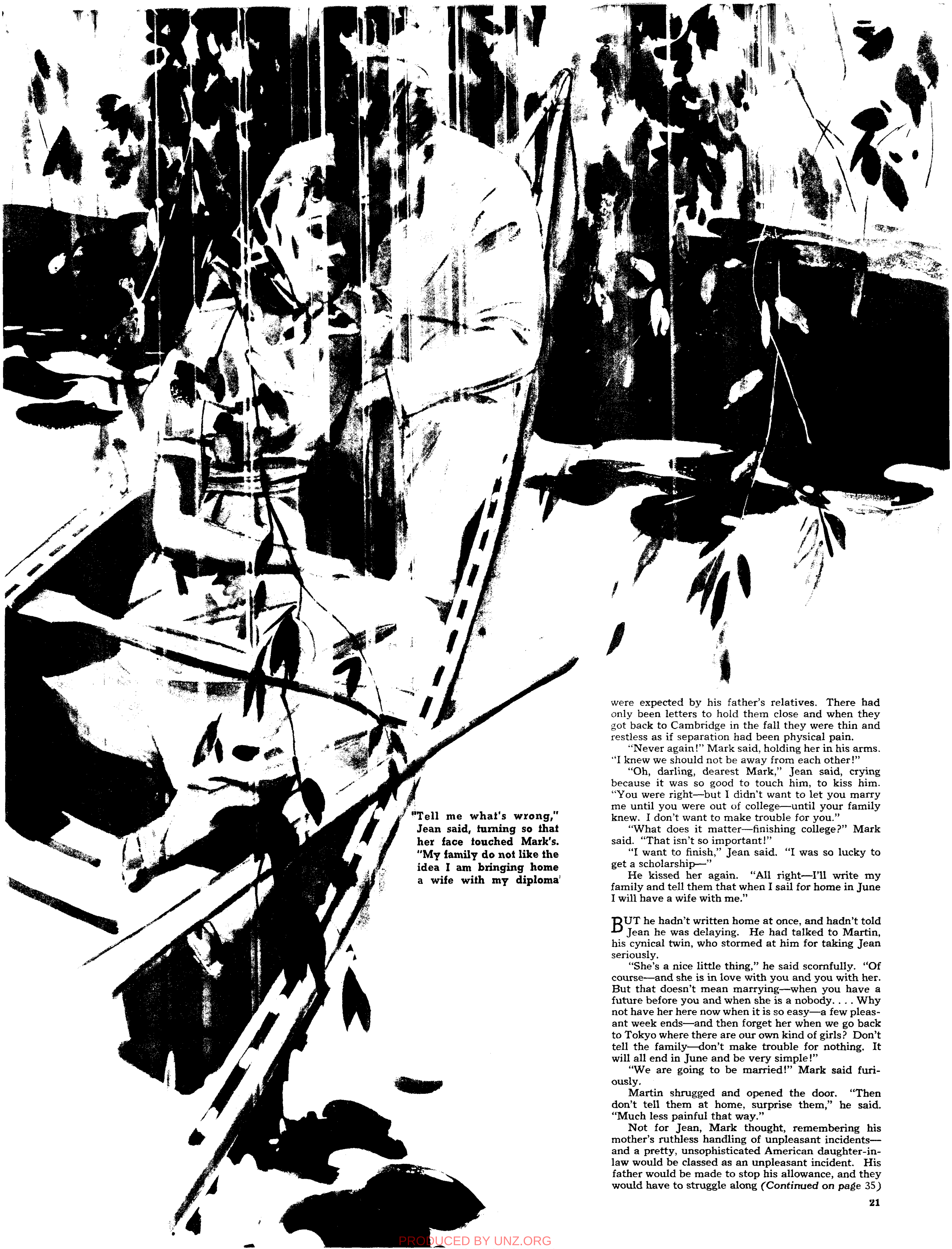
SHE stayed with him for a long time after that, until they were numb with cold they did not feel. And when at last they went back to the party, she felt as if they were crossing back over a bridge after a long journey.

"I wish we could be alone, too," she said. "Oh, Mark, Mark—I've never *felt* like this before!"

Mark held her against him. "I love you," he said quietly. "And some day—"

So they had been engaged all that winter and spring. They went canoeing on the Charles. They ate ice-cream cones at Brigham's and sandwiches and beer at the Wurst House. They went for picnics in the woods, always with staggering armloads of books they never quite got around to reading.

The summer had been horrible, because they weren't together. Jean was counselor at a camp, and Mark went to Europe because he and his brother



"Tell me what's wrong," Jean said, turning so that her face touched Mark's. "My family do not like the idea I am bringing home a wife with my diploma'

were expected by his father's relatives. There had only been letters to hold them close and when they got back to Cambridge in the fall they were thin and restless as if separation had been physical pain.

"Never again!" Mark said, holding her in his arms. "I knew we should not be away from each other!"

"Oh, darling, dearest Mark," Jean said, crying because it was so good to touch him, to kiss him. "You were right—but I didn't want to let you marry me until you were out of college—until your family knew. I don't want to make trouble for you."

"What does it matter—finishing college?" Mark said. "That isn't so important!"

"I want to finish," Jean said. "I was so lucky to get a scholarship—"

He kissed her again. "All right—I'll write my family and tell them that when I sail for home in June I will have a wife with me."

BUT he hadn't written home at once, and hadn't told Jean he was delaying. He had talked to Martin, his cynical twin, who stormed at him for taking Jean seriously.

"She's a nice little thing," he said scornfully. "Of course—and she is in love with you and you with her. But that doesn't mean marrying—when you have a future before you and when she is a nobody. . . . Why not have her here now when it is so easy—a few pleasant week ends—and then forget her when we go back to Tokyo where there are our own kind of girls? Don't tell the family—don't make trouble for nothing. It will all end in June and be very simple!"

"We are going to be married!" Mark said furiously.

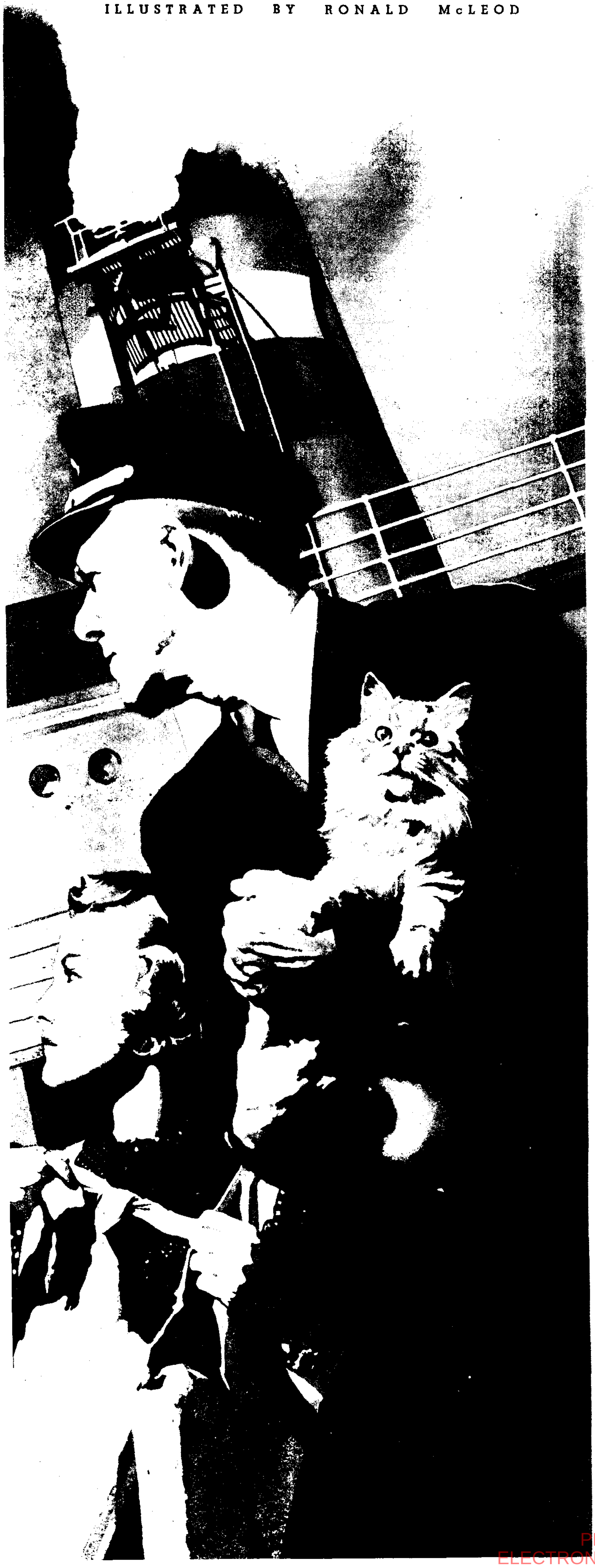
Martin shrugged and opened the door. "Then don't tell them at home, surprise them," he said. "Much less painful that way."

Not for Jean, Mark thought, remembering his mother's ruthless handling of unpleasant incidents—and a pretty, unsophisticated American daughter-in-law would be classed as an unpleasant incident. His father would be made to stop his allowance, and they would have to struggle along *(Continued on page 35)*

The Coward

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



THIRD OFFICER SWENSON, take the stand."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Swenson, you are charged with cowardice and neglect of duty on the night of January 20th last while acting as officer of the watch aboard the passenger liner Doric, which had struck an iceberg off the Newfoundland banks."

"Yes, sir."

"This commission has heard testimony that you permitted nine members of the crew to rush a lifeboat and leave the ship in it while passengers, among them many women and children, were standing by."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you wish to make a statement?"

"No, sir."

"You are pleading guilty?"

"No, sir, only if a man like me talks he gets mixed up and does not do justice. I show you this instead—"

"What is it?"

"A piece of wood, sir."

"The commission recognizes the material to be wood, Mr. Swenson. But I, for one, fail to see what connection the exhibit has with the questions at issue here—"

"Excuse me, please, Mister. It is long story to make you understand—you and the other gentlemen, sir. I am sailor, not talker. I get mixed up, maybe, but I tell you truth—this piece of wood—"

"Proceed."

"Well, sir, this here now piece of wood, as I am about to say, how I came to be in possession of it is this now. . . . I think along about . . . about . . . third trip westbound—this present trip being our fifth eastbound, sir—I am told by Mr. Prince, the second mate, to make inspection—"

"One moment, Mr. Swenson! My notes show Mr. Lanigan to be second officer of record."

"That is right, sir. Mr. Prince left ship fourth trip eastbound to marry girl in Queenstown whose mamma is Mrs. Torenson, a nice lady I know well. I think it is because Mr. Prince had mind on marriage he forgets to tell Captain—"

"Mr. Swenson! I'm afraid we must get straight to the charges affecting your conduct as a ship's officer on the night in question. Where were you when the ship struck, Mr. Swenson?"

"On bridge, sir."

"WHAT did you do after the ship hit the iceberg, Mr. Swenson?"

"Oh, yar! I tell the engine room to stop. I send quartermaster for Captain. I wait for Mr. Lanigan to reach bridge, then I go below to see damage and close bulkhead doors. No, by golly, I lie! I stop in room first and get cat."

"Cat?"

"My cat Sverre. He cannot swim, sir."

"H'mph. What did you do next?"

"I look in hold and see she has sprung plate in No. 1 and No. 3 section on port side. I close bulkhead doors B and C and order black gang to work pumps. Then, I call Captain on bridge. I tell him about damage. By golly, no, I lie. I hit fire-room man on head with wrench, then I call Captain!"

"Why did you hit the man?"

"Hit him, sir? Red Spigar? He was too excited. He talked too much—about ship sinking."

"Spigar . . . Oh, yes . . . one of the mutineers, wasn't he?"

"Big troublemaker all the time, sir."

"Were you afraid of Spigar?"

"No, sir."

"Why didn't you use your fists?"

"An officer is careful not to break his hands, sir. I think I will mash Red's nose and then I think, 'No, the ship is in tight place maybe and I will need two hands perhaps.' I think so and—"

"H'mph. Did you report the incident to Captain Roberts?"

"Har!—I mean, no, sir. The captain know about Red Spigar and those other fellows in black gang."

"The captain's orders was for all hands to stand by but not to put boats down. So I told my people to rest easy—"

"What did you report to Captain Roberts?"

"About water below—how fast she come in, sir. About the chances."

"Captain Roberts has testified you were in a panic when he saw you on the boat deck. Is that correct, Mr. Swenson?"

"Panic, sir?"

"Yes. He said you were so frightened you could not talk coherently."

"I had just run up four ladders, sir."

"H'mph. You were merely out of breath?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Swenson, how do you account then for Second Officer Lanigan's statement that he and Captain Roberts were unable to obtain from you any details of the damage to the ship's bottom?"

"I am slow talker, sir, and they would not wait to hear me through. Though they were in their rights and I say nothing against either man. It is Captain's duty to decide on S O S and to call passengers, sir!"

"H'mph. You mean to tell this commission that Captain Roberts was not justified in sending an S O S nor in calling all passengers to the boat stations?"

"No, sir."

"What did you mean?"

"I GUESS maybe you get me mixed up, sir."

"You still deny that you showed any evidence of fear, Mr. Swenson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Captain Roberts gave you a revolver from the chartroom locker, did he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is the revolver now?"

"It got lost, sir."

"H'mph. Isn't it a fact, Mr. Swenson, that you put the revolver in your peajacket pocket and went to your boat division?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't Second Officer Lanigan warn you that Red Spigar and his faction might try to rush the boats?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were armed for just such a contingency?"

"Yes, sir."

"As a ship's officer, wasn't it your duty to prevent such an occurrence even at the cost of your own life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the commission what happened after you reached your boat division, Mr. Swenson."

"Why, not much, sir. The passengers had got up and several deckhands were helping them with life preservers. Sparks had reported the Manhattan was but two hours away and a Coast Guard destroyer was apt to shorten that a little. The captain's orders was for all hands to stand by but not to put boats down until he finished his own inspection. So I told my people to rest easy—"

"There was no panic?"

"No, sir, if you don't count Spigar and his troublemakers. They was only ones who got scared."

"Proceed."

"Well, sir, Spigar and them other fellows come running up the passenger stairs to B deck and to starboard side—my division. I am standing by No. 8 lifeboat. They say they will take boat. That is all, sir."

"You made no effort to stop them?"

"Only the Trespucci kid, sir. He was good kid, only sixteen. I grab him and in tussle maybe I lost gun, I do not know for sure."

"H'mph. You admit, then, that you allowed nine members of the crew to make off with a lifeboat that might have been needed by women and children?"

"No, sir!"

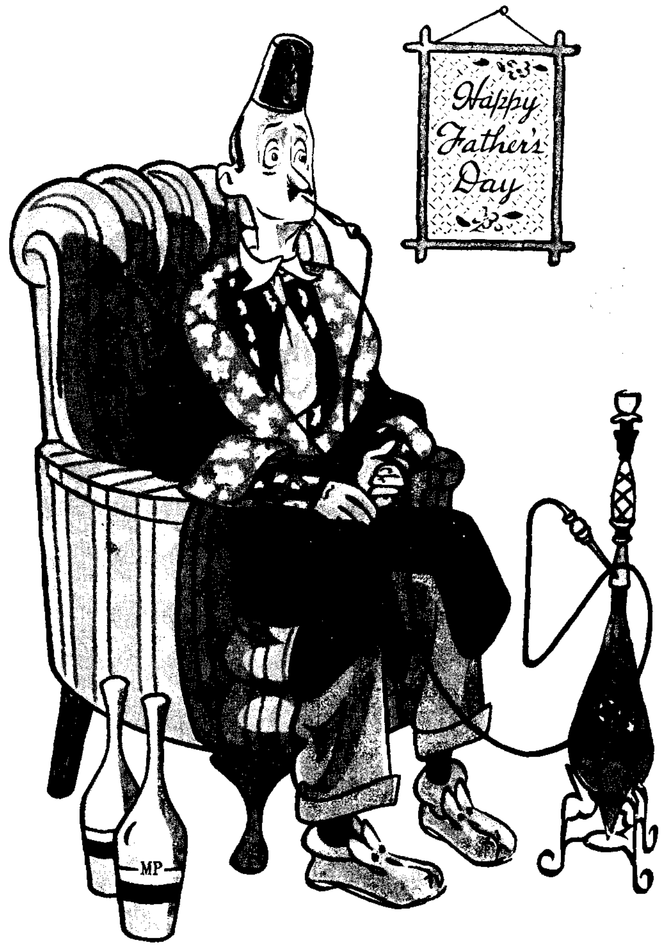
"What?"

"The passengers could not use No. 8 lifeboat, sir. This piece of wood. You see? I crumple it with hands easy! *Dry rot*, sir. That boat no good—this piece I take from bow thwart when I inspect all boats for Mr. Prince. Har . . . I told you this piece of wood tell everything, sir! Those fellows that go off in boat they make two, three mile in her—maybe."

"Oh, I see, Mr. Swenson."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

I am the Victim of a Well-Meaning Family...



MY NAME is Marvin Potts.

I have a wife, a house, a cat and two bright children. Too bright, perhaps, for my own good.

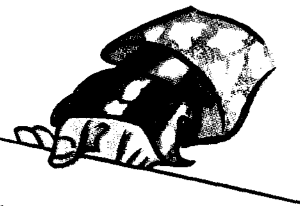
Each June these kids sit up nights figuring out a Father's Day gift for me that's *different*. So far, I've drawn a mandarin robe, a Turkish water-pipe, and a pair of monogrammed Indian Clubs.

What I really want is something sensible. *I want an Arrow Shirt!*

ARROW SHIRTS and TIES

I say *Arrow* because its collar sets better on my neck, because the buttons never come off, and because it's the only shirt I know with the Mitoga tailored-to-your-shape design. Moreover it's Sanforized — guaranteed not to shrink.

This year I'm pinning the following note on the kids' bed-pillow. Why don't you other fathers take the bull by the horns and do the same?



Dear Children
My collar size is 15½. My sleeve length is 34. I like all the Arrow shirts pictured below. They're good buys at $2 to $5.
Father's Day is June 19th.
Sincerely — Dad
P.S. Arrow ties are just $1 and $1.50, and how they team up with the shirts!

ARROW SHIRTS
SANFORIZED

(If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.)

COPR. 1938. CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

$2 · $2.25 · $2.50 · $2.75 · $3.50 · $5 · SANFORIZED SHRUNK — A NEW SHIRT IF ONE EVER SHRINKS

Clean
TEXACO
REG. T.M.
REGISTERED
REST ROOM
A TEXACO DEALER SERVICE

Copyright 193
The Texas Com

. . across the country

Registered Rest Rooms, numbered, inspected, marked by the green-and-white sign at the curb.

Now, wherever you drive, this sign marks a new promise to the nation's motorists. It stands for clean rest rooms . . . numbered . . . *REGISTERED* for your protection, everywhere.

Let this sign be your guide to our neat, tidy, fully equipped *Registered* Rest Rooms.

Registered Rest Rooms are made possible by the personal *pledges* of thousands of Texaco Dealers in all 48 States.

These dealers have pledged you . . . spic-and-span *cleanliness* at all times . . . complete rest room equipment, running water, washbowl, soap, towels, mirror . . . and proper maintenance.

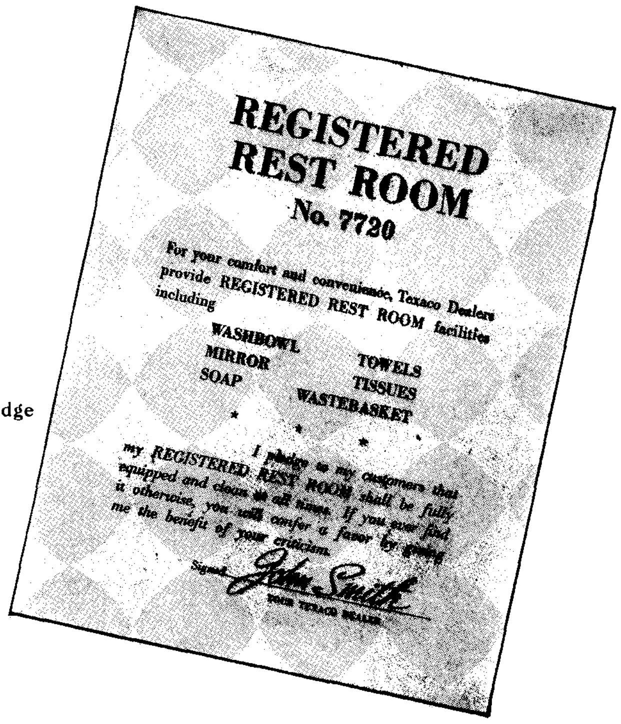
Trained inspectors traveling in "White Patrol" inspection cars are on the road everywhere to help us maintain this high class of service.

Refresh at *Registered* Rest Rooms . . . and *refuel* your car with Fire-Chief Gasoline, noted for its quick response. Let our quick, systematic "Circle Service" keep your car in first-class driving condition.

Try a Texaco Dealer next time . . .

TEXACO DEALERS

This message is published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company . . . makers of Fire-Chief Gasoline, New Texaco Motor Oil, Havoline, Marfak and more than 350 Industrial Lubricants.



REGISTERED REST ROOM

No. 7720

For your comfort and convenience, Texaco Dealers provide REGISTERED REST ROOM facilities including

WASHBOWL
MIRROR
SOAP
TOWELS
TISSUES
WASTEBASKET

* * *

I pledge to my customers that my REGISTERED REST ROOM shall be fully equipped and clean at all times. If you ever find it otherwise, you will confer a favor by giving me the benefit of your criticism.

Signed John Smith
YOUR TEXACO DEALER

You will find this pledge in every *Registered* Rest Room.

THE WHITE PATROL...

helps guard our pledge of clean rest rooms

Inspection cars in every state, with trained inspectors, back up our signed promises of clean, pleasant rest rooms for your convenience in every part of the country.

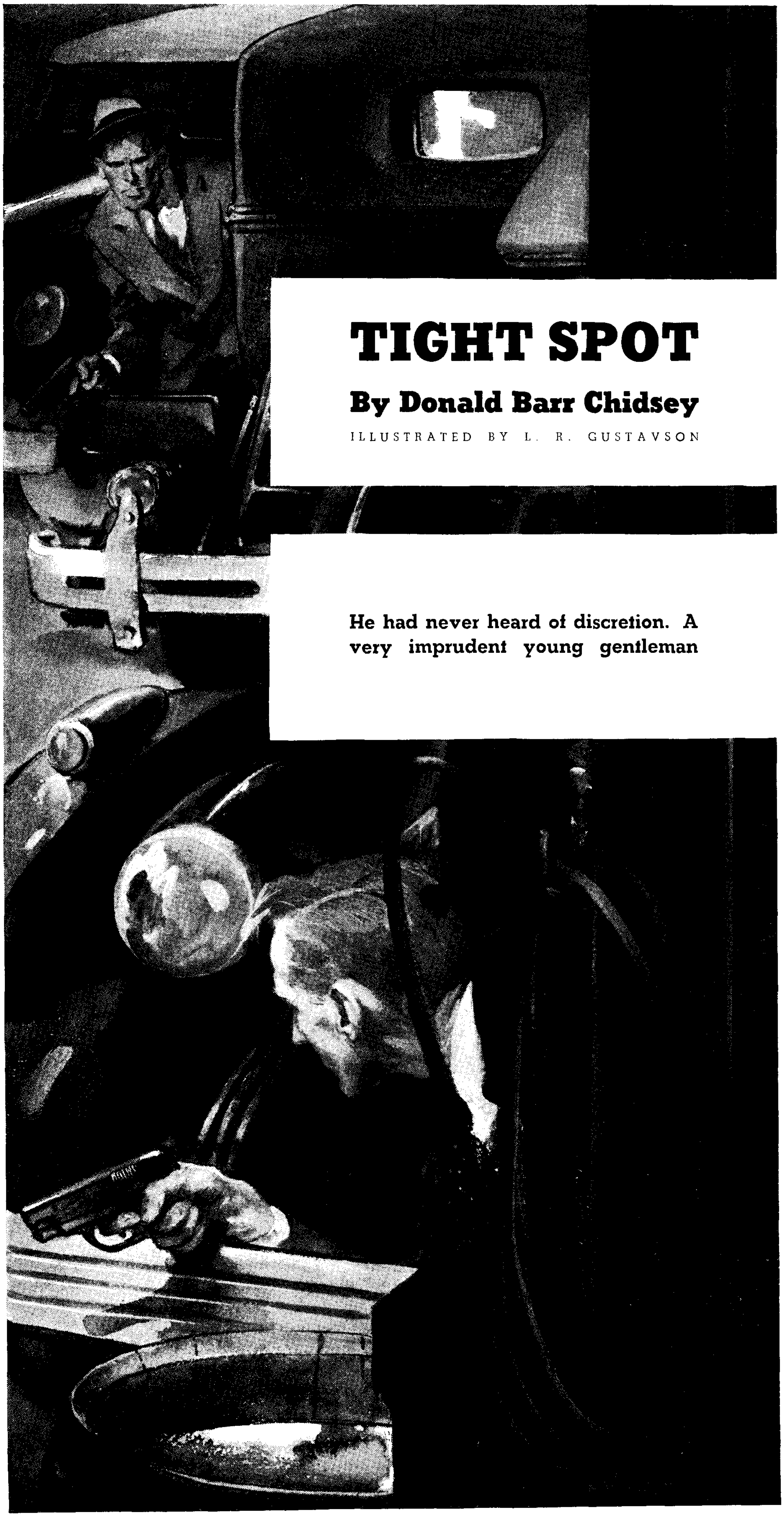
TEXACO
INSPECTION CAR
REGISTERED REST ROOMS
A TEXACO DEALER SERVICE

TIGHT SPOT

By Donald Barr Chidsey

ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

He had never heard of discretion. A very imprudent young gentleman



The gangster, seemingly, supposed that one of his shots had found a human target

BABE JULES was, literally, in a tight spot. He could not move a quarter of an inch.

The car slid up to the curb. The chauffeur, natty in livery, got out and made for a bar. And Babe remained horizontal and wondered when, if ever, the break would come.

The chief had explained, six days before.

"It isn't as though they were ordinary car thieves. These men are tough—and I mean really *tough!* You remember that coupé we recovered last week that had been stolen from East 65th?"

Babe nodded.

"Yeah. It was full of holes, and the cops are still finding chunks of lead in it."

"Right. Now that's happened altogether too often lately. And every time it happens some insurance company has to shell out. Ordinary robbery's bad enough, like I said, but the trouble is nowadays that they lift crates for gang purposes. The Westchester office just recovered one up in White Plains that had been missing for almost three months. It had been repainted and changed around in a dozen ways, and underneath the back seat they found four automatics and a sub-machine gun. What's more, the exhaust had been fitted with a smoke-screen device that could be operated from the driver's seat.

"That's the fourth car we've recovered that's been rigged up that way. They've been used a couple of times, too. The police just begin to get close to some gangsters after a stick-up when—bingo! Heavy smoke comes billowing out from behind, and they're blinded. Of course, the gangsters escape."

Babe nodded again. He was still wondering why the chief had caused him to be brought to New York from Chicago.

"A smart mob's behind it all," the chief went on. "They probably have a big storage garage, and we have reason to think that it's somewhere on the East Side between 50th and 70th. Of course there are hundreds of storage garages in that section. The one we're looking for probably seems just like any other."

HE STARED at Babe for a minute in silence.

"You've got a reputation as an investigator who doesn't mind a little rough stuff now and then, Jules," he went on suddenly. "You've mixed with some pretty tough babies in Chicago, and you've always managed to come out alive somehow. Think you've had enough of that?"

Babe smiled.

"What's the proposition?" he asked.

"Well, we're going to float a decoy duck, sort of. Ever read about the wooden horse of Troy?"

"Something. They couldn't capture the city any other way, so they built an enormous wooden horse and filled it with soldiers and left it near the walls, and the Trojans captured it and wheeled it inside. Then the soldiers came swarming out and opened the gates—and the city was taken."

"Uh-huh. Well, I got a brainstorm last week and had some mechanics and bodybuilders do a little fancy work on a sedan. Had 'em construct a secret compartment underneath and just behind the back seat. It's tricky, and it's mighty small. In fact, it turned out to be *too* small for any of the operatives I've got here. Not a one of them can even get into it. That's why I sent for you, you being the smallest detective we employ."

"Going to leave me in a different garage every night?"

"Nothing as simple as that. We're going to try to get that sedan stolen—with you in it. We're going to have one of our men drive it, dressed up like a professional chauffeur, and he'll leave it for a few hours every afternoon somewhere in the East 60's or 70's while he goes to a bar. He's going to get tight every afternoon—or pretend he does. And naturally, he's going to leave the car unlocked."

"With me inside?"

"With you inside."

Babe Jules grinned, lighting a cigarette.

"Let's see this sedan," he said.

FIVE afternoons they had tried it, and nothing happened. Babe Jules could not have endured it for more than two hours at a stretch. Each afternoon the chauffeur drove him to some place near Second or Third Avenue, in the 60's or 70's, parked on a cross-town street, and leaving the car unlocked, an open invitation to thieves, went around the corner to a tavern. And Babe waited, horribly cramped. And waited and waited.

On the sixth day it happened.

Babe had been lying there, cursing soundlessly, wondering why he had ever gone into the business of being a detective, when he heard somebody step into the car. He could not see who it was. He had a peek

"Story-telling" with your Kodak *calls for more than one snap*

THERE'S A SNAPSHOT STORY in any outing if you shoot your pictures like this:

Follow your people around—get them as they're doing things. Get the natural changes of expression. Snap—snap—snap—about as fast as you can wind the film . . .

This is the way great snapshots are made nowadays. There's no posing. So your snaps have all the expressions, all the gestures—all the life of life itself.

Try it. Give your Kodak a chance at this kind of snapshooting. You'll be delighted with your skill.

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures.

Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

"Mary said launching
navy was a man's work

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow— you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

KODAK FILM
VERICHROME
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM
8 EX.
2¼×3¼ IN.
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM
V620

Even guys with yachts like cruisers
Save on Shaves—they're Ingram users!

Treat your face to Ingram's—the Luxury SHAVE!

The first big, billowing brushful of Ingram's you drape across your chin will prove that here's a shaving cream that's different! Even if you had the bankroll of a Maharajah you couldn't buy a sweeter shave. For Ingram's is shaving cream, lotion and tonic in one, a three-way formula that gives a welcome "wake-up" to your skin. In tube or jar you'll appreciate Ingram's standout economy. For Ingram's saves you money because it's concentrated—a little Ingram's goes a long, long economical way.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

NO NICKS—NO BURNS NO TERRORS Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, fresher skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

hole, but his field of vision was small.

Whoever it was, the man made no attempt to be silent. He slammed the door carelessly. He stepped on the starter, and when the engine caught he raced it for a full minute before putting the car into gear. He was cool, this thief. Experienced.

They drove toward the avenue, turned right, drove a little farther, stopped for a light, drove on, turned right again. They did not go fast. They drove east for a while, then made several more turns, still moving at a sedate pace. It would be, Babe knew, at least half an hour before the chauffeur would stagger back to where he had left the car, would shout in dismay to learn that it had been stolen, and would telephone the police. *At least* half an hour. Babe was sure that the sedan would not be in public thoroughfares that long.

It was not. Soon they swung into a commercial garage in some side street near the East River—Babe could not be sure of the street — and hummed smoothly up a ramp. They turned, turned again, went up another ramp. The third floor. It was dim there, and Babe could see little through his peek hole. He heard the driver put on the emergency brake, get out, push open what sounded like a very big metal door. Then the driver got back behind the wheel, drove a little farther, stopped. The car door slammed.

"Roll that thing shut, one of you guys."

The peek hole was useful now. There was only artificial light in this vast room, apparently a whole floor of the building, but there was enough of that to show Babe Jules a group of three men. One of these he recognized. He had never before seen Gus Heineker but he had studied many a picture of the man, at one time head of the car-stealing racket in Chicago. Heineker had disappeared from the Windy City some eight months ago, squeezed out, it was rumored, by superior forces. He was a large, square, pale man with yellow hair and hurt blue eyes.

The two men with him were slimmer, darker. They looked curiously alike: they might have been twins. Still another man, no doubt the one who had obeyed Heineker's command to close the door, joined the group as Babe Jules peeked out; and he, too, looked almost exactly like Heineker's companions.

A FIFTH man blocked Babe's vision for a moment, then became smaller—the driver of the car. He sauntered over to Heineker, touched his cap half in mockery, half in real respect.

"All right, there's a heap. What about some jack?"

Heineker didn't answer but stood staring at the man with tiny blue piglike eyes. The others, too, were staring at him. The driver grinned nervously.

"Well, what d'yuh say? I'm through for today. Gimme."

He stood there, looking down. Then suddenly he looked up. His gaze met four pairs of cold, cold eyes. He took a step backward, trying to laugh.

"What's the matter with you guys anyway?"

Gus Heineker nodded very slowly as though he had just made up his mind about something. He wetted his lips.

"You dirty bum," he said softly.

The driver's back was to Babe, but even so Babe could see the stiffening of his body and sense the fear that coursed through it. He teetered like a man who has been stunned by a blow on the head.

"Wha—what's the idea?"

Heineker said tonelessly, "You know what the idea is. Where were you last night between eleven and half past? Who were you with, huh? How much did you spill about what you know about Chris Swanson's stiff being found in that crate at Sixty-ninth and the river?"

"Say, listen—" The driver's voice was a scream now. He was backing away from the four men, who made no move to follow him. "I never told him anything about that! I just happened to run into him and I said—"

"Aw, shut up," said Heineker, and took his hands out of his pockets.

Even before Heineker did this, the driver obviously knew it was coming. He turned and started to run. He didn't get far. Gus Heineker was motionless except for the jumping of his right hand as he fired a big automatic once, twice, three times. Two of the other men drew automatics, and one fired twice.

The driver staggered, fell.

Gus Heineker walked heavily to the prone figure.

"We got him," he said.

One of the small dark men asked if there was any chance that the shots had been heard downstairs or outside, with the door closed, and Heineker shook his head. They walked out of Babe Jules' field of vision. He heard a door opened, then shut: not the big sliding door, a smaller one.

After that—silence.

BABE JULES allowed a full five minutes. This was by guesswork, for he did not have his watch with him, fearing that even so slight a thing as the ticking of a watch might give away his hiding place.

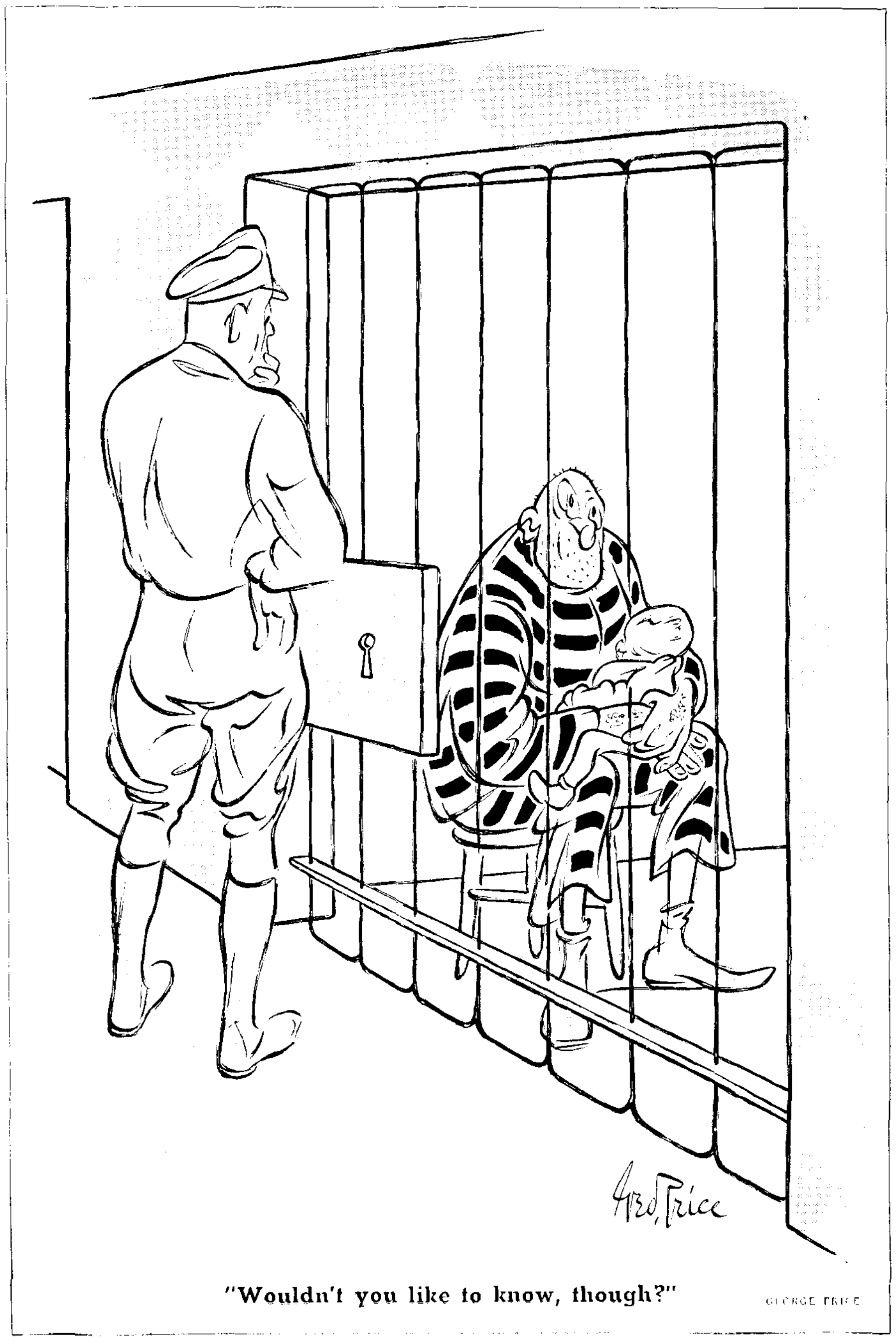
Then he wriggled out.

It was difficult and took some time. His limbs were stiff; his head ached; despite the fact that the garage was chilly, he was drenched with sweat.

The floor was perhaps two hundred feet square, though it looked bigger than that because it was so bare. There were no windows, only the one huge sliding door with a smaller door set into it, and the ventilators were high and small, admitting no light. In the high concrete ceiling were half a dozen discouraged yellow electric bulbs that looked as though they were kept burning night and day—night and day being exactly the same anyway, in this dreary, chilly place of shadows.

BABE shared it with the corpse and (though there was room for hundreds of them) about fourteen or fifteen automobiles. His experienced eye told him promptly that each one of these cars had been stolen. A lot of work had been done on them since that time. They had been repainted, searchlights had been removed or affixed, spare tires and baggage carriers had been shifted to different positions. A lot of work. Plates had probably been changed in every case. He lifted the hoods of three of the cars and examined engine numbers. All changed—though so skillfully that only an expert would have seen anything wrong.

It did not take him five minutes to get all the evidence he needed. Though there were so few cars there at the time, there was ample evidence that many more had been recently removed and still more were expected. The elaborate painting equipment alone proved this. There was, too, a section of wall covered by a large set of pigeonholes in each of

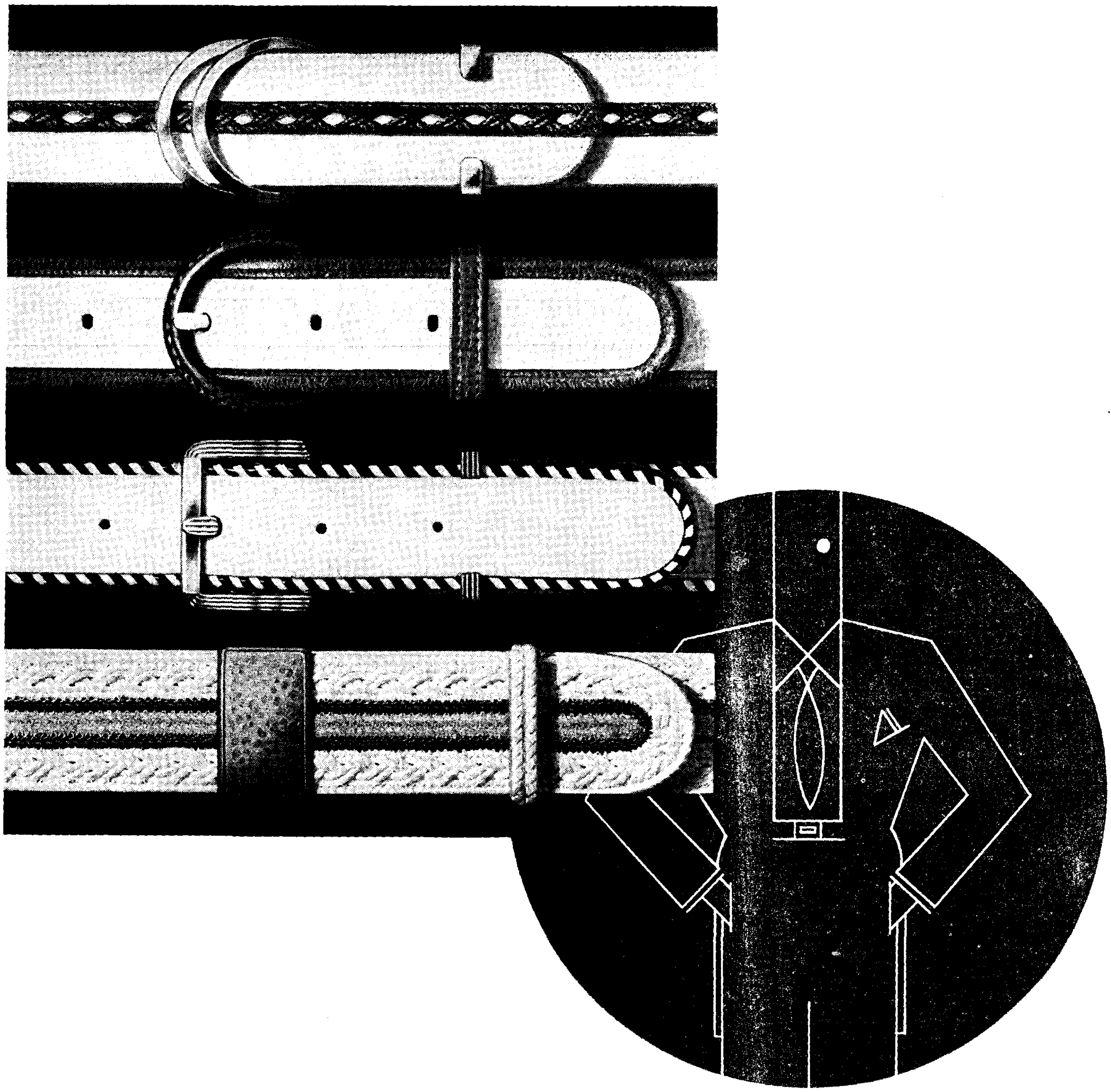


"Wouldn't you like to know, though?"

GEORGE PRICE

• GIFTS FOR FATHER'S DAY • FOR GRADUATION •

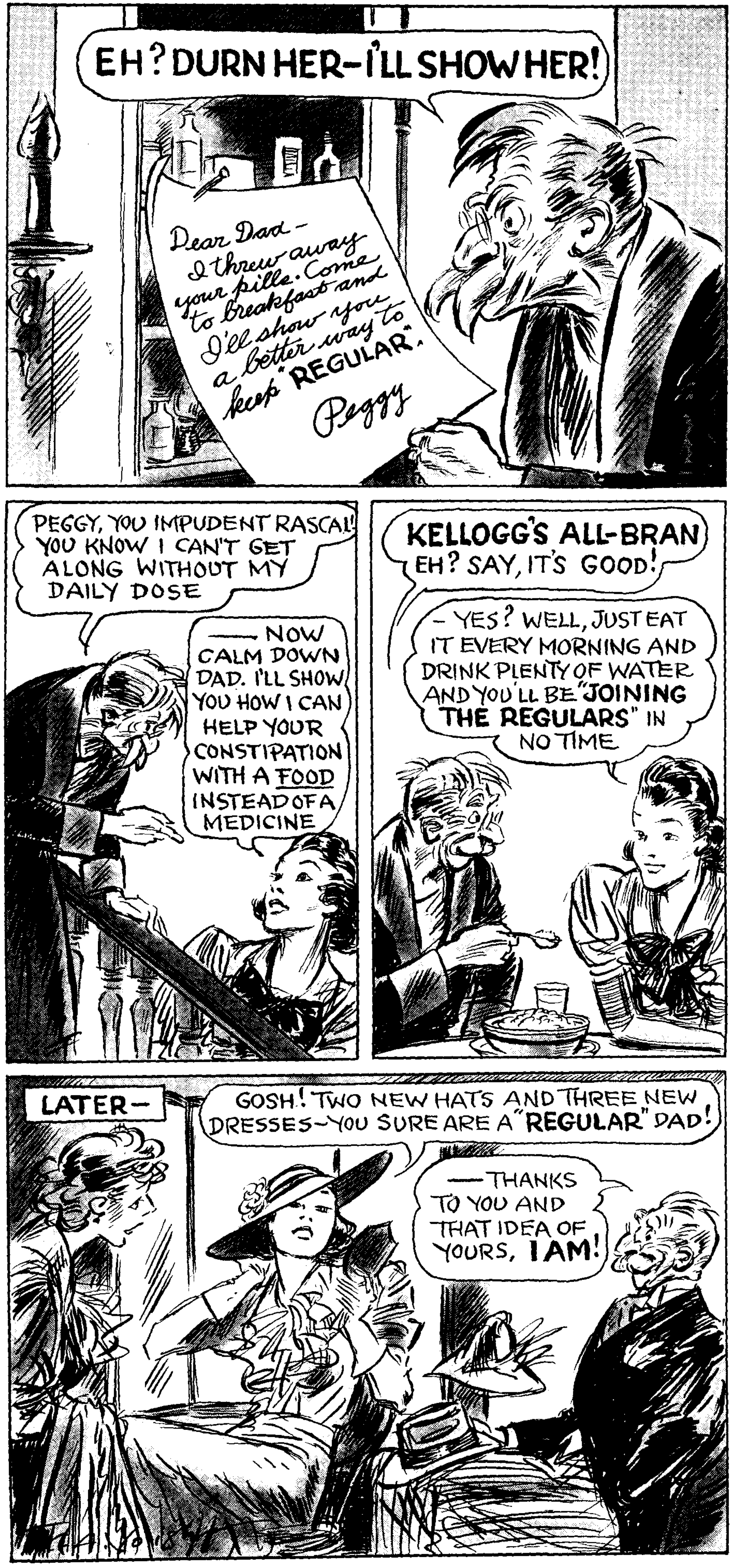
A HOST TO CHOOSE FROM • AT MOST MEN'S SHOPS



BELTS TO MATCH EACH SUIT • EACH MOOD • ALL OCCASIONS FOR SPORTS • FOR BUSINESS • IN LEATHER • IN BRAIDED CORDS • IN GENUINE PALM BEACH CLOTH • NEW DESIGNS NEW STYLES • NEW BUCKLES • OF MATCHLESS CRAFTSMANSHIP ONE DOLLAR AND MORE • MADE IN ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY

HICKOK

FAIR ENOUGH! —by C. A. Voight


EH? DURN HER—I'LL SHOW HER!
Dear Dad - I threw away your pills. Come to breakfast and I'll show you a better way to keep "REGULAR". Peggy
PEGGY, YOU IMPUDENT RASCAL! YOU KNOW I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT MY DAILY DOSE
——NOW CALM DOWN DAD. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I CAN HELP YOUR CONSTIPATION WITH A FOOD INSTEAD OF A MEDICINE
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EH? SAY, IT'S GOOD!
—YES? WELL, JUST EAT IT EVERY MORNING AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER AND YOU'LL BE "JOINING THE REGULARS" IN NO TIME
LATER—
GOSH! TWO NEW HATS AND THREE NEW DRESSES—YOU SURE ARE A "REGULAR" DAD!
——THANKS TO YOU AND THAT IDEA OF YOURS, I AM!

It is lack of "bulk" in the diet that so often causes common constipation! And "bulk" doesn't mean the *amount* you eat—but a *kind* of food that supplies the soft, "bulky" mass you need to aid elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies both this needed "bulk" and the intestinal-tonic vitamin, B₁. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
A Natural Laxative Cereal

which reposed a pair of license plates. The plates represented every state in the union. They were all counterfeit, of course. And there was a desk crammed with fake bills of sale.

Babe nodded. Making only mental notes, he moved toward the sliding door, in which was set a much smaller door for human passage only.

He was within a few feet of the door when the knob was turned. The door was opened half an inch. There were voices.

Babe's automatic was out, the safety catch off. He hoped that he would not have to fight—not yet anyway. Just the same, he was ready. If there was to be any more shooting he intended to do his share.

THE door was opened a few inches. Then seemingly it was released, and swung shut again. The knob turned, the door was ajar. Babe could hear the voices but could not distinguish what was being said. It sounded like an argument of some sort, which would account for the half opening of the door.

There might yet be time to hide. He preferred to remain unseen for the present. He backed away from the door, his pistol raised and ready.

He might have hidden in any one of the other cars, but he decided against this. No, the safest and best place was the place from whence he had come, uncomfortable though it might be. He crawled back, feet first.

The voices swelled, became definite and understandable. "All right . . . all right," somebody grumbled. The door was slammed, and the sound of voices was extinguished.

One of the small dark companions of Gus Heineker, one of the three who looked so much alike, came slouching into Babe's vision. There was a cigarette drooping out of a corner of his mouth and he squinted in the smoke that curled up from it. He squatted without preliminaries by the side of the corpse and began to search the pockets. He made a very thorough job of this, removing everything and being careful not to get any blood on his hands. He showed no expression except that of ill-natured discontentment, and handled the corpse as though it had been nothing more personal than a window-display dummy.

Next he searched for and tore out all labels and laundry marks. He was methodical, thorough, efficient.

At last he rose, spit out what remained of his cigarette, and walked off without a backward glance. Babe Jules heard the door closed.

A few minutes later Babe decided to get out—and learned that he couldn't.

Something was wrong with the compartment lock, which until this time had worked perfectly. Something impalpable and inexplicable, no doubt, the sort of malevolent spirit that will get into locks, jamming them at inconvenient moments, and that afterward or at the time cannot be explained by mere mechanics.

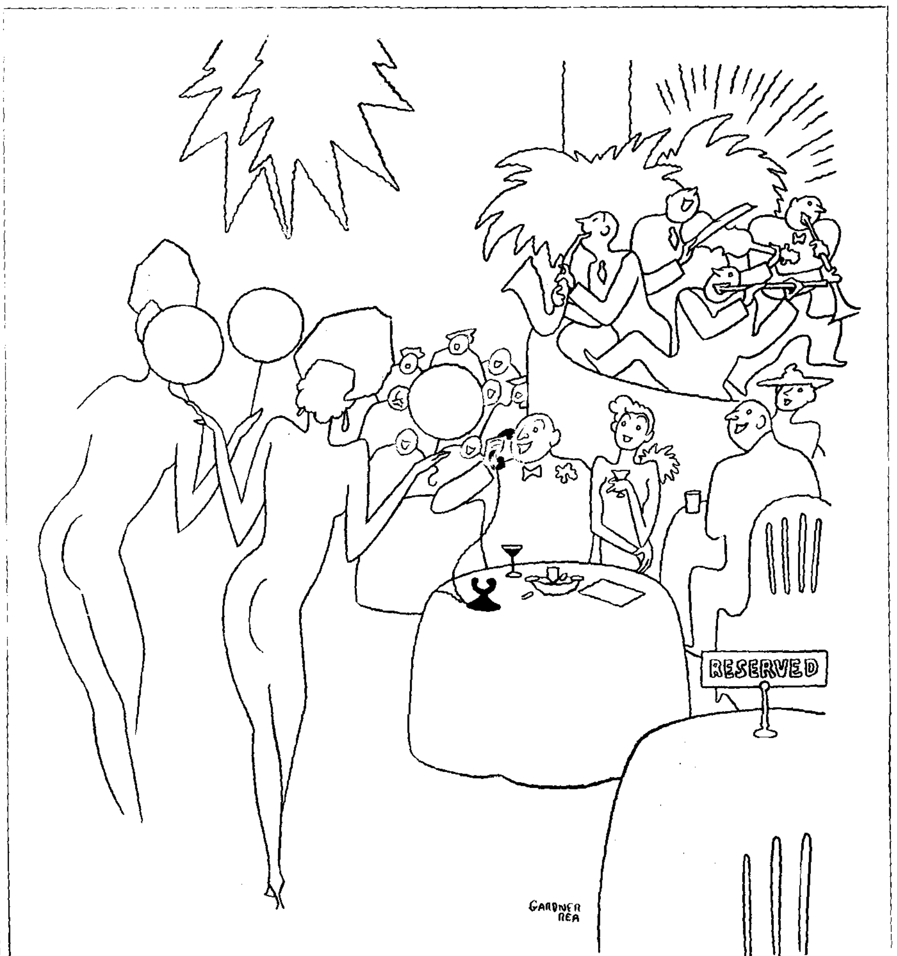
Anyway, Babe couldn't get out.

At first he was annoyed, nothing more. Sweating in his close quarters, working with only one hand (the other arm was at his side and could not possibly be brought up) he tugged at the catch, rattled it, jerked it up and down, and when it still held fast cursed it silently and without notable vehemence.

Perhaps half an hour had passed before he began to get really sore. He was a patient man, as every detective must be, and his hands, for all their size, were very strong. In ordinary circumstances, if worst came to worst, he could have forced the door. But cramped as he was, he could not get leverage. The hand near his head—it was his right hand—was slippery with sweat. The fingers became tired. His head ached, too. It was difficult to breathe, and the blood pounding in his veins seemed to enlarge his body so that he was more than ever conscious of his tight position.

He rested for a while, then tried again. No use.

After another rest, he was about to


RESERVED
GARDNER REA

"That? Why, that's just a Salvation Army band, darling, playing outside the office window" GARDNER REA try a third time when he heard somebody come in. He could not see who it was, for the door was not within his limited field of vision, but it sounded like three or four men; and presently he heard Gus Heineker's voice.

"No, certainly we're not going to use one of them others! Use this new heap he just brought in himself. We've spent too much money on them others already to be throwing them away."

"There'll be an alarm out for this heap, Gus."

"What of it? You won't have to drive far, and it'll be dark in fifteen or twenty minutes. Change the plates, that's enough. Then dump the stiff in back, cover him with a blanket, and take the job down to that abandoned dock."

"Run it off into the river?"

"Sure, run it off into the river. That's better than leaving it in a street. It'll take the cops just that much longer to get it out and identify the body. We need that time. We got to fix alibis for ourselves. You go ahead and get things ready here and I'll be waiting for you out front. When you're all set Joey and me will drive just ahead of you to the dock and make sure everything's clear."

The door was closed again. Gus Heineker had gone.

BABE JULES, for all the sweat on his body, went cold. Being blasted down in open battle would be one thing; being cooped in a place so tight you could scarcely breathe, and then tossed into the East River—that would be something quite different.

He had a moment of panic when he even thought of shouting to the men outside, begging them to bring steel-cutting tools and release him. But that, he knew, would mean instant death.

Desperately, with real fervor now, he returned to his struggle with the door catch. If it opened at last he would probably die. If it didn't open he would surely die—a rat's death, too.

Through his peek hole he saw two men lifting between them the corpse. Grunting, grumbling, they came toward the car with it, and then they passed out of his sight. He heard a car door opened, heard the body dropped to the floor of the tonneau not more than a few inches from where he lay. He heard them getting a blanket. Then the car door was closed again.

All this time he was struggling with the lock.

One of the men said he supposed they'd have to mop up all that soup on the floor too, and the other man said the hell with it. They could do that after they'd come back, the other man said. All they needed to do right now was change the plates.

Babe Jules found a grip for his toes. His hooked his right forearm against the inside of the compartment door, braced his head against his forearm, and started to push with every ounce of strength in his sore, cramped body.

The lock went "whack!" and the door flew open.

Babe's right arm went outside, his chin was resting against the automatic on the compartment floor, and not four feet from the end of his nose was the man who a little earlier had removed labels from the clothing of the murder victim.

This man was not a fast thinker, which fact saved Babe's life. He was carrying a pair of license plates, and for an instant, dumfounded by the sight of the secret door and Babe's head, he could do nothing but stare. By the time he had dropped the plates and reached into a coat pocket, he was already doomed. Babe Jules was cramped and in an unnatural position, but he could scarcely miss at that distance. He fired only once. The gunman, his automatic half drawn, stumbled backward, looked wildly at the ceiling as though seeking an explanation there, and fell flat.

"Say, what's going on here—"

Another man came around the front of the car, which Babe, his head out of the compartment, could see now.

"Hold it!" cried Babe.

The man didn't. He turned, and bolted for the door.

Babe fired twice, missing both times. However, the shots had one important effect. They caused the gangster to give up all thought of making the door. He swerved left and was lost from sight.

Slowly, painfully, Babe crawled out.

There was nobody in sight—nobody who lived. The man at whom Babe had shot and missed had presumably taken refuge in the shadows of stolen cars at the far end of the floor. Crouching, gun ready, Babe moved to the front of the sedan that had until recently been his prison.

There were two shots, loud and sharp, and lead clanged against a fender not eight inches from his face: it lifted a groove of paint off that fender. Babe dropped flat.

He waited, motionless. He had not seen the flashes, but from the sound of the shots he had a good idea of where the man was lurking. There were four cars in a row at that place, about forty feet from where Babe lay; and the light was dim.

After a long time there was a movement between two of those cars, a shadow darker than the others. The gangster, seemingly, did not have Babe's patience, or perhaps he supposed because of the silence that one of his shots had found a human target. At any rate, and for whatever reason, he moved. And Babe fired.

The shadow stiffened, seemed to grow larger, swayed, fell. Babe distinctly heard the thud of the body.

Still, it might be a trick to draw him out. He waited.

Minutes crawled by with no ticking clock to mark their course. The silence was terrific.

At last Babe called, "Had enough?"

There was no answer.

Babe raised himself on his left elbow, the gun in his right hand always ready for action. Nothing happened. Very slowly, tense, he got to his knees; then to his feet.

If the other man were playing possum, he had all the advantage of the time element. He could afford to wait. Babe could not. Sooner or later Gus Heineker and his remaining gunman would be coming up here to learn the cause of the delay, and when that happened Babe would be caught between two fires.

There was nothing to do but take the chance. He walked very slowly away from the sedan, across the floor. At any instant he expected a blast of gunfire. He was small, and he made himself smaller by bending low; but still he was a target. Every step of that walk could have been a step into death.

WHEN he saw the shadow again, a blurred shape on the floor between two cars, he aimed deliberately at it and cried, "Had enough? Say something, or I'll let fly."

There was no answer, no movement. Babe crept closer, dropped to his knees.

The man was dead. Babe's bullet had gone straight through his heart.

"So . . ." muttered Babe, straightening.

Here he was with three corpses and fourteen stolen automobiles, nothing else. A telephone would have been welcome—but there was no telephone. He went to the small door set in the huge sliding door, and opened it, and listened. He could hear the sound of cars being shifted down below, some hammering, the slap of cleaning rags. As he had supposed, the first and second

Miriam Winslow and . . .

. . . her dancers delight thousands in their transcontinental tours. They travel in . . .

. . . this streamlined bus which uses Sinclair H-C Gasoline exclusively. Sinclair H-C is so good it's used in 1,500,000 cars daily. Why not . . .

Copyright 1938 by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

. . . try a tankful of H-C in your car? Just drop in at your nearby Sinclair dealer's. You'll like the way he treats you.

YOU MUST HAVE THIS
WANT COMPLETE SAFET

Now progress brings you an entirely new kind of tire—the first to provide continuous unfailing protection against the peril of blowouts at today's speeds. This modern tire contains no conventional inner tube. It consists of a casing and a Goodyear LifeGuard✻—an infallible safety factor that makes the most violent tire failure as harmless as a slow leak! LifeGuards cost a little more but they can save you many times their price—because you can't wear out their safety!

FOUR-WHEEL brakes—safety glass—all-steel bodies make motoring safer today than ever before. But one danger still remains—*a peril that grows greater with every mile you drive.*

It is the dread menace of tire failure at today's speeds—as the rising tide of blowout tragedies bears frightening witness.

The truth is: there is no such thing as a blowout-proof tire—because the farther any rubber casing runs, the thinner it wears. The thinner the tire, the more vulnerable it becomes to blowouts!

But now the world's largest rubber company provides infallible protection against all tire failures in an entirely new kind of tire—a tire whose safety won't wear out no matter how many miles you drive it—the Goodyear LifeGuard.

THE LifeGuard is the most revolutionary of many standout advances that have made Goodyear tires the world's best sellers for 23 years.

It eliminates the conventional inner tube inside your casings. In its place the LifeGuard provides an invulnerable safety member that makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak.

WORLD'S FIRST CHOICE —ON EVERY COUNT

The finest casing in which to install LifeGuards is the famous Goodyear All-Weather. For 23 consecutive years it has outsold any other tire in the world—so conspicuously does it stand out in value!

In this time-proved Goodyear you get **MAXIMUM NON-SKID MILEAGE** from the road-holding All-Weather tread, the safest tread design ever developed. **MAXIMUM TRACTION** from grip in the center of the tread. **MAXIMUM CARCASS DURABILITY** from patented Supertwist cord in every ply, the stoutest, most enduring construction to be had in any casing.

Now, by adding the matchless blowout protection of LifeGuards, Goodyear offers you the only really modern tire—a combination of *utility* and *safety* not to be had elsewhere at any price!

For inside LifeGuards is a "floating" reserve air chamber that acts as a spare tire—always mounted fully inflated on your wheels—ready to take over the task of safeguarding your life the moment an outer casing fails.

This reserve spare tire is not exposed to wear of any kind. It cannot be punctured by spikes or glass that may pierce the outer casing. It gives you unfailing protection throughout the entire life of your tires.

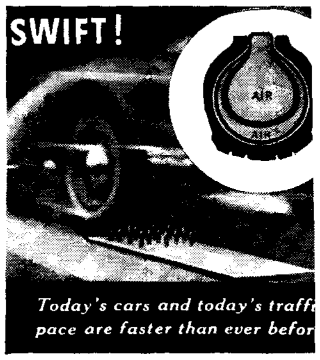
WITH LifeGuards the frailest woman can hold a heavy car under perfect control after the most violent blowout—because the LifeGuard retains enough air to support the car without lurching—without the slightest drag on the steering wheel.

It enables you to go on in your own traffic lane—as though nothing had happened—until you can slow down to a safe, normal, straightline stop.

LifeGuards have been in public use for several years. They have proved themselves in every conceivable kind of tire failure—prevented countless accidents that might otherwise have been fatal.

You need LifeGuards to give you complete safety while motoring. The safe increase in casing mileage they make possible more than pays their cost.

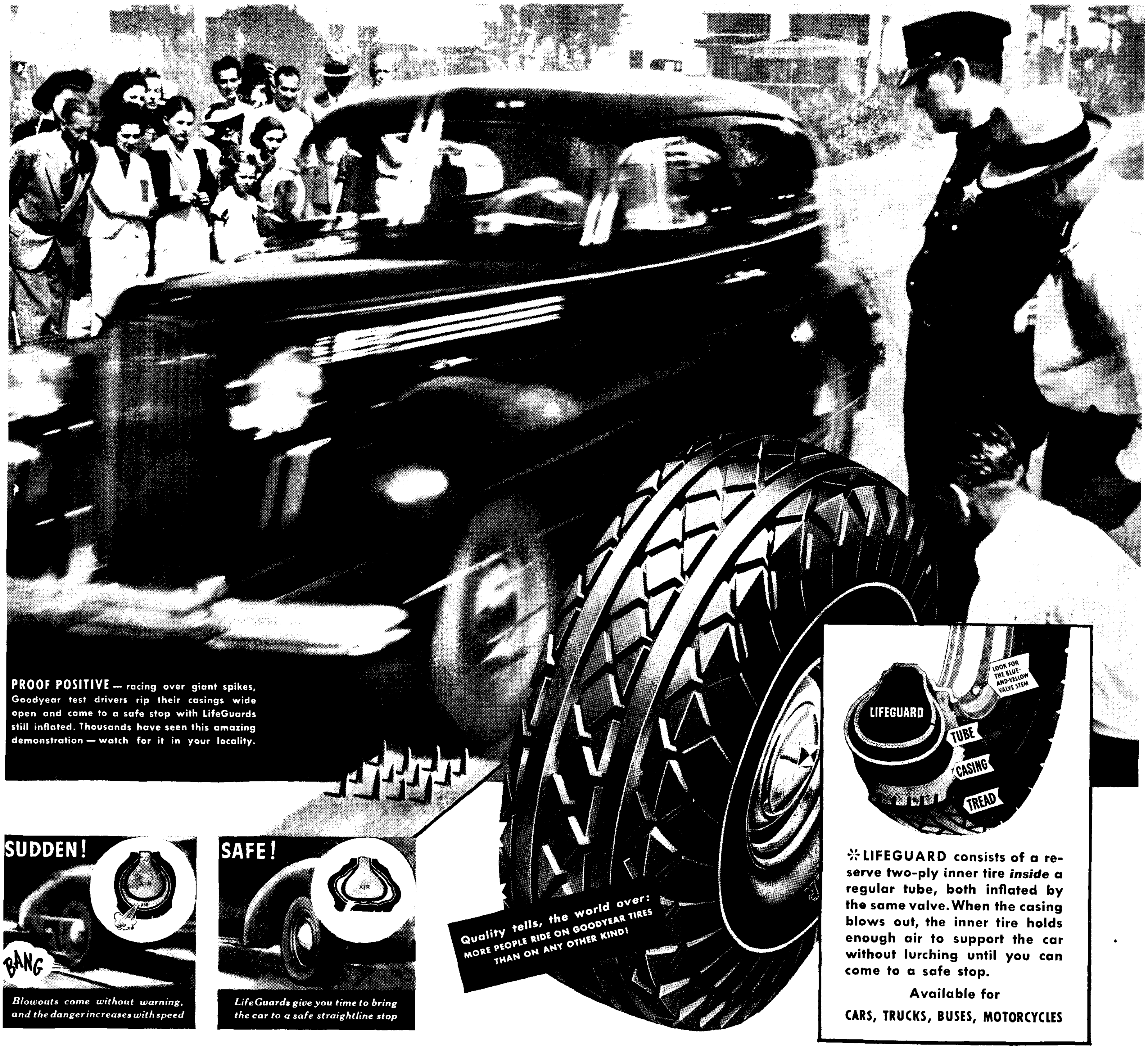
With LifeGuards get Goodyear casings—the world's first choice for non-skid protection—and you'll have the only COMPLETELY SAFE modern tire. *You can't buy better protection to save your life.*



Today's cars and today's traffi
pace are faster than ever befor

GOODYEAR

MODERN TIRE- IF YOU



SUDDEN!
BANG
AIR
SAFE!
AIR
Quality tells, the world over: MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!
LOOK FOR THE BLUE-AND-YELLOW VALVE STEM
LIFEGUARD
TUBE
CASING
TREAD

PROOF POSITIVE — racing over giant spikes, Goodyear test drivers rip their casings wide open and come to a safe stop with LifeGuards still inflated. Thousands have seen this amazing demonstration — watch for it in your locality.

Blowouts come without warning, and the danger increases with speed

LifeGuards give you time to bring the car to a safe straightline stop

⁂ **LIFEGUARD** consists of a reserve two-ply inner tire *inside* a regular tube, both inflated by the same valve. When the casing blows out, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car without lurching until you can come to a safe stop.

Available for

CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES, MOTORCYCLES

LIFEGUARD

LIFEGUARD, *a registered trade mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, fully protected by patents*

CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

The liveliest
"coming-out"
party you
ever witnessed

CANADA DRY WATER comes out sparkling fresh and tastes sparkling fresh to the last sip of a long, tall drink. This tangy club soda is so lively, you can leave an opened bottle in a refrigerator. Twenty-four hours later it will still be alive with that "Champagne" Sparkle. This extraordinary zest is the result of Canada Dry's own process, PIN-POINT CARBONATION.

WHENEVER YOU SEE THIS EMBLEM
IN HOTELS, CLUBS OR RESTAURANTS
IT'S THE SIGN OF A BETTER DRINK

WE SERVE
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
A PERFECT CLUB SODA

The Water with the
"Champagne" Sparkle

AT NEW LOW PRICES

stories of this building housed a legitimate car-storage business, which served as a blind for the third story. All Babe needed to do now was leave—assuming that he could get past Heineker and Heineker's lieutenant.

He went back to the second man he had killed, at the far end of the floor, and jerked from his head a light gray fedora. He put this on his own head. The fit wasn't bad, a bit too big. He turned up his coat collar. He rolled back the big door, got into the sedan, started it.

He kept his automatic in his lap.

The ramp down to the second floor was deserted, and Babe drove slowly. That floor itself contained many cars and a few mechanics and laborers who glanced at him incuriously. He turned into the ramp leading to the street floor. And here the hell broke loose.

The car was scarcely moving, just having turned, when the pasty lean face of Gus Heineker's lieutenant, Joey, appeared at Babe's elbow.

"Hey, where've you been all this time? Why didn't you—"

Then he had a good look at Babe, and his mouth stayed open.

Babe braked the car. His left hand on the wheel, he reached for his automatic with his right, and started to say, "All right, hold it!" But Joey didn't wait.

Joey ducked, ran down the ramp. He was yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Gus! Gus! It's cops!"

BABE JULES fired once at him. He had to lean out of the car window to make the shot, and his legs were so short that when he was in this position he could not reach the brake with his foot. The car, already on the sharply inclined ramp, started to roll. Babe's shot went wild. Before he had a chance to try another, Joey, still yelling, had rounded the curve in the ramp.

"Get out the tommy-gun, Gus. It's cops!"

Babe reached for the brake, changed his mind, stepped instead upon the accelerator.

The big sedan swung around the curve on two wheels and roared down the ramp, swaying from side to side. Mechanics and garage attendants near the entrance sprang away right and left. Directly in front, blocking the entrance, was a dark green car, the door of the driver's seat open, in the rear Gus Heineker lifting a submachine gun. Babe Jules had only a flash of this. He could have stopped the sedan even then. He didn't. He stepped even harder on the accelerator.

The submachine gun began to rattle. Babe ducked, throwing his arms over his head. A thousand blacksmiths struck their anvils simultaneously—there was a high steely screech—and blackness.

THE chief was worried, but he grinned when they let him talk to Babe, and a little color came back into his face.

"We were afraid you were finished, Jules!"

Babe, too, grinned.

"So was I," he admitted. "Heineker?"

"He's two doors down the corridor with a broken leg, four broken ribs, a broken shoulder bone, and assorted cuts, fractures and bruises. He's under arrest, naturally. If he lives he hasn't got a chance of cheating the chair. When you set out to wreck a car, Jules, you certainly do a good job of it! Both of them insured by one of our companies, too. But all is forgiven, kid, considering what we found upstairs in that place."

"There was a guy named Joey—"

"He got away in the excitement, but the city cops picked him up last night. He'll get the chair, too."

"Last night?" He tried to lift his head. It hurt, and besides, a nurse pushed him back. "How long have I been here, anyway?"

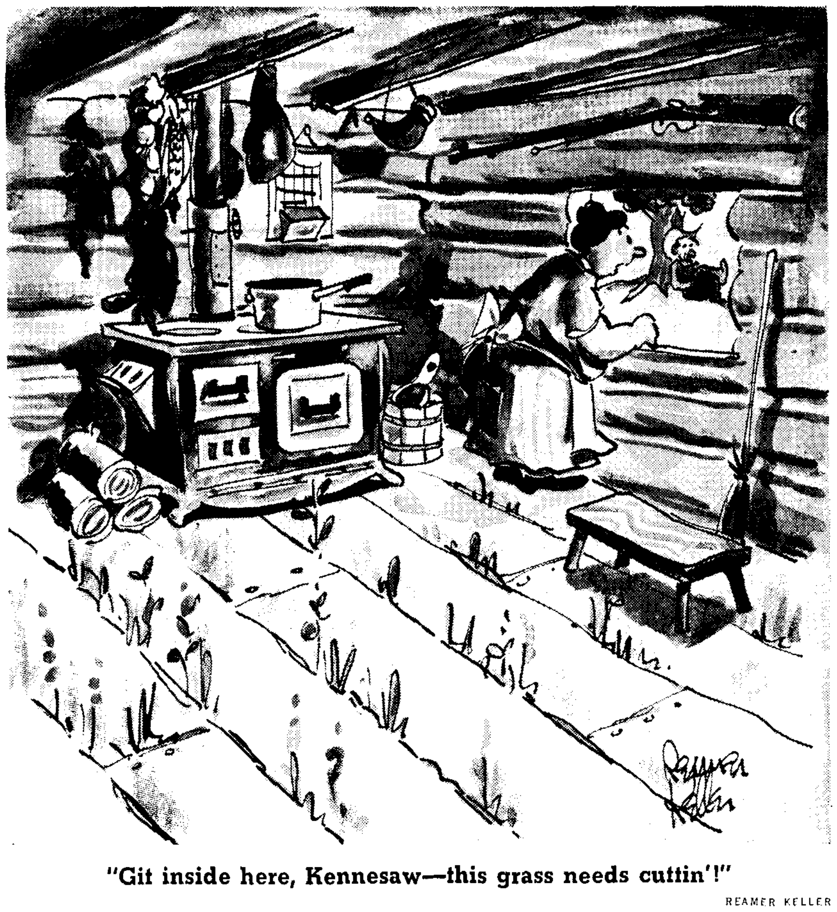
"Since the night before last. How do you feel?"

"Terrible." He grinned. "Say, that was a swell idea of yours after all, that wooden horse of Troy idea. Only next time you have one of those things built see if you can't put some padding in it."

"You're going to have plenty of padding now, Jules. You're going to be lying on this hospital mattress for another week at least. You're going to have a nice long rest."

"Swell," said Babe. "I can use it."

And he grinned again, and closed his eyes, and went to sleep.



"Git inside here, Kennesaw—this grass needs cuttin'!"

REAMER KELLER

Romance in the Rain

Continued from page 21

on what he could earn. Without his family's backing they would have a miserable time on the outskirts of society. No, it would have to be done openly, but with tact, so that Jean would be welcomed with fairness, if not with eagerness. So he wrote that he was going to marry a charming girl, and today his mother's answer had come.

They were in one of their favorite places on the river. The canoe was pushed into a tiny harbor with bushes and trees shadowing it, making it private.

"Tell me what's wrong," Jean said, turning so that her face touched Mark's.

"My family do not just like the idea I am bringing home a wife with my diploma," Mark said. "And—this is the bad part—there is an unexpected opening at the legation. It must be filled at once, so my mother writes I am to come back on the next boat—it sails in only three weeks."

JEAN moved so sharply the canoe almost overturned. "But commencement's not until June!"

He held her with sudden fierceness. "Do not think bad things yet," he said. "I can feel you are. But if I go now it is because this is a good job and because in a few months of talking and explaining, I will make a welcome for you in my family. If we went now, you would be made miserable—I know—I have seen it done before."

Jean said, "Isn't there any way? Can't we stay together? We could both get jobs—do something."

"It won't be long, this separation," Mark said miserably. "I want things so you will be happy."

Jean said, and there was desperation in her voice: "Mark, I'm afraid. I want you so! If you leave me like this—it's not as if college began again in September—"

Mark said, "I know what you mean. We've waited so long, loving each other, wanting each other, and now this comes and makes waiting seem bad and foolish. Would you believe more that I would not forget to come for you—if we did—if we did what we want?"

Jean lay still beside him. "Yes."

"Why don't we, then?" Mark said, very low. "That will make us sure—that will be a pledge."

Jean was crying into his coat. "Don't leave me, Mark; don't leave me, darling, I don't want to be without you."

He rocked her gently, and set the canoe to rocking so they were almost loosed from the shore. "Don't cry, darling. Don't. Look—I have so many things to do—but when I sail—my brother—"

He stopped, remembering Martin had told him he was a fool not to have an affair while it was so easy. He had advised a pleasant week end or two—but this was different, altogether different, Mark cried to himself.

"Martin and a lot of our friends are going to New York the week end I sail," he said. "A big party. But if you and I went down earlier than that—maybe Thursday—we could have a few days by ourselves and it would just seem to the others as if I had brought you down for the party, do you see?"

"Yes," Jean said. "I want to." She could not find any remorse in her at the idea of what she was going to do. She only knew that she and Mark loved each other. . . .

They made their plans in the next two weeks. When she wasn't with Mark—and he was busy—Jean sat blankly through her classes and looked at books that conveyed nothing to her crowded, unhappy mind. There was no room for anything but thoughts of Mark and their rash venture.

When they were in their hotel room, 1244, and when the boy had put down their suitcases, one at either side of their bed, they looked at each other, then looked away.

"Original and homey, too," Jean said, looking around at the by-the-dozen furniture and cheap prints on the walls of the impersonal room.

Mark came over and helped her out of her jacket. She couldn't afford it, but she had bought a new suit for this trip because every bride has a right to that much, even if her ring comes from the dime store and no license goes with the wedding. She had bought a brown suit with a brown hat that made her hair and eyes look very dark and her skin whiter than usual.

"It's my going-away suit," she said, trying to laugh. "Only you're going away without me—that's silly." She stopped quickly. "Mark."

But as soon as he kissed her, she knew they had been right to come. There was one heart beating between them, one warm body around it, one sure, unquestioning love holding them close.

"This is us," Mark said. "Here, kissing each other. You were so nice to come away with me."

Jean said steadily: "I'd rather have a week end with you than nothing."

"Do you know one thing I have been seeing about all these days?" he said. "I have been getting us a license to marry each other. That means we will get married now, this afternoon—"

Jean stared at him. "But—" she said, her heart lifting wildly.

Mark said, "If we are married—even if I tell no one—you will feel more sure I'm coming back for you, won't you? A girl wants a wedding ring."

"Oh, Mark, darling!" Jean cried. "Being married isn't what matters—it's being with you for good. We'd better wait—"

"No," Mark said. "I'm afraid now, too—I want us to be married so nothing can make us separate. These months will soon be gone, and as soon as I am settled in the new job—"

"ARE you sure you want me to?" Jean asked. She was trembling, and that was silly when she hadn't been afraid *not* to marry him. Was it that it would be so much worse if he didn't come back when he was married to her and she had a right to hope and expect that he would? She had been planning to say goodby to him for good when he sailed. She knew the life he was going to—she had heard the brothers describe it. It was a wealthy, cultivated, sophisticated life—it was no wonder Mark didn't want to start out living in any other way with a wife and a job in America. In Tokyo there would be parties and debutantes and charming wives, and Mark would be an unattached young man of social position, eligible even if there was a marriage license hidden somewhere among his things. Marriage was dangerous. Mark's family could snip a marriage in two with just a little gesture of their diplomatic scissors, she felt sure. And yet she said slowly:

"I want to marry you, even if it's only for a week end and you never come back again."

Mark said, "My dear love, you won't be sorry, and I won't be able not to come back to you."

They were married at the Little

PRACTICALLY NEW BUT I LOOK OLD

3 YEARS OLD AND STILL LOOKS NEW!
SIMONIZ KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE · SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ

New in 1935, this car owned by William Woods, Chicago, Illinois, is now more beautiful than ever—thanks to Simoniz.

Simoniz Keeps Cars Young and Beautiful

You, too, can have the pleasure of always driving a bright, new-looking car. All you need do is Simoniz the finish. A secret ingredient found only in Simoniz stops weather, dirt and ultra-violet rays from dulling and destroying the lacquer or enamel. With this perfect protection, any finish lasts longer. And Simoniz makes it more and more beautiful!

To Bring Back Lost Beauty

First use the remarkable Simoniz Kleener. It gives the finish a thorough cleaning and safely restores the natural lustre—both in one quick, easy operation! So, you'll find it wiser to Simoniz your car. Do it today!

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

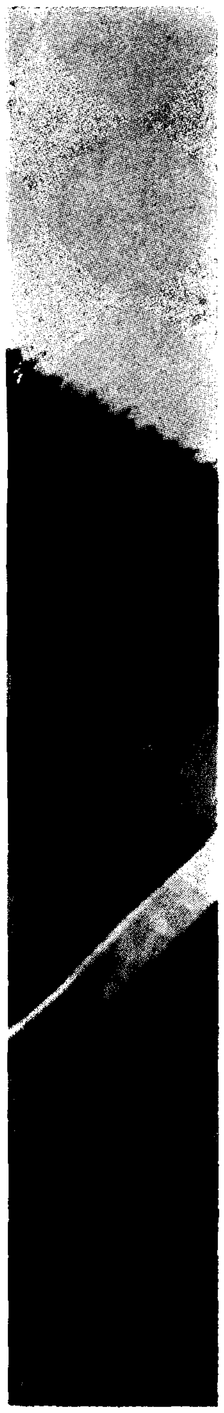
Be sure you get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Insist on these world-famous products —never sold under any other name.

FRIENDLY

MOBILGAS AND MOB

SERVICE

MAKES 60,000 MOBILGAS DEALERS FAMOUS



IF YOU LIKE COURTEOUS SERVICE...CLEAN, SAFE WASHROOMS...FINE PRODUCTS ...ALWAYS STOP AT THE RED HORSE SIGN!

EVERYBODY who looks at this picture likes it. Do you know why? Of course you do...
IT'S FRIENDLY!

And it's not a bit exaggerated! All this old dobbin had to do was look longingly at a Mobilgas dealer's water-bucket—and he got his drink!

The Mobilgas dealer is famous for cheerfully giving Friendly Service to every one who stops in.

If your windshield needs cleaning, he is glad to wipe it; if your radiator needs water, to fill it; if your tires need testing, to check them; if you want a map, to give you one.

Your Mobilgas dealer believes in selling the best gasoline and giving the best service in town.

Isn't that what *you* want for *your* gasoline money? Why not *always* enjoy this Friendly Service and U.S.A.'s favorite gasoline?

ILOIL

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
AND AFFILIATES
MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM CO.—GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

Mobilgas

YOU WON'T LOSE CONTROL!

with
BENDIX HYDRAULIC STEERING STABILIZER

✓ **BLOWOUTS** of any tire at any speed have no effect.

✓ **ROUGH ROADS** are no strain on driver's muscles.

✓ **BROKEN PAVEMENTS** may damage springs, but won't swerve car.

✓ **ROCKS OR LOGS,** not too high for wheels to surmount, won't swerve car.

✓ **CURBINGS,** like rocks or logs, are no hazard if this unit is used.

✓ **SOFT SHOULDERS** make any turning harder, but will not jerk the wheel out of driver's hands.

No shock from the road can take the wheel from your hands or even jerk it, if your car is equipped with a Bendix Hydraulic Steering Stabilizer.

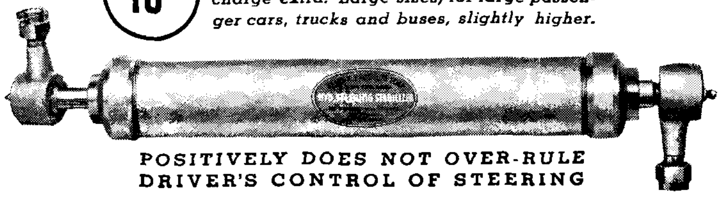
What this enormously powerful yet compact unit does, is positively prevent any road shock, however violent, from reaching the driver's hands, yet it does not hamper steering action at all.

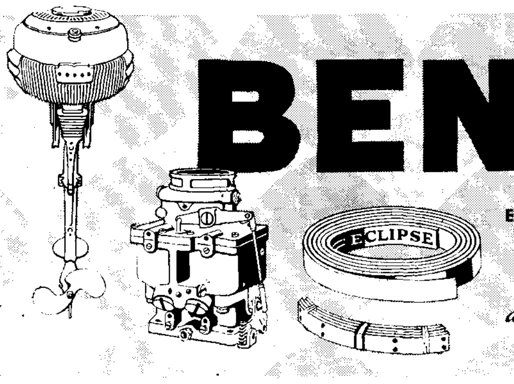
In use and already holding an impressive life-saving record on thousands of cars, trucks and buses.

Quickly installed—no drilling—no tampering with steering hook-up. Don't wait until you buy a new car . . . you can quickly transfer your Stabilizer to any other car by merely obtaining new brackets. Ask your Bendix dealer, or write—

BENDIX PRODUCTS CORPORATION
(Subsidiary of Bendix Aviation Corporation)
440 Bendix Drive South Bend, Indiana

$18.50 —*price of standard size, small installation charge extra. Large sizes, for large passenger cars, trucks and buses, slightly higher.*


POSITIVELY DOES NOT OVER-RULE DRIVER'S CONTROL OF STEERING


BENDIX
ECLIPSE OUTBOARD MOTORS
STROMBERG CARBURETORS
ECLIPSE BRAKE LINING
and many other products

Church Around the Corner and were glad it was raining because that meant their first night in each other's arms would be enclosed in rain that would make them seem safe and remote from all danger. Mark said once, when it was almost morning, "And rain in London is nice, too—so completely awful and dreary it is something special."

"When I go back," Jean said. "I'll walk through the Public Garden in the rain and wish we had a little house on that island that has a willow tree."

She said that to remind herself that when she went back to college she would be alone. She would have a wedding ring to wear around her neck, or to wear hidden under a big ring, but Mark wouldn't be meeting her at Gustie's or outside the Co-op; he would be half the world away. With his warm arms around her, it was hard to believe.

For two days they were alone and happy. They explored the city and Jean only thought a few times of begging Mark to stay, telling him they could both get jobs in June and that they'd manage somehow the way thousands of other young couples did. Then she thought if he hadn't thought of that himself, there would be nothing gained in persuading him away from the life he knew. Some day he might resent it, if she did.

Then Martin and his party of friends descended on the city and it became an excessively noisy place. So that Martin would neither know they were married nor suspect them of having an affair, Jean moved into a room by herself, and Mark took another a long way down the corridor. Martin's party had a suite of rooms on the same floor, and there was a constant coming in and going out of waiters, and boys and girls in evening dress.

"Cheer up, old boy," Martin kept saying. "Frère, do not look so dismal. I wish it were I who had been given the job—I have had enough of this school business."

He poured Scotch into tall glasses and handed one to Jean.

"Do not look so dismal, Jean," he said. "My brother writes a charming letter, they tell me."

But, oddly enough, his suggestions did not seem to cheer either his brother or his brother's girl.

THE day Mark was to sail, it was still raining. Mark and Jean tried to go off by themselves, but the minute they came back late in the afternoon, they were sucked into the whirl of the party again, with no hope of a quiet last dinner together. Mark came to Jean's room to take her to dinner, and as they were kissing each other, Martin, quite drunk, banged on the door.

"You've had enough!" he said. "Come on, come on."

"Get away, frère!" Mark said. "Go on away, please; leave us!"

Martin suddenly went into French, then switched to Japanese, as if he had remembered that Jean could understand French. Mark answered angrily, also in Japanese.

"He is a fool, that brother of mine," he said. "A damned, silly fool!"

"What did he say?" Jean asked.

"Never mind—nonsense," Mark said. He kissed her. "Come on, darling. We'd better go to dinner—maybe we can be alone later for a few minutes."

It was funny, Jean thought, how much it hurt to know Martin had said something about Mark and herself, and hurt the more because they couldn't explain they had a right to be together, to love each other. For the first time, she thought of the disadvantages of a secret marriage and that she would be neither free, nor attached, when Mark was in Japan and she was working in Boston or New York or somewhere else.

The evening was confused and Mark and Jean could not escape the party, even for a moment. At last they were in a crowded taxi, with Mark squeezing her into a corner and gripping her hand so that the bones ached.

There was only an hour to spare before the boat sailed. People crowded into and out of the cabin, and finally Jean felt so badly she thought it would be better to leave before she cried and disgraced herself before everyone. There wasn't any use in saying goodby again. She glanced across at Mark, but he was talking insistently to Martin, who was very drunk indeed now, and kept doubling up into the lower bunk even as his brother talked. She ran out and upstairs and toward the gangplank. What difference did it make if Mark didn't know she was going? In a few minutes there would be no gangplank left and she didn't particularly need to see the boat with Mark on it sailing out until mist swallowed up its last light, did she? She ran down into the confusion and shouting on the dock. Once she thought she heard Mark calling her but she didn't turn around to see.

THE taxi she crawled into, weeping, had a hard time getting away. Traffic held it almost motionless and she sobbed in a corner without seeing a dark figure racing toward her. A hatless figure with a crumpled, flying coat. The door of the cab opened and Mark flung himself on the seat beside her.

"Go to hell, will you, Mark?" she said. "I feel like being alone."

"Crazy!" Mark said. "Going away like that! I might not have caught you before you left the hotel and took the train back to college! I might have had to be alone all night!"

"Mark!" Jean cried, sitting up and putting out her hands to touch him. "Mark! You will miss the boat, you nut!"

Mark looked Machiavellian and pleased with himself.

"I have intended so all day," he said. "I knew I could not leave you behind." He laughed. "Martin will be surprised —but pleased—when he wakes up in the morning."

"Mark!" Jean cried again. "What have you done? If you want me with you—your job, I mean—"

Mark said, "I told Martin to go get that damned silly job instead of me—I don't want it, anyway. I'd rather do something else. He said, no, he couldn't. So I talked and talked, and he drank and drank, and then when he passed out, I put all my papers into his pocket and a little note explaining some more. I told him we were married and I was going to stay in this country with my wife and a job. Even if we are not very rich, it will be better for us."

But Jean was still somewhat frightened. "Mark, can't they arrest you or something? Martin doesn't look much like you."

Mark shrugged. "He looks enough to match the passport, and he is glad to go, so he will not complain. My family only will complain, but they are a long way off, after all. Besides, they only wanted me to come to get me away from you—Martin is much better for the job."

Suddenly he looked at her and took her in his arms.

"Don't be afraid," he said.

Afraid? Jean thought. Afraid when Mark was with her and she was going to get a lifetime instead of a week end of being married to him? When Mark had left everything he knew, all the influence that could have given him a pleasant, easy life, just to take his chances with her?

"I'm not," she said. "And did you ever notice that rain in New York is all right, too?"

Three Met in Dublin

Continued from page 10

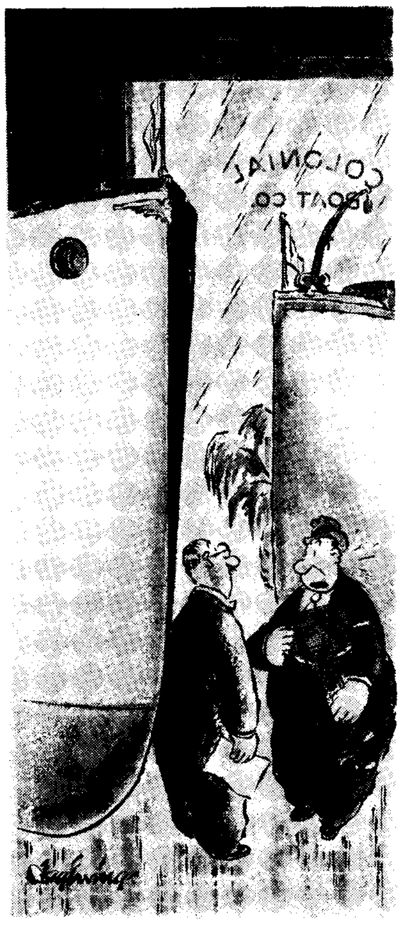
parted. With a cold steadiness, O'Shaughnessy's gaze met the officer's. His hands were in the pockets of his trench coat.

Turning to the private, the officer spoke crisply.

"Better search him." Then to O'Shaughnessy, "Stand up."

O'Shaughnessy's eyes were pitiless as he rose. His hands came from his pockets. He shot the soldier through the head and stepped aside as the man's body bumped against the wall and tumbled to the floor at the girl's feet. With a horrified swiftness, the girl spun sideways, drawing up her knees as she turned.

The officer was groping at his holster. O'Shaughnessy shot him through the chest. Then he kicked the door open and jumped off the train. All the soldiers were on the other side. He vaulted a stone wall and headed for the dark hills.



"You mean to say you won't allow me anything on a trade-in?"

JAY IRVING

The streets of Dublin were all but deserted under fog-dimmed lamplight, for it was after curfew. Michael O'Shaughnessy, flattened against a doorway, watched a lorry pass, the blue beam of its searchlight roving the walls and probing into corners.

As the rumble of the lorry faded, O'Shaughnessy moved warily along the sidewalk. His progress was lonely. Every window shutter was closed. The shops were deserted. Blue mists diffused the glow of street lamps.

Nearing a corner, O'Shaughnessy heard yet another lorry behind him. Its approaching searchlight bored through the fog. O'Shaughnessy broke into a run. At the corner he cast a swift backward glance and saw the lorry swing aside into another street.

O'Shaughnessy pulled up sharply as he turned the corner. Beneath a street lamp, a soldier was working on a flat tire while an officer, leaning against a motorcar, watched him. The officer swung around quickly.

"Well, what's this?"

O'Shaughnessy sauntered across the sidewalk and paused a few feet from them.

"I'm on my way home," he said, clipping his words. "I'm just a bit late."

"I see you are. Don't you take military regulations seriously?"

O'Shaughnessy spoke blandly:

"Of course. Of course. But I couldn't help it, you see."

The officer, tall and poised, took a step toward O'Shaughnessy. A woman leaned from the dark interior of the car. The officer spoke with a cold precision.

"Do you understand what the curfew rules mean?"

Casually, O'Shaughnessy's hands had dropped into the pockets of his trench coat. His voice was serene.

"Sure, I'll be home in a minute. It's only a step up the street."

The officer was inexorable. His words came in an ominous monotone.

"No one is allowed on the streets after curfew without a permit. No one."

FROM the car came a woman's voice, low and melodious, yet tinged with a note of apprehension.

"Tom, please let's get this tire fixed and be on our way."

In the uncertain light, her face was barely visible. But her eyes, very dark, held O'Shaughnessy's for a moment. He lifted his head sharply. Then a gleam of recognition faded quickly from his face. He eyed her impassively.

Turning toward the car, the officer spoke with severity.

"These people must be made to respect military regulations, my dear."

A note almost of pleading came into her voice.

"But I'm tired of sitting here in this fog."

"I'm sorry, Martha, but we must keep order in this city."

He turned implacably to O'Shaughnessy.

"What's your name? Have you any identification?"

Through a charged silence, each eyed the other warily. Then quickly the woman stepped from the car and stood between them.

"Tom, please! Must your military duties spoil all our evenings? Can't we ever have any fun again? We're late for the colonel's party already and now you want to stop and arrest every man you see."

She fingered the bronze buttons on his chest. His voice grew impatient.

"Martha, you don't realize—"

A hiss of escaping air interrupted him. The soldier stood looking at the tire as though he'd like to cry.

"There hit goes again, sir."

The officer watched the tire collapse gradually. The hiss of air became softer and softer, then ceased.

"There," said the girl. "If you'd been helping him instead of stopping everybody, we'd be on our way."

The officer whirled about. So did the soldier. But they saw only shadows and the fog. O'Shaughnessy was gone.

MRS. MORLEY admitted O'Shaughnessy through the back door.

"Thank God you're safe, Michael."

He laughed and flung an arm around her shoulder.

"Now why wouldn't I be?"

She shook her head slowly, brushing a bit of white hair back from her forehead. Her face was sad, yet patient.

FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT

Flirting With Disaster

WITH his perfectly grooved swing this spectacular feat really isn't as dangerous as it looks. But it certainly does *look* hazardous, and not one among the tense onlookers stops to think that almost every day he himself takes chances longer than that which the girl is taking.

Blowouts and skids invariably are unexpected. Once they occur . . . it's too late to do anything. The common sense course is to *guard against their happening.* Thousands upon thousands of drivers are doing just this by changing to FISK Safti-Flights—"America's Safest Tires"—the tires into which science has built *all* the protection against skids and *all* the protection against blowouts that the keenest engineering minds in the industry have yet been able to devise. For this extra safety, you pay no premium.

THE FISK TIRE CO., Inc.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.
Manufacturers, also, of Fisk Truck and Bus Tires

FISK

TIME TO RE-TIRE
GET A FISK

Copyright 1938
The Fisk Tire Co., Inc.

PLUS-*Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★ ★ PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

"It's the TWIST that makes it easy to get teeth really clean!"

"IT'S A TREAT to get your fingers on a brush that you *know* will clean! My dentist tells me I practically can't brush incorrectly with the *Double Duty*. I'm amazed to see how the *twist* makes me brush my teeth the *modern* way—with the rotary motion most dentists recommend for more effective cleaning and for the practice of gum massage. My whole mouth feels healthier—cleaner!"

It's the "twist" in the handle of the Double Duty that gives you the comfortable, natural grip that compels you to brush with the "rotary motion" most dentists approve. Your gums get a thorough massage at the same time you clean your teeth!

IT'S THE TWIST

Designed to
1. Massage Effectively
2. Clean Scientifically

The *Double Duty* tooth brush is new in design, in action and in results. It was designed with the aid of 1,000 dentists to do *two* things in *one* simple, almost automatic motion. It not only thoroughly cleans your teeth, but gives lazy gums the exercise they need. If *you* want teeth that sparkle, gums that are firmer, a smile that's more attractive—try the firm, fine-quality bristles and the efficient "twisted" handle of the *Double Duty* brush. Made by the Rubberset Company, Newark, N. J., world famous for fine brushes—your guarantee of quality and satisfaction.

RUBBERSET'S
DOUBLE DUTY
TOOTH BRUSH

"Well, I'll put on the kettle and make you a drop of tea. You must be the tired man now."

Sitting in a kitchen chair with his long legs spread out, he watched her, busy at the stove. He buttered a slice of bread, gesturing with the knife.

"Do you know, I was dodgin' a lorry and what did I do but run into trouble itself—right here in front of your house. An officer and a soldier were workin' on a tire. They're there yet, I think. They wanted to stop me, but there was a girl with 'em and she told 'em to get on with their work."

Mrs. Morley looked up nervously.

"That would be Captain Radcliff and Martha Westcott. They were just here."

With a clatter, O'Shaughnessy set down the butter knife.

"They were here?"

"Yes, here. Her mother and I were great friends in the States. I've known Martha since the day she was born. She wouldn't be in Dublin without visiting me. But all the time I was fearin' you'd come while the captain was here."

She set the teapot on the table.

"Martha's to marry him. They used to see each other when he was visiting in America."

SHE went to the front window and peered through the blinds. She returned to the kitchen and stood looking down at him as he drank his tea.

"They're still there."

He buttered another slice of bread, then bent his head again over his teacup. Silently she stood, looking down at his thick black hair. Raising his head quickly, he caught a look of apprehension on her face. He laughed and waved a hand.

"Don't be worrying yourself now. They'll go away."

Her eyes were troubled.

"They would have been gone long ago, only they found something wrong with the tire when they started away. I'd shut the door already and I didn't ask Martha to come back and wait inside because I was afraid you'd be along any minute."

After O'Shaughnessy had finished his tea, they both went to the front window again. The soldier was wrestling with the tire and the officer was standing over him. The girl had returned to the car.

As they watched, a lorry swung round the corner and stopped across the street. Soldiers rushed up the steps of a house directly opposite. With the butts of their rifles, they battered on the door while a searchlight, mounted on the lorry, shot a blue beam swiftly from one window to another.

"It's no use to be raidin' that place," O'Shaughnessy said. "Some informer must be pullin' their leg."

There was a hammering on Mrs. Morley's front door.

"Mrs. Morley! Let us in please! Quick!"

Mrs. Morley spoke in a dismayed whisper.

"It's Captain Radcliff back again."

ALREADY O'Shaughnessy was halfway up the stairs leading to the second floor.

"All right, Captain! Just a moment," Mrs. Morley was saying. She was fumbling with the lock.

On a dark landing, O'Shaughnessy crouched under a trap door that led to the roof. He grasped a gun. Looking over the banister, he saw Mrs. Morley swing the front door open. The girl and the officer were standing there. Captain Radcliff spoke swiftly.

"I'll have to leave Martha with you. Too much trouble on the streets tonight. We've been delayed too long."

"Surely, surely. Come in, Martha."

Captain Radcliff clattered down the porch steps.

"I'll call for you in the morning, Martha!" he shouted over his shoulder. Mrs. Morley drew Martha inside. She shut the door and locked it quickly.

O'Shaughnessy watched the two women go into the living room. He put away his pistol. Then, moving cautiously to the front of the house, he looked down into the street. The raiders were leaving the house opposite, apparently having found nothing.

A heavily built man in civilian clothes came along the dark street. He was stopped and apparently questioned. Presently a soldier hit him in the face with his fist. The man broke away and started to run Half a dozen rifles brought him down. Then the soldiers dragged him to the lorry and drove away.

For a moment O'Shaughnessy stood gazing into the empty street. He heard Mrs. Morley come up the stairs and go to the back of the house. Slowly O'Shaughnessy walked into the shadowy hallway. Then, with deliberation, he went downstairs. In the doorway to the living room, he paused. There was no light, but the window blinds were open and a vague glow came in from a gas lamp at the curb.

Martha Westcott was looking into the street as though it held for her some tragic fascination. She turned her head, but her expression changed little. She seemed moved so deeply by something she had seen that she had no capacity, at this time, for surprise. Presently she spoke in a low tone.

"I see they haven't caught you yet."

O'Shaughnessy went over and stood near her chair.

"Why didn't you tell the officer who I was?"

She turned on him bitterly.

"Because you'd have killed him if he tried to stop you—just as you—you—" She broke off chokingly.

O'Shaughnessy looked out into the mist. His eyes rested on the pavement.

"Just as the Tans killed that man a minute ago."

Her face sickened and she twisted her hands.

"Yes," O'Shaughnessy went on. "Maybe I would have killed him." Then his words came in swift, harassed tones: "But just to keep from gettin' killed myself! Like that man down there in the street." His voice sank to a whisper. "Like Dennis Morley."

SHE was thoughtful for a moment.

"I remember meeting him once," she said, "a long time ago. Mrs. Morley brought him to visit us in Boston. She and my mother were great friends. Dennis was very little then."

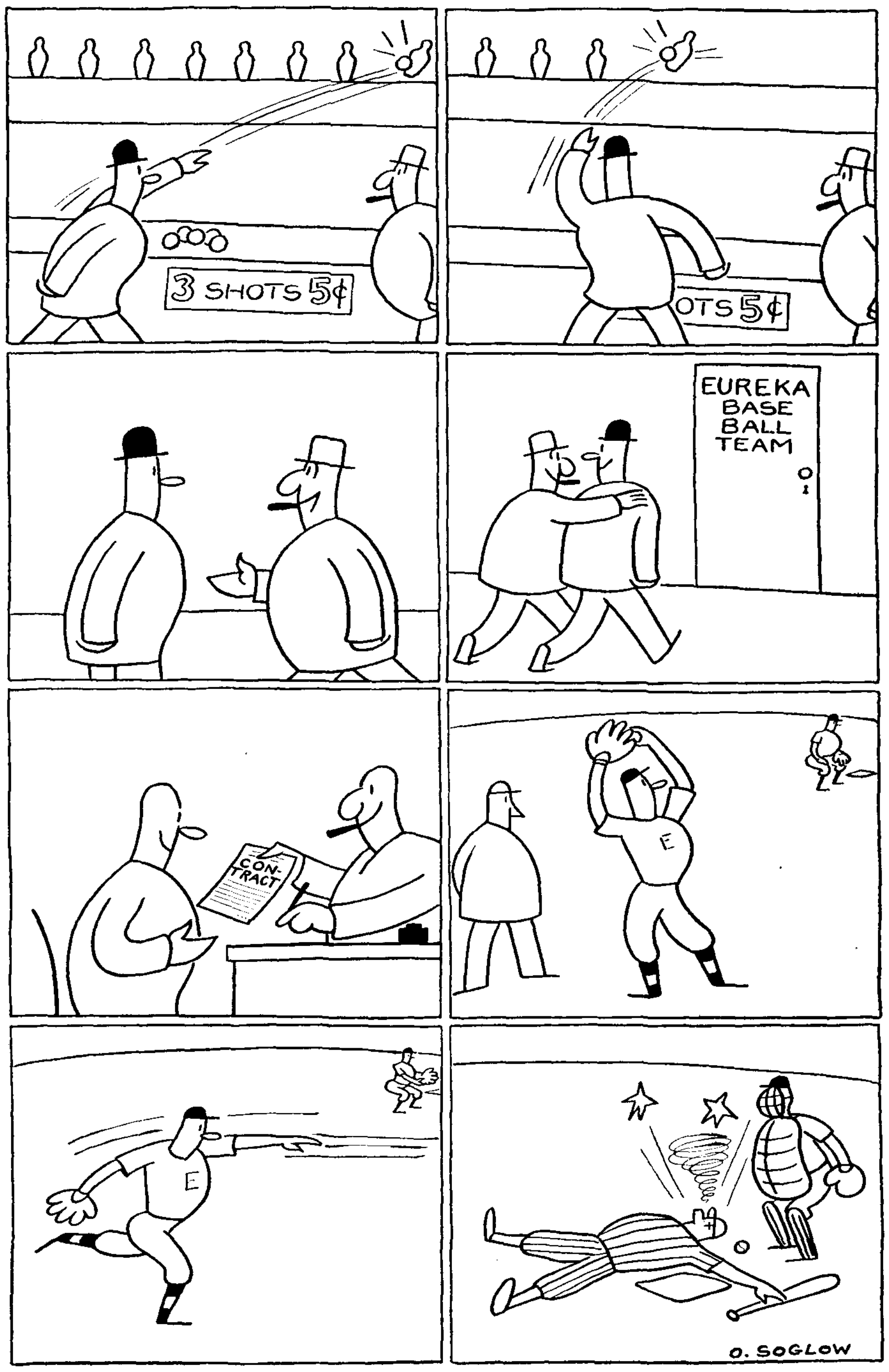
For a time there was silence.

"Tell me—I never wanted to ask Mrs. Morley. How did it happen?"

"The Tans trapped him in this house. He was asleep in the back bedroom at the head of the stairs. He tried to make a break for it but the Tans were halfway up the stairs. They shot him as he came out on the landing."

Her dark head drooped.

"So it's hatred that makes you kill the British. You want to get even with them



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

"Turn on the light – I hear the baby"

Electricity's eyes never close... its service is never asleep

A BABY'S cry in the night . . . a midnight prowler . . . sickness that strikes in the dark. How grateful we may well be in emergencies for the never-failing service of electric light! Yet how few of us realize what it takes to make that service possible — what it has cost over the past 50 years in the way of investment, invention, engineering, and human toil.

Trace the wires from your light switches, and you will find them connected to an intricate system of transformers, protective devices, transmission lines, substations and generating plants that cost millions to build. To keep such systems functioning day and night, through heat and cold, storm and flood, costs millions more. Vast additional sums go yearly into research, development, and improvement. Electric service can never be called "perfect," because it is always being made better and cheaper!

Westinghouse contributions to this progress have helped to blaze the trail of electricity from its source to its infinite uses. The generating systems — the transformers and networks — the lamps that burn longer and brighter at less cost — all owe something to Westinghouse co-operation with progressive power companies. This partnership in the public interest is of direct benefit to every industry, business office, farm and home in America.

Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity

Swing as you will
... it fits
TRUE TEMPER
STEP DOWN
The Golf Shaft of Champions

● TRUE TEMPER Steel Golf Shafts are made in more than 35 different designs and degrees of flexibility. Thus, you can select a shaft of TRUE TEMPER Steel that exactly fits your swing.

The new TRUE TEMPER models of 1938 are finer than ever before—more beautiful in appearance—finer in construction—sweeter in action. They are made from seamless tubes of costly super alloy steel, tapered by an exclusive process, tempered as finely as a Damascus blade, tested by master craftsmen, and finished like fine jewels.

Every golf club maker uses TRUE TEMPER Shafts on his finer clubs. Every major championship winner the world over plays TRUE TEMPER Shafted clubs. Champions know that TRUE TEMPER is the strongest golf shaft made—the sweetest in action—the most perfectly matched for weight and balance and **tops in yardage.** Ask your golf Professional to show you the new 1938 clubs of your favorite make, fitted with the new TRUE TEMPER Steel Golf Shafts, and swing along to golfing happiness in 1938. Write for descriptive booklet to—

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.

Sporting Goods Division **Dept. G-1** **Geneva, Ohio**

for what they've done to you and your friends."

The hardness faded from O'Shaughnessy's face. His eyes were grave.

"It's a heavy responsibility—the killing of a man. It's something that isn't undertaken in hatred. We aren't rioters. We aren't even rebels. We're members of a national army repelling an invasion. We're meeting armed force with armed force in what we believe to be a just war."

She listened—her lips slightly parted.

"But you were so cold—so—so—ruthless—on the train."

His words came swiftly, with a repressed desperation:

"I had to be. I can't let the Tans take me. I got away from them three months ago just before I was to be hanged. All they'd want me alive for would be to try to knock some information out of me before they did me in. I know where Michael Collins is this minute. I know where De Valera's going to be at noon tomorrow. And the British know that I know it. That's why they're so anxious to talk to me before they hang me—if they can catch me."

She looked into the mist.

"But you men started this fighting. Why can't you end it?"

Slowly O'Shaughnessy shook his head.

"This war's been going on for years—hundreds of years. We just happen to be the ones fighting it now."

The dim light reflected in his eyes was almost all of him she could see.

"But wouldn't it be the fine thing if we should be the ones to finish it? Wouldn't it be the fine thing if we could go home again to Galway and take long walks in the hills without lookin' to see if the Peelers or the Tans were after us? Wouldn't it be the fine thing to be reading books on the winter nights or to be having talks around the fire instead of makin' plans to ambush a lorry or burn down a barracks?"

Martha had lifted her head to watch him as he spoke. He seemed talking not to her, nor to anyone. And he seemed to be looking beyond her, as though he saw all Ireland.

There was a light footstep in the hall and Mrs. Morley came through the doorway.

"I have your room ready for you, Martha. It's the front one, directly above. Michael, you'd better take the back bedroom at the head of the stairs."

IT MUST have been an hour or so after midnight when Martha gave up trying to sleep. Putting on a dressing gown and slippers, she sat at the window, looking out upon the dreary roofs and walls and pavements.

She saw a cat slink out of a near-by alley and move sinuously into the street. Then halfway to the opposite curb the animal paused, one paw uplifted, and turned its head. It seemed to watch something near the corner, but though Martha peered intently into the vaporous gloom, she could see no living thing. Holding her breath, she listened, but no sound came.

Her gaze returned to the cat. Cunningly alert, the animal seemed to hold a foreknowledge of something that was beyond her. Abruptly, it scurried off.

Straining forward, Martha thought she saw something move in a passageway across the street. She grasped the window frame and peered desperately, but the shadows were very deep. Somewhere in the street, a footstep sounded, then another. Near the corner she saw shadows that were darker than the shadows that were there before.

Leaving her chair, she moved swiftly into the gaslit hallway. She hurried to the door of the back bedroom at the head of the stairs. Just for a moment she listened. Then turning the knob gently, she looked in.

O'Shaughnessy, fully dressed, lay face downward upon the bed, one arm outstretched, the other curved to pillow his dark head. She touched his shoulder.

Immediately he sat up, wide awake, a gun ominous in his hand. In a fierce whisper her words poured out:

"They're all around the house!"

He caught her wrist in the darkness and pressed it tightly. Then he dashed for the stairway leading to the roof. The house reverberated to a tremendous battering at the front door.

FOR a long time O'Shaughnessy crouched in black shadows on a concealed ledge beneath the eaves. Below him was a dark courtway. At last he heard Mrs. Morley's cautious signal.

"They pulled the place to pieces," she said as he crawled through the trapdoor, "but your bed was smoothed out before they broke in, so there was nothing to let them know you'd been here."

"That's good. They won't be back tonight."

His footsteps clicked slowly along the dim hall.

"Where's Martha?"

"She got dressed and went below to the living room. There'll be no more sleep for her tonight."

O'Shaughnessy walked to the head of the stairs and paused. Then, with deliberation, he descended. He stood in the doorway of the living room. It was filled with blue shadows. Martha, sitting near the window, looked up. Moving slowly toward her chair, O'Shaughnessy gazed gravely into her eyes. Silently he stood over her for a moment before he spoke:

"Thanks."

She turned her head away and looked out into the mists. When at last she spoke, her voice was very low, yet it seemed to take possession of the room:

"I suppose now I'll always wonder where you are. I suppose I'll always wonder whether what I did was useless—whether they caught you after all. I'll go home to Boston soon—to friends—to dinner parties—and yet I think I'll always see you running—running through the dark."

Firelight, streaming from the hearth, reddened the walls in the living room of the suite Martha Westcott shared with her aunt during their Dublin visit. Shadows advanced and receded in ever-shifting patterns as the flames rose and wavered and fell again.

Martha sat upon a pillow before the hearth, her wine-red dress splashed out upon the dark green carpet. Steadily she gazed into the flames, as though their glow would shield her from the gloom that waited just beyond the moving edge of firelight.

Her aunt was at the window.

"More fog—only the middle of the afternoon and nearly dark already."

Martha made no reply.

"Well, I have an appointment for tea and will have to leave," her aunt went on. "Are you expecting anyone?"

Martha looked up.

"Why, Tom is going to drop in for a few minutes. He has to take some British officials to the boat train later in the afternoon."

She rose and walked toward the window, folding her arms as she passed beyond the fire's warmth.

"I wish he didn't have to go today."

Her aunt put a match to the gas-jet and a blue light fell wanly on the dingy Victorian furniture. Martha pressed her lips together and glanced over her shoulder.

"Do we need that, Aunty? Don't you think it's rather ghastly?"

The aunt shut off the gas and again the room was all firelight and shadows.

After her aunt had gone, Martha returned to the hearth. Growing restless, she rose and walked across the room.

Then there was a knock and she opened the door to Captain Radcliff.

He was very tall. His straight back and shoulders, the erect carriage of his head, the tightness about his thin lips and the sharp blueness of his eyes combined to convey an austere aloofness. His features were regular, alert; his blond hair was well groomed. The neatness of his uniform was flawless.

At the sight of Martha in her wine-red dress, his eyes lost something of their coldness.

"It's good to be in here," he said.

Moving across the room, they looked out the window. Though only four o'clock, it was dark. Dim gaslight, diffused through mists, fell somberly on damp, drab walls and pavements. A motor lorry rumbled by, filled with soldiers wearing tan uniforms and black puttees. In the lorry stood a man, his hands tied to a horizontal bar above his head. Beside him was a large, crudely lettered sign: "Bomb now!"

"The colonel's latest idea," Radcliff explained. "Every lorry carries an Irish prisoner. If it's bombed, the Irish are blowing one of their own men to pieces."

MARTHA'S face sickened. She returned to the fire. Sitting on a low bench, she stared moodily into the flames. Radcliff stood over her, the firm lines of his face softening just a bit as he looked down upon her bowed head.

"You never should have come here, Martha. You should have waited for me in Boston."

Martha turned her head without looking up and spoke in a swift, harassed manner:

"But I wanted to see you—and I didn't know it'd be like this—all this violence! We read about it in the Boston papers—but it all seemed so far away. Oh, how I wish—can't I ever get to know you again as a human being instead of as a soldier?"

Radcliff put a hand on her arm.

"Don't worry about this now, Martha." His features, his voice, resumed their firmness. "It's a soldier's life, you know. My father—my uncle—were officers. So was my grandfather. It was their life—and now it's mine."

"I don't see how you can stand this constant shooting."

He spread his hands in a little gesture of futility. Swiftly and bitterly she spoke:

"When I see you go out I never know whether you're coming back alive. You might be killed this afternoon when you take those men to the train. Why do you have to ride in the car with them? Why can't they go by themselves?"

"Really, my dear, they must have an escort of suitable rank. The military proprieties, you know."

"Oh, the military proprieties! Sometimes I think you care more for the military proprieties than for anything else in the world."

"Come now, let's not get excited about a little thing like this."

"But the danger—"

"There's no danger. Only three or four of us know when and how they're going to leave."

Her face held a haunted look. Rising, she walked nervously across the floor. She bit her words sharply:

"I've heard the stories. The Irish find out every move you make before you make it. I heard they even got into Dublin castle and went through your files."

Radcliff hesitated.

"Their spies are—well, efficient."

She resumed her place before the fire.

"Even you are different here," she said moodily. "In Boston you were so much fun. You fitted in so perfectly everywhere we went." She searched for words. "It—it wasn't just that you were so—so presentable. You were thoroughly—yourself. But now—"

She broke off. Standing over her, Radcliff put his hand on her dark hair. With his gaze on the moving flames, he spoke gently:

"Perhaps I haven't—uh—made love to you romantically, Martha. But when I've been drilling the men or writing reports, you've been in my mind. There have been days—weeks—at a time when I haven't told you I loved you—but I have—all the time."

Martha lifted her head. The glow of the firelight deepened, the shadows swayed.

Briskly Radcliff raised his arm for a glance at his wrist watch.

"Well—time to go. The boat train'll be leaving."

Martha rose and walked to the center of the room. For a moment she stood motionless, all color drained from her face. Then she rushed to him. She clung desperately, her arms gripping his shoulders.

"Don't go, Tom! Please don't go! I've a feeling that when you go out that door you're never coming back!"

"Please, my dear! Don't be ridiculous!"

Gently, he disentangled himself.

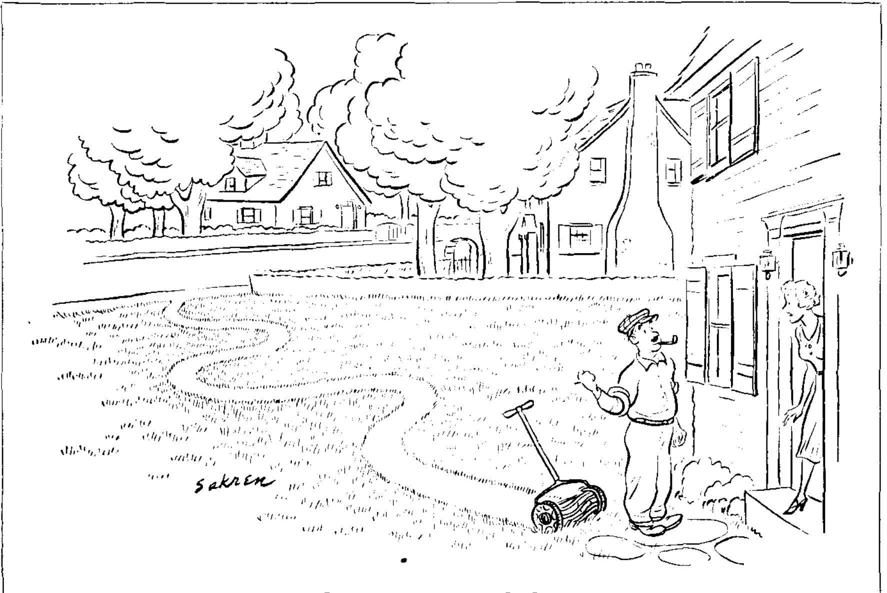
"We'll have supper together," he smiled.

Taking up his cap and coat, he moved jauntily to the door and pulled it open. Then he stopped.

A man blocked the doorway. He wore a trench coat and cap. In his hand was a blue-black automatic pistol.

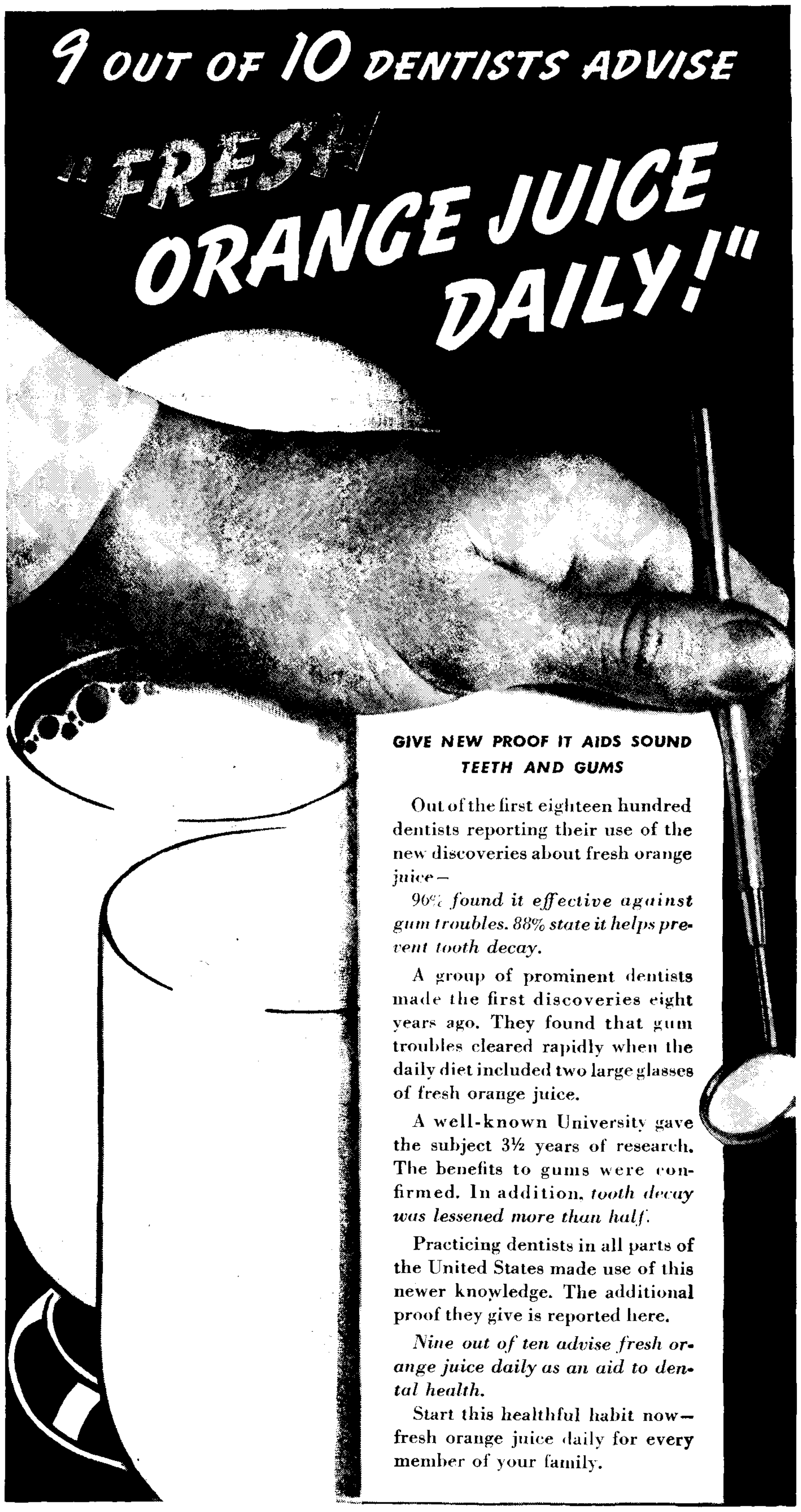
"Go back."

Dread deepened upon Martha's face. Radcliff, looking down the muzzle of



"Mow your lawn, lady?"

WILLIAM SAKREN



GIVE NEW PROOF IT AIDS SOUND TEETH AND GUMS

Out of the first eighteen hundred dentists reporting their use of the new discoveries about fresh orange juice—

96% found it effective against gum troubles. 88% state it helps prevent tooth decay.

A group of prominent dentists made the first discoveries eight years ago. They found that gum troubles cleared rapidly when the daily diet included two large glasses of fresh orange juice.

A well-known University gave the subject 3½ years of research. The benefits to gums were confirmed. In addition, *tooth decay was lessened more than half.*

Practicing dentists in all parts of the United States made use of this newer knowledge. The additional proof they give is reported here.

Nine out of ten advise fresh orange juice daily as an aid to dental health.

Start this healthful habit now—fresh orange juice daily for every member of your family.

PRIZE BOX OF ORANGES DAILY
Listen in on Station Nearest You

WOR, Newark – 6:45-7:15 am; WEEI, Boston – WGN, Chicago – KSTP, Minneapolis – WREC, Memphis – KIRO, Seattle – 7:00-7:30 am; CFAC, Calgary – WCAU, Philadelphia – KWK, St. Louis – 7:15-7:45 am; WKBW, Buffalo – CKLW, Detroit – KGKO, Fort Worth – KOIL, Omaha – KMBC, Kansas City – WCAE, Pittsburgh – KOIN, Portland – CFRB, Toronto – 7:30-8:00 am; CKWX, Vancouver – 8:00-8:30 am.

Sunkist *Valencia* Oranges

RECORD CROP BARGAINS NOW!

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. 1606, Sunkist Building, Los Angeles, California

Send the *free* booklets, "World's New Dental Story," recounting these discoveries in detail and "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous," with further health facts about oranges and lemons.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

Copyright, 1938, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Men, too, has gotta be dainty!

Don Herold Sez:

And when I sez dainty—

Youse guys can be tough as nails about a lot of things—I believe in that, too.

But there are certain matters about which you've simply gotta be tender and gentle and REEfined.

F'rnstance, every man ought to be kind to babies and kids and dogs and maybe some to women, and no man I knows sez that *that* is sissy.

Another thing about which a man ought to be sensitive is how about he has not the slightest bit of perspiration aura any time, ever. Call it dainty or just call it decent, but right there's an item about which a man—even a gangster—ought to be as careful as any woman.

Baths ain't enough for underarms. You can bathe your hide off, and that's fine, but half an hour later you may be a perspiration panther. The sure way to cinch the sweetenin' effects of a bath is to use MUM.

You won't be alone in this, because hundreds of thousands of hard men now make a daily habit of using dabs of Mum underarm every a.m. and again before steppin' out, evenin's. Some also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Mum is a cream, pleasant to use, soothing to the skin and harmless to clothes, which definitely kills perspiration odor without stopping perspiration itself.

It costs you nuttin to try

If you're bashful or skeptical, try before you buy. Scratch your name on this nearby margin and send it for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. M-68, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

the gun, backed into the room. The man followed, closing the door as he came. Martha pressed forward, desperation in her eyes.

"Michael—Mi—"

Radcliff spun round.

"You know him?"

She stared silently, as though she hadn't heard. Adroitly O'Shaughnessy reached into Radcliff's holster and removed his revolver.

"Who are you? What do you want with me?"

Martha advanced, horror increasing on her face.

"What—what are you going to do?"

O'Shaughnessy motioned her back.

"We'll all be quiet," he said.

Radcliff faced the black muzzle of the pistol. His words were bitten off with a bitter intensity.

"I know why you're here. I know what's been going on all day in Dublin. It's been a day of systematic murder—five British agents killed. One was shot in the street. Another this morning—killed as he sat up in bed. Another had his lunch interrupted. It's your job to do me in."

Through a silent moment, they regarded each other, a hard wariness in every firm-set feature. O'Shaughnessy's face, utterly cold now, was toward the firelight. His shadow, black and gigantic, danced slowly on the wall behind him. His gun glinted in the gloom.

Abruptly Radcliff turned to Martha.

"What do you know about him?"

She spoke chokingly.

"His—his name's O'Shaughnessy—Michael O'Shaughnessy. He's an Irish officer."

For a moment, Radcliff studied O'Shaughnessy's face, then he clenched his hands.

"I have it! You came up to our car when we were fixing the tire."

He turned on Martha.

"You interfered when I tried to stop him. Why? You knew him—and you didn't tell me who he was. Why not?"

Martha answered in a low, thin voice:

"Because he'd have killed you if you tried to arrest him. I saw him—shoot two soldiers—on the train."

"But—but why didn't you tell me after he'd gone?"

Martha spread her hands. She spoke wearily:

"Because we were going to a party and I was hoping we could enjoy it. If I'd told you anything then, you'd have called out the soldiers and hunted him all night."

Down in the street there was a noise. Radcliff swung suddenly to the window.

"It's the car! They've gone without me!"

He whirled toward O'Shaughnessy.

"What kind of a trick is this?"

O'SHAUGHNESSY'S head was cocked to one side as though he listened for something. Radcliff opened his mouth to speak and then stopped. Martha raised her chin.

Far down the street there was a terrific blast—then the steady hammering of a machine gun and then silence again.

With both hands, Radcliff gripped the edges of a table.

"Ambushed!"

O'Shaughnessy had lowered his pistol.

"You can give me a few minutes start," he said dryly. "I'll keep your gun."

Smiling just a little, he turned. And then he paused, listening, while his smile faded like a dying flame.

Then Martha heard what he had heard before—the steady tramp of swiftly marching men. O'Shaughnessy swung to the window and stood sideways, gazing down into the street, the firelight on his face, the shadows leaping up behind him. His voice was a quick whisper:

"Mother of God protect me! The Tans are everywhere!"

He didn't look at her again.

O'Shaughnessy watched the soldiers disappear around the corner. Then, with a catlike speed, he moved to the door. They heard his quick step on the stairs. A moment later, watching from the window, they saw him reappear from the front door and start at a walk across the dimly lighted street. He was almost at the opposite curb when more soldiers swung around the corner, marching briskly in the center of the street. Iron-tipped shoes rang sharply on the pavement. Lamplight glinted on steel helmets, on the polished metal of rifles. O'Shaughnessy never missed a step as he walked to meet them.

Martha grasped Radcliff's arm. Her fingers dug deep. With a swift desperation, her words poured forth.

"Don't let them stop him! Give them an order! Tell them to come up here! Tell them to go anywhere!"

Captain Radcliff, very erect, stared stonily at the approaching soldiers. Martha seized his coat where it stretched tightly across his chest. With a desperate strength she tried to shake him. He stood—immovable—and his face was like a rock. Her hands fell.

Captain Radcliff leaned from the window.

"Lieutenant Roscoe," he called.

The head of the detachment looked up, puzzled. Then he recognized the captain.

"Yes, sir!"

Radcliff's head moved two inches toward O'Shaughnessy.

"Take him," he said.

O'Shaughnessy had stopped beneath a street lamp on the opposite curb, where mist and gaslight blended into a vaporous gloom. His hands were in the pockets of his trench coat. He never moved his body as the Black and Tans came toward him. Only his hands moved.

Before Martha covered her face she saw him, peering through gray smoke above two spitting, jerking pistols, his head tilted to one side, his body motionless. Then the whole street seemed to explode. Almost at once came silence.

A LONG time later, Martha raised her head. She had heard Captain Radcliff walk slowly to the door. She had listened to his receding footsteps on the stairs. The room was very dim now; its shadows were stilled. Among the ashes, embers faded from dull red to gray. She turned her gaze toward a ghostly street of closed doors and darkly shuttered windows, where mist and lamplight blended into a vaporous gloom. Like a shroud, the fog lay upon the pavement. For a long time she stood, oblivious to the permeating dampness, to the increasing chill.

A certain place beside the curbstone held her gaze.

JAY IRVING

Least likely to succeed

This young woman has decided to follow a business career.

Under her picture in the class annual are these words . . . "voted most likely to succeed."

Trained and capable, the success of getting a good job and keeping it probably *will* be hers.

But the greater success she dreams of—the success of having (in a few years) enough money to travel, to enjoy a hobby, to belong to a golf club, financial independence in later years—it is in making *these* things come true that she is, statistics show . . . "least likely to succeed."

For few women, indeed—*despite their earning ability and firm intentions*—put aside sufficient money to have the things they dream of having at the end of their business lives. Yet — nearly every woman *could*.

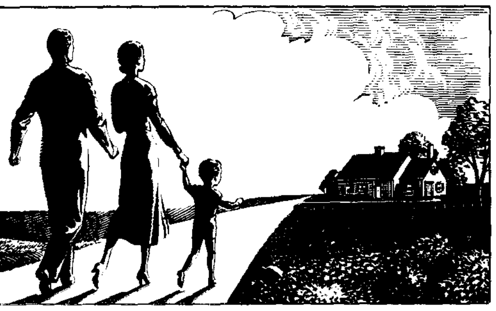
Any woman with ten or fifteen years of earning power ahead of her—*even a modest earning power*—can make a financial success of her life. Does that seem incredible? Ask an Investors Syndicate representative to show you how it can be done.

Investors Syndicate sponsors a plan by which you can accumulate $5,000, $10,000, $25,000, or more "on easy terms." It has sponsored this plan for nearly half a century.

And so sound is this plan and this institution, that every obligation has been met on time, when due—in trying years and boom years alike.

Why not decide today to talk with an Investors Syndicate representative? Ask him about the *Living Protection* plan and see how little you need to set aside to reach your goal. In the meantime, if you will write to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C-86, Minneapolis, Minn., we will send you a booklet you can profit by reading—*A New Plan of Life.*

INVESTORS SYNDICATE
Established 1894
Living Protection... everyman's road
to financial security

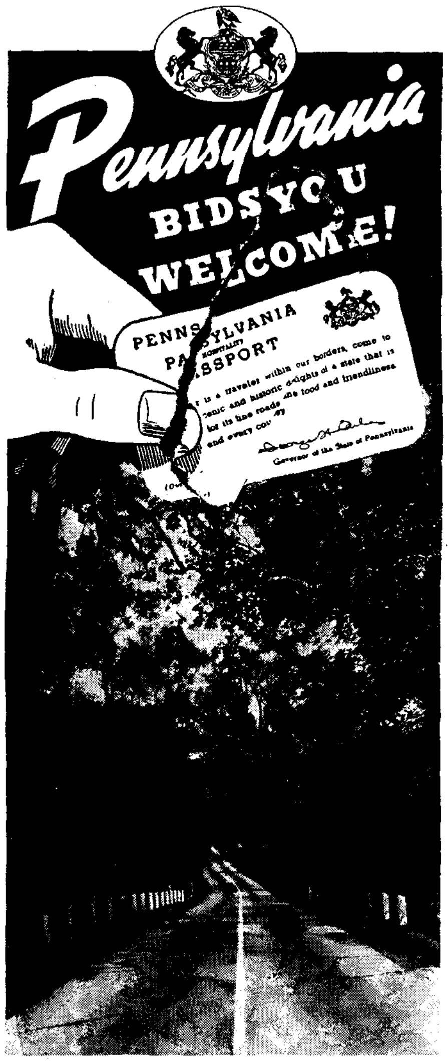


Investors Syndicate agency offices
in 200 leading cities, including:

New York† · New Haven · Pittsburgh · Cleveland
Chicago · Birmingham · Dallas · Detroit
St. Louis · Kansas City · Seattle · San Francisco
Toronto* · Montreal* · Vancouver*

Home Office: Minneapolis, Minn.

† Office Investors Syndicate Title and Guaranty Co.
** Office Investors Syndicate, Ltd., Canada.*
These companies are affiliates of Investors Syndicate


Pennsylvania
BIDS YOU WELCOME!
PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITALITY PASSPORT
Governor of the State of Pennsylvania

COME THIS SUMMER!

Welcome to glorious hills and stately forests...to lakes and streams and great scenic highways—the largest network in the nation. A hospitable people bid you welcome to beautiful "Penns-Woods" —*and the grandest vacation trip ever!*

THE EYES OF THE NATION WILL BE ON GETTYSBURG JULY 1-4

75th Anniversary of the Battle ... Last Reunion of the Blue and Gray ... an event you must not miss—bring the children!

Write Dept. C, Pennsylvania State Publicity Commission, Harrisburg, Pa., for your Hospitality Passport, State Map in color and Touring Guide Book.

The famed Motor Police—your guide in Penna.

GEORGE H. EARLE
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE
OF PENNSYLVANIA

PENNA. STATE PUBLICITY COMMISSION
HARRISBURG, PA.
ROY E. BROWNMILLER, CHAIRMAN

Pullet Paradise

Continued from page 18

with photoelectric cells. When thunderclouds, an eclipse or dusk obscures the sun, the cell switches on the electric lights and the hens keep on working.

Small radios are also included. Hens work better—produce 5 per cent more eggs—when there is music. They dislike speeches—and get morose when some spellbinder has the microphone. Organ music is the favorite. Hens cackle their heads off on Sunday morning—and produce more eggs—than at any other time.

They are fed a scientifically balanced diet of grain, meat scraps, limestone and cod-liver oil. One man can comfortably care for 3,000 layers.

This completes the list of the things the battery does for the hen. For her part, the hen is supposed to lay eggs. And there is an ominous "or else" quality about this. Immediately the egg passes through the hen's oviduct and she rises to cackle about her achievement, the egg rolls down the slightly inclined cage floor, under a partition and out of sight into an egg pocket on the front of her cage. The fact that the egg is out of sight of the hen is a vitally important point. When it is out of sight she forgets about it, but as long as she can see it she worries.

When the attendant gathers the eggs he puts a check on the score card attached to each cage. At the end of each month scores are added up. If a hen has produced from twelve to sixteen eggs—the number varies according to the plant—all is well. If the hen has failed, her death warrant is signed. She is killed for the market and her sale price is almost sufficient to pay for a young pullet to replace her. In passing, it is worth noting that due to the confined life these hens lead, their flesh is not as tough as that of the usual barnyard hen.

An elaborate breakdown of egg costs shows that one hen requires .126¢ worth of food a month. To this, one must add .028¢ for replacement of the hen when her egg-laying days are over; and .017¢ for depreciation of buildings, taxes, etc. This makes a total maintenance cost of .171¢ per hen per month. If the hen produces sixteen eggs during the month that means that the eggs have cost the factory owner .128¢ a dozen. Labor, a relatively minor item, has been omitted from this breakdown.

Chicks Make the Most Trouble

The broiler factories work with the same smooth efficiency. Baby chicks go in one end and come out the other, eight weeks later, as broilers. During this time they eat five pounds of feed—which costs anywhere from 2 to 2½¢ a pound. It figures out that meat costs 13¢ a pound to raise. This includes the original cost of the chick, which is about 10¢. The baby birds are particularly troublesome. In the barnyard they are the prey of such fowl diseases as "BWD"—bacillary white diarrhea—and coccidiosis. There are 56 kinds of worms, lice and mites that can do them in. In addition to this there is the problem of cannibalism.

The chicken is a carnivorous bird. A pinfeather will pull out of a chick, leaving a red welt. Other chicks will start pecking at it. Once blood is drawn, there is a casualty. One state found 23 per cent of all chick mortality due to cannibalism. The Arndt system solves both these problems neatly. Scrupulous cleanliness completely does away with disease, and red lights do away with cannibalism. Under a red light, a red welt shows white.

Since cod-liver oil prevents rickets and is included in the chick diet, there is no necessity for daylight. A broiler factory can be operated in a hotel or restaurant basement. A windowless brewery in Detroit has been converted into a poultry farm containing 56,000 birds in various stages of development. It produces 7,000 broilers a week.

How does this work out financially? Take the case of a New England factory with 30,000 birds.

Last year this factory produced an income of $74,000 ($54,000 for eggs and $20,000 for old hens and broilers). Disbursements totaled $50,000 ($24,000 for feed, $7,000 for new chicks, $13,000 for labor, $6,000 for miscellaneous expenses). This left a net profit of $24,000.

To be profitable these plants must be housed in low-value buildings; buildings that have little or no value for any other type enterprise. Abandoned factory buildings serve admirably. New England's desolate textile mills are perfect for such enterprises, since they are usually near egg-consuming cities.

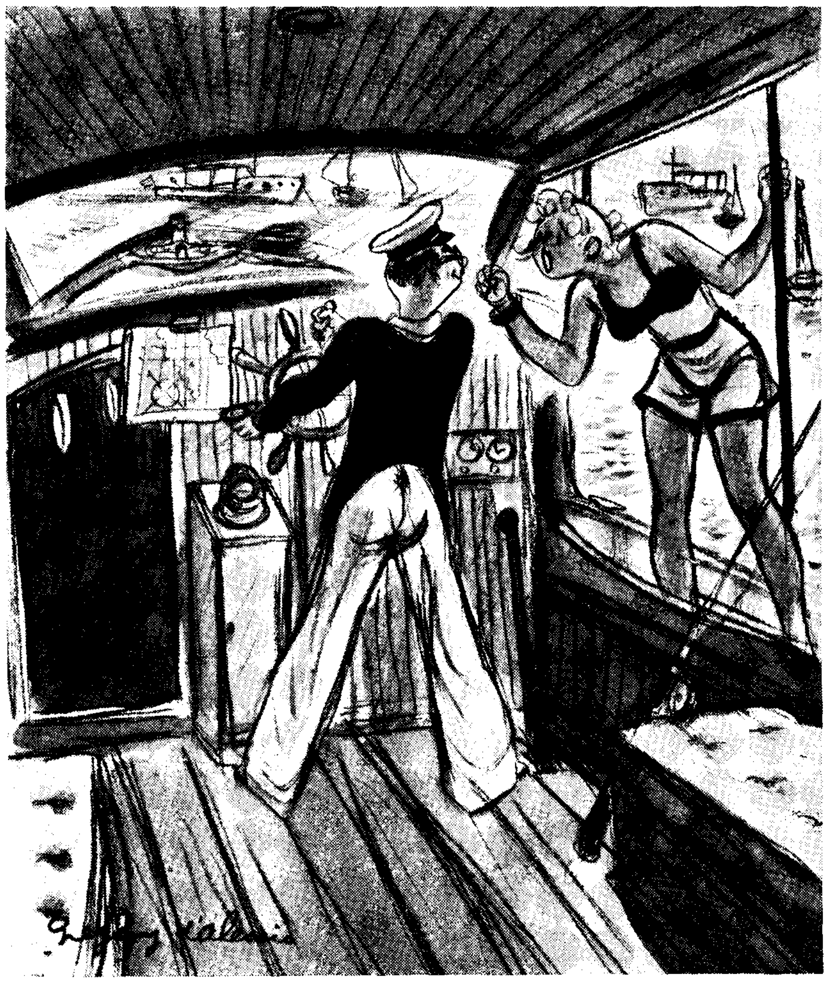
As the idea grows, things are booming for Mr. Arndt. He sold his first battery in 1931 after he had mortgaged his home and borrowed all the money he could to complete it. A farmer dropped by the Arndt place in New Jersey, saw it, liked it, bought it. Arndt and his brother Harold felt there was no time to waste so they strapped the contraption on the back of their car and went home with the farmer. They stayed up all night installing the battery in the farmer's barn and in the morning collected $240 for it. With this working capital they started in earnest.

As demand increased, they bought a manufacturing plant in Trenton, N. J. and a 90-acre breeding farm outside of town. To show how the city egg factory could work, Arndt rented an old dance hall six blocks from the New Jersey state capitol, and moved his hens in. He also bought a small plot—less than an acre—of ground at Mercerville, N. J., and demonstrated how you could pack 16,000 chickens on a plot no larger than a good-sized city lot.

His idea has grown rapidly enough for him to employ 250 men—which includes two research men busy on the problems of artificial insemination of eggs. They are also trying to find a means of influencing sex in eggs so they will produce more females. Included also are instructors who teach battery purchasers the finer points of efficient operation; and bookkeepers to keep track of sales, which are now running well over a million dollars a year.

Farms to Order

The service department is probably the most smoothly functioning of any division of the company. If you are minded to start a chicken farm, this department will plan and build you a barn, install batteries and equip it with chickens. Theoretically the hens in such an installation should be ready to lay the day after the plant is set up. Actually, they take two weeks to get used to their new surroundings. But in the case of broilers there is no delay. The service men equip one of these installations with birds ranging in age from a week to eight weeks. So on the day the job is finished you can start eating the broilers—and continue to do so provided you remember to keep putting chicks in at the other end of the contraption.



"Where are my sunglasses? And if you say 'a bit abaft the starb'd beam' again, I'll slap you down!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"YOU CAN BUILD UPON THE FAITH AND HONESTY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE"

Noted Economist Outlines Virtues of the "Pay-as-you-use" Buying Plan

By Col. Leonard P. Ayres

"A SOLID business man tries to determine his income for a year—then commits himself accordingly for men, materials and improvements. That is safe, sane and solvent procedure.

"A family, too, or an individual, thanks to sound instalment buying, can make its financial commitments against income, buying labor-saving and comfort promoting household appliances on a prudent basis, enjoying ownership and use from the day the purchase is made.

"Sound instalment buying means the purchase of substantial merchandise on a 'pay-as-you-use' basis. It is quite different from going into debt for unimportant things. Sound instalment buying has made mass production possible, because it has given honest, energetic people the ability to buy the useful and durable things that factories produce. It has helped to put millions of American people on payrolls.

"I do not condone heedless buying of unimportant things, by instalments or otherwise, but I believe that a plan which permits the purchase of things that really make life better, and the use and enjoyment of those things while they are being paid for, is basically sound. Authorities point out that very few, who agree to pay in regular instalments, fail to keep their promises. That is why I say you can build upon the faith and honesty of the American people.

"Credit is an advantage that should not be confined to the rich. The average man needs it more than an 'upper bracket' individual. Credit is the just privilege of every honest, industrious man. And that is what instalment buying really is—the extension of credit to those who need it and who rightfully should have it.

"We would pay much more today for our automobiles, trucks, automatic refrigerators or radios, if they were not subject to mass production and mass sale. No factor in our economic scheme has been more effective than instalment buying in putting employment up and keeping prices down."

* * *

The Commercial Credit Company . . a great financial institution to serve the American family . . offers you a time-payment plan which enables you to invest regularly a small part of your income in durable possessions contributing to family health, comfort and happiness. This is a form of saving that pays dividends in better living. When you buy on time, ask your automobile, truck or home equipment dealer to finance your purchase on the Commercial Credit Company plan and enjoy the advantages of low cost, courteous treatment with adequate protection.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

Credit Bankers to America's Families *BALTIMORE* Capital and Surplus over $64,000,000

Wholesale, Retail Instalment and Open Account Financing, Factoring and Credit Insurance through subsidiaries

SERVING MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH MORE THAN 250 OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Sol the Salesman

By Robert McCormick

Sol Bloom, congressman from New York City, is more than a salesman—he's a legend

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

TWO small boys stood beside a lathe in a dingy San Francisco brush factory, pumping monotonously on the treadles that spun the wheel. The younger of the boys was getting tired. His heavy-featured face was striped with white where perspiration had rinsed away the grime. His legs stiffened, moving slower and slower on the treadle.

The workman at the lathe growled impatiently and the boys limped around the machine to trade places. With two fresh legs on the job, the wheel spun again at top speed. But in a few minutes the youngsters switched again.

From the other end of the room a heavy voice crashed through the singing of the tools. "Sol, what's the price on those 815A brushes?" Without missing a stroke on the pedal, the smaller boy squeaked, "Eight fifty a dozen." The voice roared back: "The boss wants to see you before you go home."

The boss that day made Sol Bloom, age eleven, treasurer of the plant. While working twelve hours a day for $1.25 a week, Sol had memorized a mass of detail about factory operation, even down to the exact price of every article made in the place. Then he had sold himself to the manager as a living substitute for a bookkeeping system. It was just the beginning of a lifetime of historic salesmanship. Sol Bloom, son of exceedingly poor Polish immigrants, has sold all things to all people. He has made a fortune selling real estate. He has peddled to the public a line of goods ranging from popular songs and Oriental dancing to patriotism. And he has sold himself for sixteen consecutive years to the voters of the 19th Congressional district in New York City, the wealthiest political district in the United States.

"Give me an idea," Sol says, "and I'll show you how to make it go." He's just being modest. All he needs is a situation; he'll get his own ideas. His office is littered with mementos of ideas he has put across, mementos including everything from a diamond medal given him by Spanish royalty to a picture of a six-million-dollar building he bought in a half-hour deal.

He's a one-man parade, a combination promotion department and advertising agency for anything that comes his way. With the slightest stimulus he can turn out a stream of ideas that may take years to choke off.

As he prowls swiftly around his office-museum, his mind jumps back to long-forgotten bits of Bloom brilliance. His deep voice rolls on and on, passing the memories along. "When I was nineteen," he says, "I had so much money invested and so much money coming in that I really didn't know where it was or where it was coming from. So I retired to take a trip around the world."

His world tour lasted only long enough to get him to Chicago, where he was drafted to straighten out a snarl in concessions at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Here was a field worthy of his leaping ingenuity. Unable to visit the far niches of the world, he brought the niches to Chicago. He imported glass and scorpion eaters for the Fair's Midway, and exotic ladies from Algiers who originated what was later to be known as the belly dance. The scorpion eaters may have been freaks, Sol admits. "Tch, tch, tch, the things they ate—you'd never believe it." But the dancers, he insists, were artistic. "In their country, they are just like toe dancers or ballet dancers are here."

Man of a Thousand Stunts

Giving a preview of the dancers for newspapermen, he hummed an extemporaneous tune to show the pianist the rhythm required to shake the most art out of the dancers. Sol says he never once thought of copywriting the slithering ditty, but that it later became the "Hootchy Kootchy Dance," a composition that had America wriggling in unison from Plymouth Rock to the Rio Grande.

Bloom pulled a thousand other stunts. He gave the first Dance of All Nations in native costume; he labored with George Ferris to make the Ferris wheel feasible; in short, he put over the Midway with a burst of promotion work that was almost as good as he thinks.

Then he moved in on the real-estate market, using the same general tactics. He would buy a piece of land and pass out to newspapers a story about what a strategic purchase he had made. Then he would resell the property at a delightful profit. The system worked so well that whatever Bloom bought automatically jumped in value, he says in his own quiet way. Did he ever lose money? "Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my, I'd hate to tell you. Three million dollars I dropped on one deal."

Combining his two main fields of endeavor, Sol started building theaters. He put up the first house in the country that didn't have a peanut gallery. He improved theater acoustics, lowered construction costs and improved them in a multitude of minor points. He claims credit for designing the modern theater seat, with backs and arms shaped to fit the average person. "You slip between rows to get at a seat," he explains, "and you say, 'My, how much room there is here.' But there's really no more room. It's just that the seats in front don't stick way up in the air."

Sol put showmanship even into his songs. He dashed off "Coon, Coon, Coon," as an example of the then-new idea of repetitive rhythm. "If you repeat a melody four times in the chorus, a man remembers it," he says. The song was one of the forerunners of modern jazz.

Riding to work on the streetcar the morning this country got news of the destruction of the Maine, he started composing "The Heroes Who Sank with the Maine." He turned his whole staff loose on the idea, and within twelve hours the song was finished and distributed. Swirled along by the war hysteria, "it sold up into the millions of copies."

Persuaded by Tammany to run for Congress, Bloom high-pressured his Republican district into giving him a majority of 67 votes. It wasn't much but it was enough for Sol. The election was contested and thrown into the House. Since the House had a Republican majority of 26, and since such votes were almost invariably strictly partisan, Bloom had to sell himself as he never sold before. "I changed that Republican majority of 26 into a Democratic majority of 11 long enough to get my seat," is the way he sums it up. He avoided such crises after that by building up his popular majority back home. In 1936 he had some 50,000 votes to spare.

When the United States took over the Panama Canal, it acquired piles of rusty machinery left behind by the French. Nobody wanted it and nobody could think of any way to get rid of it. Finally somebody remembered Bloom. "What shall we do with the machinery?" George Goethals the great engineer, asked Bloom the great salesman. "Sell it," snapped Sol. "How?" asked Goethals. "I don't know, but I'll find out," Bloom replied.

The Nonexistent Scandal

His first effort was a whiz. He tipped off newspapers that there was something shady about the whole business. The stories were vague—somebody was mixed up in a collusive deal of some sort, plotting to give the machinery away to somebody who had political pull. But they were definite enough to enrage a number of dealers who thought they were being cheated and who insisted on an opportunity to buy the machinery. The scandal that never existed having been thus exposed and cleaned up, the machinery was sold openly and honestly to a Chicago firm.

Sol reached real perfection when he ran the George Washington Bicentennial in 1932. For more than nine months the country was nose-deep in Bloom's campaign to sell patriotism. Innocent average citizens found themselves haunted by busts and pictures of George Washington. They were bombarded with pageants, fed pages of "news" about early American history, assaulted through the air from a radio station set up in the top of the Washington Monument, and treated to the flat clank

(Continued on page 68)

A NEW HIT TUNE TO HUM—
"HOORAY FOR GOOD OLD DRUM!"

Eddy Duchin's star drummer, Harry Campbell, wins this month's miniature Gold Drum. For superb, split-second accuracy—on both traps and drums—musicians rate him second to none!

ITS FAME IS BASED ON MELLOW TASTE!

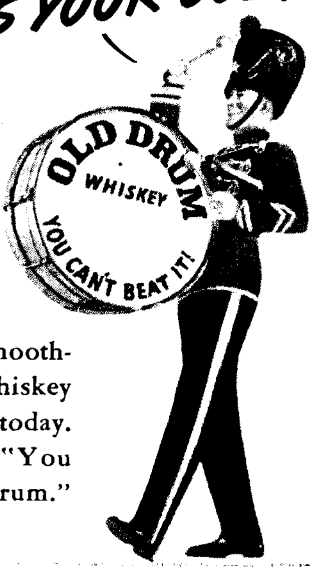
Join the big swing to Old Drum. Note how rich it is, how mellow and fragrant! Taste its splendid blended flavor —and trust your taste!

OLD DRUM BRAND

Blended Whiskey

A CALVERT PRODUCT

FOR SMOOTHNESS, TOO OLD DRUM'S YOUR CUE!


OLD DRUM WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

Old Drum has the smoothness of blended whiskey at its finest! Try it today. See for yourself: "You can't beat Old Drum."

Calvert
OLD DRUM
Blended Whiskey
A CALVERT PRODUCT

90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. COPR. 1938 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C.

"They've got to be Tough to suit me"

Truck drivers know trucks. One may be on a milk route, one on an overland freight haul. It makes little difference — they have a lot in common to talk about.

The milk truck may be a 60-horsepower Ford V-8, making hundreds of starts and stops every day. That asks a lot of a truck. Engine, clutch, gears, brakes, fuel — it's a real test for all of them. On the job early and late—day in, day out, year round—the Ford "60" stands up — and costs so little to operate.

On the long hauls the heavy-duty 85-horsepower Ford V-8 maintains schedules. Loads are big. "They've got to be tough to suit me," the driver will tell you. Rain or snow, heat or cold, good roads or bad — there must be no delay. And he's sure there's no truck can do his particular job better than *his* Ford V-8.

The requirements of these two operations are totally different. Yet owners in both lines of work agree that the Ford V-8 is the truck for *their* job. What's the answer? Simply this . . . the new 1938 Ford V-8 Trucks meet more hauling and delivery requirements and meet them better and more economically than ever before. They actually do more work, in less time, at lower cost. Try an "on-the-job" test and *prove* it for your business.

1938 FORD V·8 FEATURES

- ★ New styling for all units.
- ★ More comfortable cabs—3 inches more head room—handsome new interior trim—softer seat cushions.
- ★ New 134-inch wheelbase, with 60-inch cab-to-axle measurement—improved load distribution.
- ★ For 134-inch and 157-inch trucks, new standard frame width.
- ★ Quicker stopping brakes.
- ★ New larger spindles.
- ★ Easier steering—new roller type with 18-inch wheel.
- ★ 7.50-20 dual tire and wheel equipment available at extra cost.

ASK YOUR NEAREST FORD DEALER FOR AN "ON-THE-JOB" TEST

938

FORD V·8 TRUCKS

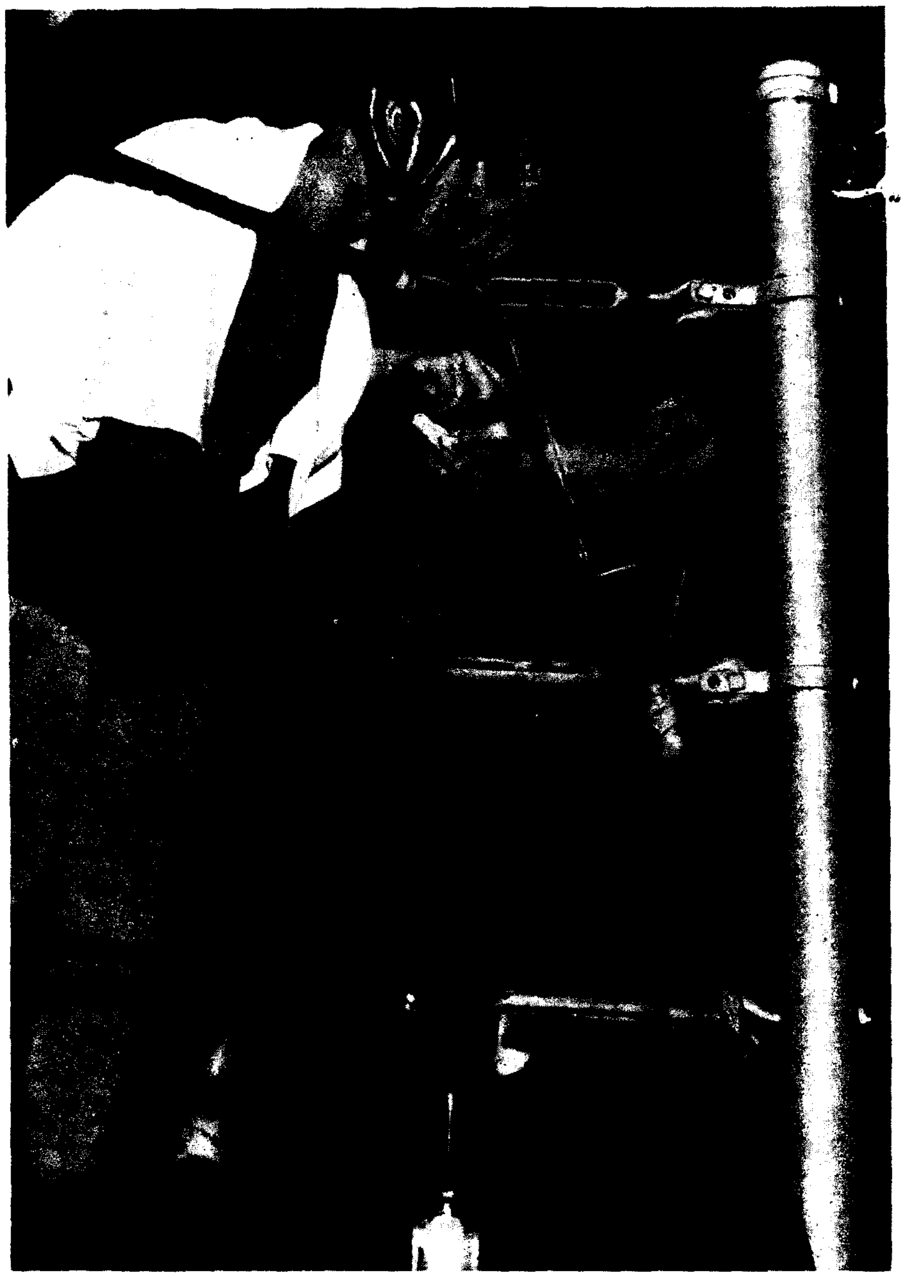
INCLUDING A NEW *One-Tonner*

Afternoon on Eighth Avenue

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Hopeful young fighters awaiting their turn in the ring at Stillman's gym



Sixto Escobar, bantamweight champion, rinses his mouth between rounds

HE WAS a tall skinny kid and he had bold eyes and big hands. He came into the office and said, "Mr. Stillman, I want to train here." Kids and champions have been saying that to Lou Stillman for twenty-three years. His gymnasium in New York isn't a very gaudy place and sometimes you choke a little because the air is full of cigar and cigarette smoke and the smell of arnica and oil of wintergreen and chloroform and sweating bodies. But a fighter can always pick up a man to work with and a fighter can get rubbed and he can use the punching bags. If he shows promise—why, the big-time managers are always there watching with greedy eyes for potential champions.

Lou Stillman smiled at the tall skinny kid who had the bold eyes and the big hands and he said, "All right, youngster. Your locker will cost you four dollars a month. Bring your own gloves and equipment. You'll find light and heavy bags upstairs."

The kid said that his name was Jimmy Cothran. No, he had never boxed professionally. He'd done a lot of boxing at his church gymnasium and at the Boys' Club and he was pretty good, he said. He was nineteen and he drove a truck. He drove at night. Every night he drove to Philadelphia and back. You could imagine those big hands wrapped around the steering wheel of the truck.

"All right, kid," Lou Stillman said as he's been saying it for twenty-three years. "Make yourself at home. When you want to box sit out there on a bench and we'll find some boy your weight."

The kid nodded, his bold eyes glistening a little from excitement. He felt like a real fighter already. You could tell just by looking at him. He went out of the office and upstairs, and then I walked into the big barnlike room where there were two regulation-size rings. It was afternoon on Eighth Avenue, a block from Broadway. Every afternoon there are a hundred or so boxers training at Stillman's. There are kids there like Jimmy Cothran and there are world's champions, and watching them are managers and trainers. And people who, having nothing else to do, pay their quarters to watch the fighters work.

Remnants of Great Dreams

For a quarter at Stillman's a man can kill an afternoon and see maybe a hundred rounds of boxing. If he has the knack of observing he can see a great deal more than that. He can see the remnants of great dreams sitting there, dull-eyed men a little uncertain in speech. Once they dreamed of holding world's championships but were wrecked by the leather-encased hands of other sluggers—their legs stiff, their eyes dim and rolling. He can see up-and-coming preliminary boys on their way to main bouts, kids with quick eager eyes and steel legs. A few of them may be champions some day. The best young fighters in the country spend their afternoons at Stillman's.

Let's watch for a while. From above comes the staccato rat-tat-tat of the light bags, and the dull thud of hands sinking into the heavy bags. Both rings are busy. Stillman stands at a microphone watching and when the boys have had enough he tells them to get out and he calls another pair.

There's Sixto Escobar, the bantamweight champion of the world, boxing in one ring with a boy fifteen pounds heavier than himself. Escobar is beautiful to watch. It is as though he were boxing to music. No lost motion, no frantic lunging. Escobar is the stylist who has learned his craft well. He lets the big boy maneuver him into a corner and then, grinning a bit, he slips out. He has a nice knack of getting out of a corner. He feints with his left and that momentarily stops his opponent. Then he pivots on the ball of his left foot, swerves to the right and he's out of danger.

Our new kid, Jimmy Cothran, comes down and sits on a long bench. He has nice shoulders and a deep chest. His legs aren't too heavy. Heavy legs are bad for a fighter. The kid watches Escobar, mooning perhaps about the day when he'll be a champion. They all do—these kids at Stillman's. Lou Brix, Escobar's manager, stands outside the ropes. Now and then he shouts something to the champion. The bell rings and Brix throws a heavy towel around the neck and head of his boy.

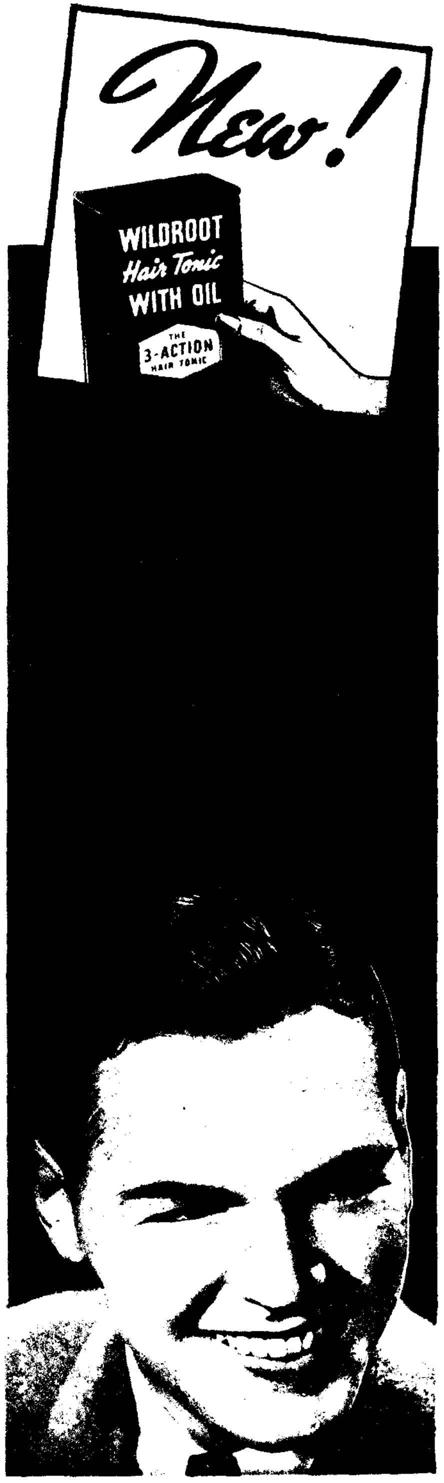
Lou Stillman stands by the ring with a small microphone in his hand. He announces the boxers as they climb into the ring. "Pedro Montanez and Joe Black," he drones and Montanez, swarthy, muscles rippling smoothly under his skin, hops into the ring. He looks very ominous in his heavy headgear, which is to prevent punches on his ears. Ears strangely enough are the most sensitive part of the head. It only takes a few punches to make an ear swell up.

There are about two hundred men walking around or sitting on chairs watching the boxers. Many of the more prominent fight managers are here watching their charges. Present too are a great many former headline fighters—all broke now. Those dollars a man earns in the ring are quick dollars. They come fast and they go fast. Jack Johnson is sitting there, fat, aging, watching with sleepy eyes. Benny Valgar, once a great featherweight fighter, is sitting there. So is Ruby Goldstein, who might have been a great lightweight. But Ruby met a murderer named Ace Hudkins and the Ace broke him in half.

There was a little stir near the door and loud greetings. "Hello, Jack . . . howya, champ. . . ." The big guy walked in smiling. The big guy was stopped half a dozen times walking the hundred feet from the door to the ring. Twice I saw him take something from his pocket and slip it to some seedy-looking wreck. The big guy is known as a soft touch. Anyone who needs a quick sawbuck can always get it from the big guy. He doesn't know how to say "No."

The kids up in the rings—boys were working in both rings now—quickened their pace as they saw Dempsey. He remains the champion of champions to them. I took a look at the new kid, Jimmy Cothran, sitting there on the bench waiting to go on. There was a look of dumb worship in his eyes as he stared at Dempsey. I called him over.

I said, "Jack, I want you to meet Jimmy Cothran. It's his first day here."



THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1 QUICK EASY GROOMING! At last! The time-tested Wildroot Hair Tonic formula plus pure vegetable oil that relieves dry scalp. Keeps hair neatly groomed without that slicked-down look. Mild pleasing scent fades away after using.

2 REMOVES UGLY DANDRUFF! Will your scalp stand the fingernail test? Use Wildroot with Oil every morning. Massage half a minute. See how its cleansing action removes dandruff, relieves *itching, leaves scalp cool, clean, refreshed.*

3 HELPS CHECK PREMATURE BALDNESS! By removing the dandruff crust which acts as a covering for seborrhoic eczema, the common scalp infection blamed for 70 to 80% of early hair loss. Get Wildroot Hair Tonic with Oil today! For generous trial bottle, send 10¢ coin or stamps to Wildroot, Dept. E-4, Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, Ont.

IMPORTANT—*Wildroot with Oil does not replace regular Wildroot Hair Tonic, used by millions who like a non-oily tonic. At drug counters and barbers everywhere.*

Dempsey shook hands with the kid who stood there frozen. "Lots of luck, kid. Any time I can help you out let me know. Have you worked out yet?"

"No . . . no," the kid stammered.

"Well, I'll be glad to watch you work." Dempsey smiled and you could see the kid swell with pride.

"Thanks, champ," he said, and then he walked back to the bench. He was walking on air.

Stillman droned through the microphone: "In ring one . . . Jimmy Cothran. How much you weigh, kid?"

The kid came over. He was a little self-conscious. "One forty-five," he said.

"Hey, Whitey," Lou called. Whitey Bimstein is a trainer—a good one. He has about thirty boys working out daily at Stillman's. He doesn't manage fighters. Managers hire him to train their boys. He has men like Lightweight Champion Lou Ambers, Fred Apostoli, Escobar and others.

"Whitey, have you got some 145-pound boy there to work with this kid?"

Whitey nodded and he brought over a kid named Larry Coyle.

"This kid is new," Stillman said. "Tell your boy to take it easy."

"Take it easy," Whitey said to his boy. "Just box around. Keep that right up like I've been telling you for six months."

In This Corner . . .

The new kid and Whitey's boy climbed into the ring. The bell rang; it rings automatically every three minutes. The new kid, Jimmy Cothran, didn't look a bit scared. He stood up there nicely while Whitey's kid boxed around him. Then the new kid lunged in swinging both hands to the head. Whitey's kid cuffed him on the ears a couple of times. Jimmy looked puzzled. Then he lunged in again throwing leather. None of the punches landed.

They boxed three rounds and at the end Jimmy was so tired he had to lean against the ropes. Whitey's kid wasn't even drawing a deep breath.

"Give the kid a towel, Whitey, will you?" I said.

Whitey nodded and wiped Jimmy's face with a towel and then wrapped the towel around his neck.

"Get into a bathrobe, kid," Whitey growled.

"I got no bathrobe," the kid gasped.

"Well run up and get a hot shower then a cold one. Beat it."

The kid climbed down from the ring and he passed us and Dempsey said, "Nice going, kid."

Jimmy beamed with pleasure. This was the first time that he'd ever really worked in a ring and here the champ was talking to him on equal terms. Well, he'd have something to tell the other kids tonight.

The place was crowded now with managers, boxers, trainers and loafers who had nothing else to do. The boxers followed one another into the ring, boxed their three or four rounds and then left. There were always three or four skipping rope over in a far corner of the room and from above there still came the staccato sound of someone punching the light bag.

An earnest middleweight was up there in one of the rings now flailing away at a tall clever Negro lad. The earnest middleweight didn't look very good. He kept missing leads and the Negro lad kept spearing him with lefts. Then the earnest middleweight got in close and threw a beautiful left hook that landed on the tall boy's chin. The Negro sagged, grinned mirthlessly and said, "Easy boy, easy, easy." The middleweight went in close and held him up. Then the Negro boy nodded and they went to it again.

"He doesn't look good in a gym but he's a good fighter," Stillman said. "That's Eric Seelig. He held three German titles. He's a good fighter. Lots of fighters who look awful in the gym are good fighters in the ring. Glenn Lee, who is maybe the second best middleweight in the world, looks awful in the gym. Benny Leonard was the best gymnasium fighter ever came in here. He was just as good out there when they turned the lights on, and played for keeps."

Someone said, "Hello there," and I looked around and it was Jim Braddock. Braddock is like that. He's usually around for ten minutes before you know he's there.

The new kid who may be a champion some day came out now dressed in his street clothes. I introduced him to Braddock and the boy swallowed hard.

"I saw you beat Tommy Farr," he said. "That was a swell fight."

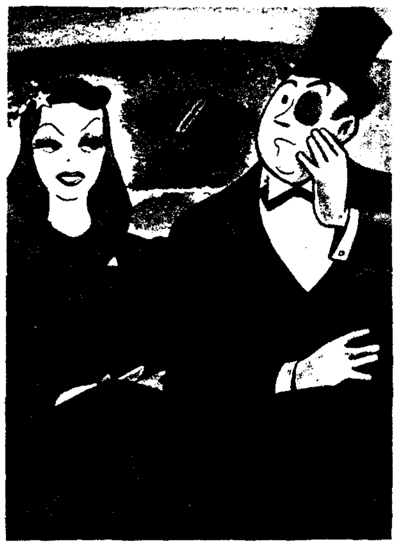
"He was a cute one that Farr," Braddock laughed.

"How did I look?" the kid asked.

"Maybe you ought to take a few lessons," I told him. "Lou, what do you think?"

Stillman nodded. "Jack Curley could help you, son."

Curley is Stillman's assistant. He usually takes the new youngsters under his wing and teaches them the fundamentals. He charges them twenty-five dollars a month. He shows them how to train too; how long to spend skipping rope, how long to hit the light bag and the small bag. He shows the kids setting up exercises that will lengthen their arm muscles and keep them from getting bunched into hard knots. He charges them for the first month and then after that he usually forgets about charging them.



"Does that answer your question, Mr. Fredlicka?"

FRANK BEAVEN

The How and Why of It

You really have to know how to box. There is no such thing as a natural boxer. It isn't natural to keep your right hand up high when it gets heavy, and it isn't natural to keep your elbows in close, or to keep your left toe pointed directly at your opponent. Punches travel in the direction that your left toe is pointing. If it is turned to the right your punches will curve harmlessly. You have to learn straight punching. There are natural fighters like Dempsey or Armstrong, but you have to learn how to box. You may have natural speed or a natural talent for learning things quickly but no one was ever born equipped with offensive or defensive boxing weapons.

The kid went to look for Jack Curley. After a month with Curley the kid wouldn't be rushing in blindly as he had been that afternoon. He would know something of foot work and he'd know about slipping punches and about tying a man up in close. He wouldn't be any Escobar in a month but he'd have a working knowledge of boxing. Then if he showed anything, one of those managers who sit there day after day would come up and say, "Kid, if no one is handling you I'd be glad to take care of you. You're pretty near ready for a four-rounder at the St. Nick or at Rockaway. . . ."

If the kid looked all right in the four-rounder the manager would get him a few more preliminaries. Then if the boy still looked good the manager would start talking to Bill Farnsworth about him. Farnsworth makes matches for Mike Jacobs. He's always looking for new talent. Maybe we'll hear from our Jimmy Cothran some day. Maybe not.

Stillman and Hymie Caplin and Lou Brix and Whitey Bimstein and a couple of others stood there talking and someone asked, "Lou, whatever happened to that race horse Harry Wright?"

Stillman laughed. He said, "There was a funny guy. He drove a cab and he'd park the cab in front of the gym and come in here to work out. He'd punch the bag and skip rope and shadow box for three hours. But he'd never get into the ring. He was all the time boxing shadows. One day I kidded him and I said, 'Racehorse, a promoter was in and he said he'd give you a thousand dollars to fight in a semifinal for him.' Racehorse looked at me and he said, 'Nuttin' doin'. I want ten hunnert dollars or I don't fight.' "

"That's an old story," I told Stillman.

"Yeah," Lou said, "but this is once it really happened. Then one day Racehorse didn't show up. In fact he never showed up again."

Specter of Faded Glory

Shadows were creeping across the cigarette-studded floor and Lou ordered the lights put on. They threw ghostly quivering shapes on the rafters.

Georgie Zengara, a sturdy lightweight, was up in the ring now. He was boxing a tall Negro lad and he was buffeting the tall lad around the ring. Georgie starts swinging leather when the bell rings and he keeps it up until the fight is over. He's had about forty fights.

After five rounds Zengara hopped out of the ring fresh and smiling. A minute later he was punching the heavy bag.

"I like kids who really work," Stillman said. "The Greek kid is like that."

"I saw him beat Sammy Baker," I told Stillman. "I saw him win a few good fights."

"Zengara is all right," Stillman nodded.

The crowd started to leave. Work was through for the day. I started out and went down the long wooden stairway leading to Eighth Avenue and I was thinking of those ambitious kids I'd been watching. Some of them would be champions some day. Others would end up dull-eyed, with heavy chunks of cartilage over their eyes and . . .

There was a large Negro standing at the foot of the stairs. He had a tired, lopsided face and his shoulders were bent. He held out his hand and he tried to look at me but his eyes pointed two feet to the right. I gave him a quarter. I'd seen him around before. He was practically stone blind and he didn't think very quickly because he had stopped so many punches. Broke? Of course he was broke, but once when he was lithe and strong-limbed and clear-eyed he had fought champions and he had made plenty of money. If you're a fight fan you'll remember him. His name is The Jamaica Kid.

The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 19

There was a sudden, amused sparkle in his eyes.

"You were always like that, Rue," he said. "In the hospital, I remember; all i's dotted and t's crossed."

"You—" she began and stopped, for it would have sounded friendly.

"I demanded it, I suppose you were going to say." A shadow went over his face. "I'm responsible for too much, Rue. 'Things we have done that we ought not to have done—' eh? Funny how the book of common prayer manages to put its finger on so many of humanity's common failures. Well, just now I mean—do as I say. Remain here yourself, of course, and Alicia will remain in the house. Don't see too much of Andy just now. And be guided by what Guy tells you to do."

BRULE was always clever about getting, in one way or another, the thing he wanted. Even the shadow that was like wistfulness, and the trouble and anxiety in his face, might have been intentional—to arouse that sense of loyalty he knew so well how to arouse in his nurses.

"Why don't you want me to see too much of Andy?" It wasn't jealousy, Rue knew that, therefore she could ask it.

"Newspapers," said Brule promptly. "Talk. We are very much—too much—in the public eye just now."

"But I should think Alicia's presence here—" She checked herself. She leaned forward, fingers tightly interlocked. "Brule, why did you think Crystal was murdered? You must tell me that much. Why did you think it necessary to—actually to marry someone else in order to protect Alicia in case the inquiry into Crystal's murder ever arose? What happened before Crystal's death? What had Alicia to do with it? Why—?"

"Wait a minute. Who told you all this?" He paused, and as she didn't answer he went on quickly and angrily: "It doesn't really matter, of course, who told you. I can guess. But get these facts straight, Rue. I did not know Crystal was murdered—and thus there would be no reason at all for me to—marry you to prevent talk and suspicion touching Alicia. That's sheer nonsense."

"You went immediately to Alicia the night the inquiry began. The night we were going to the opera and you sent Andy to take me—" She said it with a kind of impersonal detachment; a mere stating of facts.

Brule rose, paced impatiently up and down the small rug and paused in front of her to stare angrily down at her.

"Now listen to me, Rue. I did go to see Alicia that night. And we talked of Crystal's death. But understand this: in the beginning, at the time Crystal died, I really thought she had either committed suicide or had made what she intended to be merely an attempt at suicide—and the attempt had turned into the real thing. That's what I really thought."

"Why—"

"Because Crystal—Crystal was extraordinarily determined about anything she wanted. It's not a pleasant thing to say, but it's the truth; if Crystal had decided that by using a threat of suicide she could get something she wanted, she would use it as a threat. Crystal—well, just believe me when I tell you that, for it's the truth. Believe me and be patient with Madge—poor child. At any rate that's what I thought; Alicia kept hinting at murder but it didn't seem possible—then. So when the police inquiry began and I heard about those confounded letters, naturally I went straight to Alicia to ask her why she had suggested murder when she did—right after Crystal's death. I arranged to meet her about nine-thirty or so; she said she'd leave the opera and I was to pick her up in the car and I did. I didn't see you and Andy; and I did send Andy to take you because I thought you'd be disappointed about not going, and yet I had to talk to Alicia—I had to find out why, when Crystal died, as long ago as that, Alicia had thought of murder."

"And did you—"

"No. She—she either knew nothing or wouldn't tell me. She knew—or said she knew nothing of the letters. If I could only discover who wrote those letters! It's got to be someone close to us—no one else would care. I suppose I have enemies but I can't think of anyone who would do anything just like that—who would know, even, the circumstances. There's only Madge, Steven, you—"

"But I—"

"Oh, I know it stood to hurt you more than anyone else; and I know you didn't write them. At first I thought it must be Madge; she's resented your presence here and she's tried to make things as tough for you as she possibly can—don't think I've not seen that, for I have. But I kept hoping that time and patience would smooth things over. When I talked to Madge about the letters, though, she convinced me that she'd never heard of them. Steven?—well, I can't see Steven doing just that, either. Also it seemed to me he was genuinely astonished to learn of the police inquiry into Crystal's death. There's Andy—but it would hurt Andy; he was the attending physician; he wouldn't stir up trouble for himself, or for me, for that matter; Andy's loyal to me. And he rises or falls with me and he knows it; he's still dependent in a large measure upon my backing.

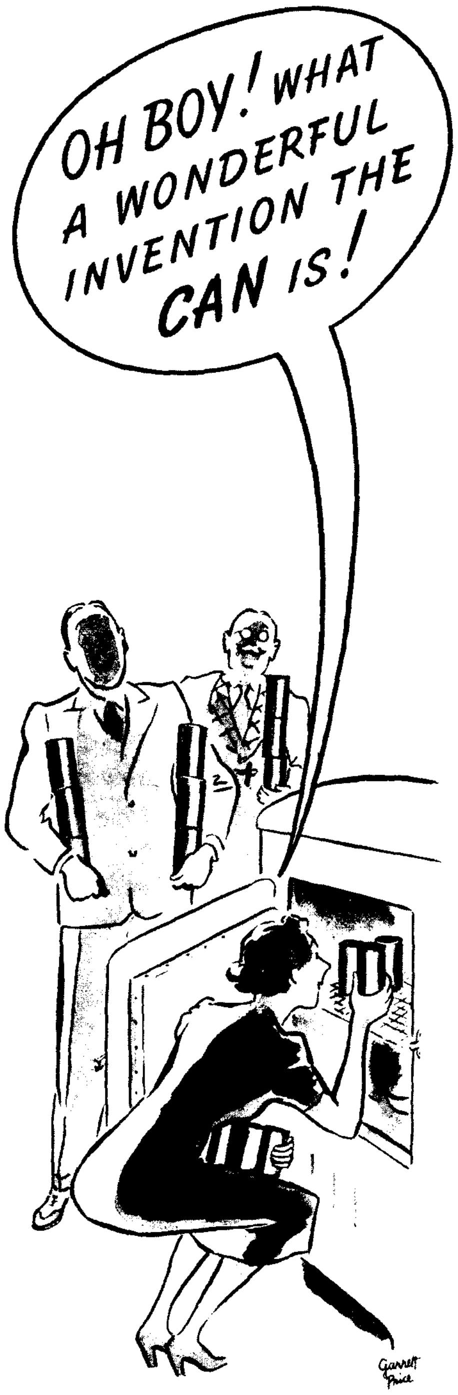
"I don't mean Andy couldn't go out and make a living without me; he could. But nevertheless he needs me. Besides Andy—well, there it is again, Andy just wouldn't do anything like that. Alicia would have no reason to write the letters. The servants, I think, are altogether out. There only remains, of the people who had opportunity to observe something of Crystal's death and who are in any way close to us and thus might have a motive, Guy—"

"Guy!"

BRULE shrugged.

"Why not? Guy's been a friend of Crystal's all his life. Mine, too, but he lived right next door to Crystal since they were both children. He handled all her business for her—and his father before him for Crystal's people; she was an only child as Guy was. Guy is a good lawyer but he has no conscience in particular; he's a good friend of mine, I think—but if there was a choice between me and Crystal I think he'd cling to Crystal's interests. But I may be wrong. I can't exactly see Guy bestirring himself for any reason like that; to avenge anybody, I mean.

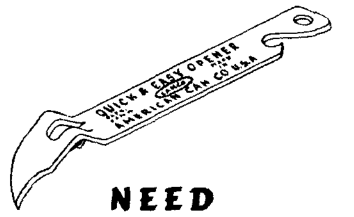
"It's—well, in a queer way it's the work of an idealist—letters like that. There might be several motives, but the first one to eliminate would be the desire to avenge Crystal's death. Who then would want to do that—if you rule out some twisted, childish notion on Madge's part? Who has that particular kind of—well, call it idealism? Conscience. Willingness to stir up all kinds of trouble, probably for himself, too, in order to get what he conceives to be the truth out in the open?"


OH BOY! WHAT A WONDERFUL INVENTION THE CAN IS!
Garrett Price

IT'S TRUE: Cans make beer easier to carry, easier to cool, and . . . .

THOUSANDS SAY "BEER TASTES BETTER IN CANS"
BEER

Next time you buy beer say "IN CANS". See how much easier it is to carry a package that's shaped like this . . . ▯ See how much easier it is to cool a package that can be stacked. Then try the delicious taste of beer that has never been exposed to harmful light. Say "IN CANS" and be sure of true beer flavor.



NEED OPENERS?

Now is the time to make sure you have a new, sharp opener. Ask your dealer to supply you.

LIGHT'S OUT

FLAVOR'S IN

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

DANGER PROOF!

SAMSON SAFE-FLEX ELECTRIC FAN WITH RUBBER BLADES

SILENT! No Metallic Z-z-zing!

Science has made a spectacular advance in electric fans . . . Samson Safe-flex with *rubber blades!*

SAFE! Gone are whirling metal-blade dangers . . . Safe-flex, at full speed, can't injure even a baby's fingers.

AND BREEZEPOWER! Safe-flex rubber blades give you as much or *more* cooling breeze than old-fashioned metal-bladed fans.

AND SILENT! By test, up to 14 times quieter than metal blades.

Samson Safe-flex rubber blades are GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS. And Safe-flex rubber-bladed fans, with all their safety, silence, breezepower and cageless beauty, *cost no more.*

See the Samson Safe-flex fans at your dealer . . . today. 24 Models to choose from!

Good Housekeeping Institute 2561

SMART CAGELESS BEAUTY. Ornament instead of eye-sore for home and office . . . because safe rubber blades make the wire guard unnecessary. 10-in. Samson stationary model, illustrated, 2-speed A. C. 7.95*

(Oscillating model 11.95)*

A CYCLONE YOU CAN'T HEAR For public places. Samson has hushed the noisy circulator fan. No louder than a low whisper across the room. Samson 24-inch pedestal model, single-speed A. C. 79.50*

3.95* **TAKE YOUR BREEZE WITH YOU.** Samson All-Purpose Fan, powerful little breeze-maker, pins on wall, clamps any place, stands anywhere.

*Prices slightly higher in Canada

SAMSON Safe-flex FANS WITH Safe RUBBER BLADES

Copyright 1938

SAMSON-UNITED CORPORATION
ROCHESTER, N. Y. • TORONTO, CANADA

"Steven—" said Rue slowly, and then caught it back in horror. "Oh, no, not Steven. Steven's too good—"

"I know. Too kind. Too—well, he's a gentleman. Besides, he's wrapped in his music; he hates anything that threatens to impinge upon him and thus hold up his work. Steven has the affection for laissez faire of any creative worker; he'll do anything, submit to anything, for peace until he's finished whatever he's working on." He paused, went back to the chair by the desk, and looked at her thoughtfully.

"Yet," he said unexpectedly, "he wouldn't be likely to carry that desire for peace—into violent action."

"I don't—"

"I mean, he wouldn't have been likely simply to murder Crystal if in some way we don't know about she threatened his peace."

"Steven—murder! It's impossible."

"Listen, Rue. After working in a great city hospital for eight years can you honestly say anything's impossible? I thought not. However—" He took a cigarette, lighted it slowly and looked at her through the little cloud of smoke. "However, I don't think Steven murdered Crystal; I'm just explaining why I think he didn't. I've had to consider Steven as a suspect—just as I've had to consider others. There's one more person who might have written those letters—Julie Garder."

That wasn't exactly possible either.

"Why?" she said after a moment.

"I don't know," he said rather wearily. "But she'd be in a position to guess that Crystal's death was murder. I knew Julie really pretty well. All those years in the surgery. She was almost too conscientious. And she was starved for the kind of life that would have given her a real balance; I mean—in her loneliness, events that another person could have taken in his stride would have with Julie loomed very large; there might have been an increasing perplexity and worry about having (as her action in coming here would indicate) actually some clue to that murder in her own possession. She might have worried and seethed secretly for months. And finally, as a sop to her conscience, written those letters.

"She wouldn't have wanted to make a public accusation; she had her own future to consider and I," said Brule rather grimly, "was in a position to make or mar that future. I think Julie wrote those letters. I think she had some definite clue in her possession; I think she came here (when because of her efforts the police inquiry actually opened) to talk to you about that clue. And—I think you have it, too. Except you don't know what it is."

"I don't—there's nothing—"

"There must be. Think well, Rue—"

"I have thought—"

"IT MUST be some small thing; something that you remember of Crystal's illness and death—or that you could remember. But something that was so natural, so completely a part of the routine of things, that it means nothing to you. I mean it—whatever it is—must have no special significance in your mind. Or at least it wouldn't have had until the fact of murder shed the—light of significance."

"But I—Brule, there's nothing."

He watched her anxiously for a moment. He had the faculty for commanding response, for drawing upon inactive reserve. But Rue had already traveled that path many times and found nothing at all at the end of it. He said at last:

"Would it help you remember events of that day if we could find the charts?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't know. Somehow I don't think they were destroyed. But Gross can remember nothing about them. I certainly didn't take them away from Crystal's room. Madge says she doesn't even remember seeing them; I've even asked Steven about them and he said, 'Charts? What charts?' I know Crystal's medicines were thrown out; Rachel, I remember—or someone—asked me about them and I said, naturally, throw them away."

Rue said after a moment: "If you thought of suicide—"

"Crystal wouldn't have put poison in her medicine. She would have taken it alone. And now it seems she didn't do that."

"BRULE, who could have put the poison in the glass in my room?"

"Do you mean actually and literally, who *could* have put it there? Anyone in the house, of course; anyone who could have got hold of the stuff. That limits it. Madge, Alicia, Steven and I were in the house—rather I wasn't actually in the house at the time. That's another thing, Rue, that convinces me you must have some extremely important bit of evidence in your possession even if you don't know it. For that attempt on your life—wasn't really an attempt on your life. I mean it wasn't meant to succeed."

"You mean it was a—threat?"

"Exactly. You've thought that yourself, haven't you? You see, even if you had poured water into the glass, you would have known at your first taste that there was something wrong. You'd never have taken enough to kill you."

"It's not been—exactly pleasant. Thinking of it—" said Rue.

"It was a threat. Think of it only as that."

"Who—"

"I don't know. Madge—so far as I know—has had no access at all to the stuff that was found in the glass. Alicia—I don't know about, but I'd say offhand she wouldn't have had them with her, that night, for she had no chance to send for her things. Steven, of course, has a supply of practically everything there is."

"Steven!"

"Certainly. He's had neuritis for years; every time he gets an attack he gets scared about his hands. The only thing I can do for him is to keep him supplied with all kinds of sedatives."

"Then Steven had the poison that was found—" her voice broke off. Brule nodded coolly.

"Oh, yes. The poison found in Crystal's body and in Julie's. None of those drugs are harmful except in excess. But I had access to them, too; and Andy. And you yourself, Rue—"

She leaned forward again, anxiously.

"Brule, there's something that's worried me. I'm afraid the police have found it. Yet if they have I don't see what's keeping them from arresting me at once. I—"

"Arresting you!" He got quickly to his feet and came to stand beside her.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"My—I had a lot of medicines. In a little bag. Left over from nursing—you know how a nurse gradually acquires a lot of medicine."

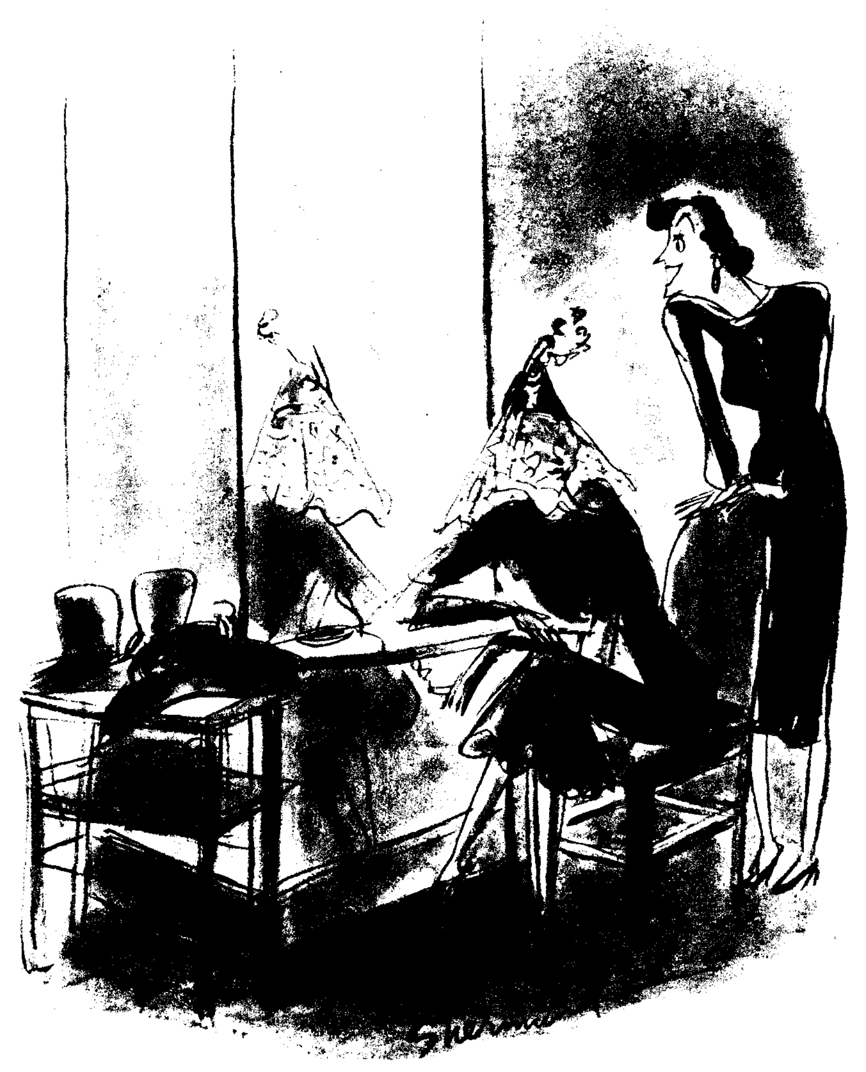
"Where is it?"

"I DON'T know. I brought it here—in a trunk I think, along with my other things. It may be in my room; I can't think where else it would be; there are shelves and drawers in the dressing room; it must have been placed there. Rachel might remember; she helped me unpack. But I've been—I haven't wanted to ask her. And the police have closed the room. I've had to ask permission just to go in and get—clothes and things; a policeman watching me all the time. I couldn't search for the bag—"

"What was in it?"

"I don't remember exactly; a pretty complete supply, I suppose."

"Nurses," said Brule. "Good God,



"Another thing—it saves on facials"

BARBARA SHERMUND

Rue, you never need medicine! You're as healthy as a kitten."

"I didn't keep them for myself—you know how it is when you're on private duty. How often something like that is needed and the doctor tells you to give it and it's a help not to have to send out—"

He interrupted her: "Oh, I know, I know. They all do it! The whole point is, was there morphine in your drug supply?"

"Yes, of course. I don't know how much. I'd never had occasion to draw on my own supply; it had accumulated gradually. There couldn't have been much."

"But enough," said Brule, "enough—" The look on his face frightened her. He saw that, too, and said quickly: "Well—when the room is opened we'll have a look. If the police found it they would have arrested you. Instantly. So almost certainly they didn't. If someone else did—we'll find it. Look here, Rue—" He put his hand suddenly under her chin, lifting her face so he could look directly, deeply into it.

"Rue—it's asking a lot, perhaps. It's asking a—a little blindness and a lot of faith on your part. But will you—trust me? And do the things I've asked you to do?"

His hand cradled her chin softly. She had all at once, with breath-taking sharpness, a desire to turn her face, moving it softly against that hand. So her lips touched it.

The unexpectedness, the sheer craziness of the impulse gave her a queer kind of shock.

Trust him, he'd said. Do what he asked. But that meant accept Alicia's presence and all that presence implied.

PRIDE is a luxury of price.

She moved her face from the caressing cradle of his hand. She stood up and turned toward the door.

"I can't do anything else," she said clearly but, despite herself, not quite naturally, and went away.

But that night all the things he'd said haunted her. There were at least two things he had not mentioned; neither had the newspapers, in all their long and repetitious accounts, mentioned either of them. One was the matter of the telephone call that had taken Brule and the policeman out of the house that first night after Julie's murder. It had been a false errand. Who did it and what had been its purpose? Brule had said nothing of it. The police must know of it, since one of them had actually accompanied Brule. This provided, too, an alibi for Brule at the time she herself knew that that intruder had crept, so silently and so knowingly, into her room. If Brule had needed an alibi.

The other omission was, again, the matter of the stain on Julie's hands.

Brule had talked of it once briefly and dismissed it. The police had apparently kept that detail (and how many others, she wondered, of which she knew nothing?) from the newspapers.

Yet Brule did not seem to feel it of enough importance to consider at length. Or was it that he thought it was of so much importance that he wouldn't talk of it? To them, at any rate?

If Alicia, Rue thought once in the silent, dark hours of the night—if Alicia had crept into her room and put the powder in the glass as a threat, then it wasn't Alicia who had put in that telephone call whose only purpose, so far as they knew, was to call Brule away from the house. For Alicia was in the house at the time and couldn't have made the telephone call. Or wait—could she? There was an outside telephone in the kitchen, on a line not connected with the house telephone, a convenience for household ordering, and for the servants. She pursued that thought for a moment and then rejected it; for Alicia to go to the kitchen, downstairs and through halls, escape the policeman on guard and make the telephone call would have been far more difficult than simply to enter Rue's room without going to the elaborate precautions of getting Brule and the policeman (and Kendal, but that was unimportant) out of the house. And she thought, too (and tried not to think), of what Alicia had said of Rue's marriage to Brule—and what Brule had not said.

IT WAS the next day that Rue went to the hospital.

Another brooding, sullen day, with lights on in the long, narrow house, and with Madge as sullen as the day. Alicia had breakfast in her room—rather, Madge's room. Steven looked ill and scarcely spoke. Brule left early.

It was that morning, too, after Rue (without telling anyone what she planned to do) had ordered the car, that her own bedroom was at last opened. Police arrived early as usual; they had grown more accustomed, by that time, to the ubiquity of police. Even to the bouts of constant questioning, which, so far, had taken no new turn.

Rue went immediately to the opened room—she stood for a moment at the threshold, thinking of Crystal and thinking of Julie. The room was in slight disorder; it had evidently been searched minutely.

She went to the large, cupboard-lined dressing room.

She was still searching when Rachel, neat and efficient in her crisp morning uniform, appeared in the doorway and asked if she could help.

Rue, standing on a footstool in order to search a shelf, sighed and got down.

"I'm looking for a small brown leather bag," she said. "I think it was somewhere here—on a shelf perhaps. Have you seen it?"

Rachel hadn't. Together they looked again, but the little bag, shabby from years of constant use, was not there.

Rachel vaguely remembered it.

"Rachel," said Rue on an impulse, "there's something else that's been lost. Perhaps someone has already questioned you—"

Rachel's rather broad, dark face was blank.

"Yes, Madam?" she said inquiringly.

Rue took the plunge.

"When Mrs. Hatterick—I mean—"

"The first Mrs. Hatterick—"

"Yes. When she was ill we kept what we called charts—sheets of paper, printed forms, on which we wrote the progress of her illness—things like her temperature and the medicine that was given and—"

"Yes, Madam."

"You remember?"

"Yes, Madam. They were kept on a little table by the door."

"Exactly. Rachel, after she died and when the room was cleaned, do you know what happened to those charts?"

THE blankness on Rachel's face had intensified itself.

"No, Madam," she said instantly.

It was too prompt.

"You've—already been questioned about it?" said Rue slowly, watching the maid.

"Yes, Madam. The police and Dr. Hatterick and also Dr. Crittenden questioned me. I know nothing of the chart."

"But you—it was you who cleaned the room afterward."

"Yes, Madam. But I know nothing at all of the chart."

She's lying, thought Rue, and attempted persuasion.

"No one would blame you. Rachel, if you had put them away some place and forgotten them. Or—even if you know what happened to the charts but didn't want to tell the police for fear of getting

Have a nice vacation AND...

DON'T FORGET BORAXO!

Planning to fish?... Go boating?... Play lots of tennis or golf?... You'll find that Boraxo not only *cleans* dirty hands, cold water or warm, but does a real job on odors and stains besides.

DON'T FORGET BORAXO!

Even the stubbornest ground-in grime comes off when you use Boraxo... and it's just as *gentle* to young hands and knees as it is fast-acting. Nothing else is like Boraxo.

Boraxo cleans hands fast and gently... even in cold water. Does the job when plain soap won't!

DON'T FORGET BORAXO!

Always keep a can of Boraxo in your car. *Grime* from driving or changing tires, *grease* from tinkering on the engine... they're just what Boraxo's for! Gets 'em off almost like magic.

BORAXO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CLEANS HANDS

TUNE IN "Death Valley Days," the Old Ranger's radio dramas of the Old West—a full half-hour every week. See local papers for time. Pacific Coast Borax Company, New York; Los Angeles.

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

"It's the flavour"
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Glasgow, Scotland
86 PROOF

TEACHER'S *consistent* quality explains Teacher's persistent popularity. Men like Teacher's *balanced* taste. It is hearty, but never heavy . . . it's smooth, but never too sweet. And, of course, it is always the same everywhere.

Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS, Schieffelin & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

yourself in any way involved in this—this horrible thing. No one would blame you; you could still tell me."

The very slight hesitation, the swift weighing of what Rue had said and the instant of choice, convinced Rue. For the maid's eyes wavered, then fixed boldly and with determination upon Rue's. She said:

"I know nothing of them, Madam. Shall I clean the room now and prepare it for Madam?"

In the car Rue pondered over it.

Kendal had been waiting at the curb; Madge had been in the hall when Rue left, had noted her coat and hat and that the car was waiting, dark eyes observant. Rue said to Gross: "I'll be at home shortly after noon. Not for lunch."

"Yes, Madam. If the police ask for you shall I tell them—"

Always the police! "Yes, certainly."

A small car pulled away from the curb a few doors down the street and, unobtrusively, followed them.

She had taken one of the morning papers from the table in the hall. Kendal's square shoulders were like a black wall in front. The streets were cold; the sky was gray and heavy. A cold wind came off the lake.

She unrolled and glanced at the paper. Headlines, of course. A complete résumé of the inquest. Long columns of print, of necessity repetitious. Halfway down one column she found again her own story of the day Julie was murdered. There was nothing significant: Gross and the maids had followed their usual routine. She read Andy's statement; he had been at the office all morning except for a brief sick call at the hospital; he had lunched at a little restaurant on Michigan Boulevard, had made three sick calls at homes, had been in the hospital until four-thirty and had just returned to the office when he'd had Gross' telephone call. He'd arrived at the Hatterick house just as Dr. Hatterick had arrived; they had entered together. He had noticed nothing unusual about the body (it was an oblique allusion to Julie's hands, the first one Rue had seen). There followed a statement about Crystal's illness—a repetition of the statement Andy had already made to Miller and the rabbity little Funk that first night.

The night they'd gone to the opera together.

The night Andy had said he loved her and had loved her for a long time. "I used to watch for you in the hospital," he'd said. "Among all the white uniforms and white caps I always knew the little square set of your shoulders, the smooth knot of yellow hair under your perky little cap." It was as if he repeated it, word for word. He'd said other things, too; and Andy was young and he loved her and she needed—oh, desperately needed that refuge and assurance.

SHE thought of him all the way to the hospital—through the crowded Loop, almost brutal in its suggestion of power, along the strip of narrow, unknown back streets. Andy was loyal; Andy loved her; with him at least there would be no more heartache, no more Alicia.

The hospital, when they reached it, looked enormous, dotted with lights, looming stark and huge against the lowering gray sky. Great bluish windows on the fourth floor told her they were operating that morning. Who, she wondered automatically, was working there?

She had told no one that she was going to the hospital.

It had been an overnight decision. Somewhere in the record of Julie's last day of life lay the secret of her death.

Rue's mind touched again that curious story told by the bartender; curious because *if someone had been with Julie* it would not have been curious.

Something about Elizabeth Donney had perhaps suggested that trip—some intangible girding of herself against the questions hurled at her; that and the friendliness in the nod she'd given Rue.

But when she reached the hospital it was a little grim and forbidding.

The doorman didn't remember her. The girl at the desk was new. She made her way at last to the nurses' dormitory. Elizabeth Donney was on duty. But three nurses of her own graduating class were not on duty; they would tell Elizabeth that Rue had asked for her; they were anxious to talk; they exclaimed, too, hailing her back to the fold. There was (which was a tribute to Rue) a kind of extra flippancy and matter-of-fact acceptance of her, as if they wanted to show her that her marriage to the supreme emperor of their world would raise no barrier that their mutual respect and affection could not pass.

And they talked of Julie, soberly, trying not to show the horror they felt. The trouble was they knew nothing; Julie, by some miracle of secrecy, had even kept the fact of the police inquiry from them; they hadn't known Julie had intended to see Rue, much less why.

Rue went away at last. It was as she went away that she met Andy.

He stopped short.

"Rue! What on earth are you doing here? Is Brule with you?"

And when she said no, he insisted on her going to lunch with him.

"I'm ready to go back to the office," he said. "Did Kendal bring you? Dismiss him and I'll take you home in my car after lunch. I've got to talk to you, Rue."

Why not? thought Rue, and went.

Andy placed her in the seat beside him. He smiled at her as he took the wheel.

"How I've wanted to have you just there," he said and put his hand on her own, "all wrapped in your furs with your little hat on one side so I can see your lovely hair and your eyes—Rue, did anybody ever tell you that your eyes really are exactly like stars? Except they're blue."

"No one," said Rue. "You've an Irish tongue, Andy."

But it warmed her, nevertheless. Except—she glanced at Andy's profile as he turned into the traffic. Handsome, regular, boyish; queer, thought Rue, how much better she liked Andy when she was away from him.

If the police car followed them, as it must have done, Rue did not know, for she didn't look for it.

THEY lunched at the Blenton, in the old, mellowed room overlooking the lake with the flow of traffic directly below their window and the lake stretching away in cold gray to meet an equally cold gray sky.

Crimson-shaded lamps were on the tables, and flowers. Andy was anxious about the lunch, ordering with care; everything was to be just so, he explained to the waiter. And, as it always is, his anxiety for perfection was a subtle compliment to Rue.

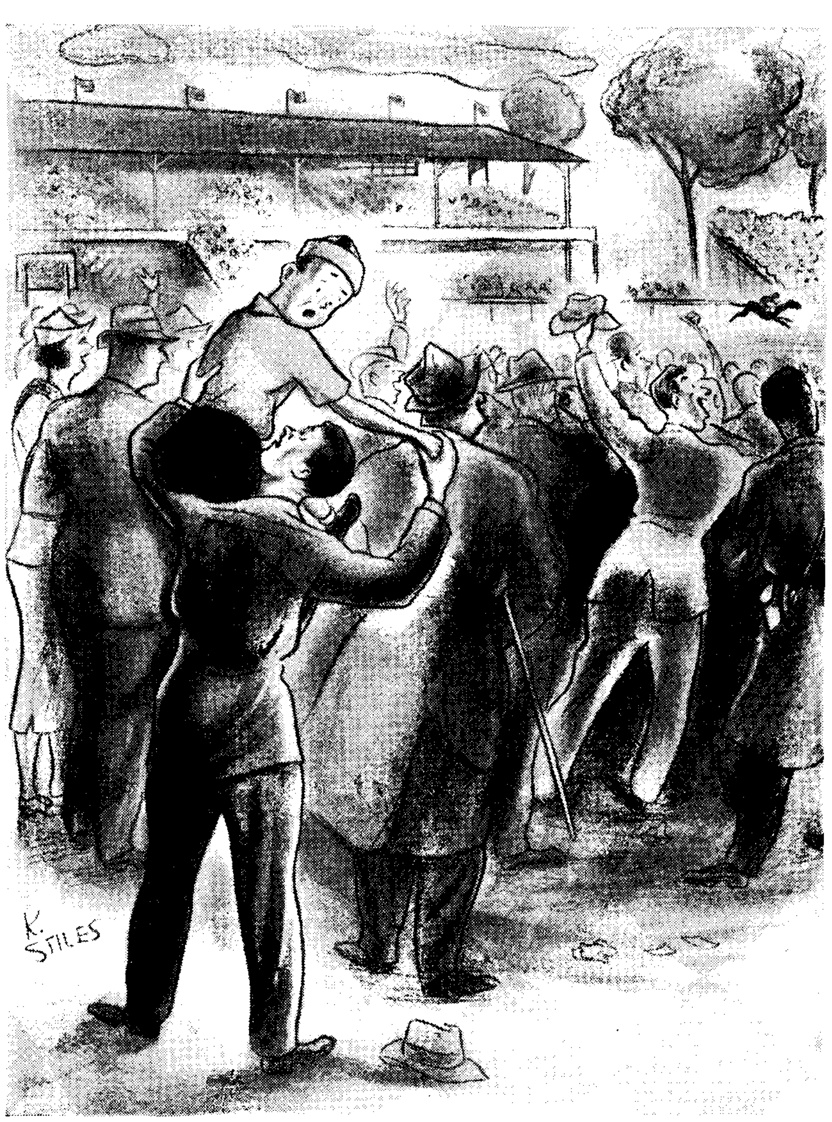
"Nice," he said, "isn't it? When have I had you alone! Oh, darling, I've been starving for you—"

Rue looked at him with a little dismay; she was inexpressibly grateful for him, but she was unused to fervencies in speech.

"Starving for lunch, you mean."

He looked wounded and covered it. And melon came, chilled exactly to suit Andy.

Luckily they saw no one they knew; it would have reminded them of the ugly thing that, for those moments, Rue was



"Pop, promise you won't drop me if I tell you where your horse finished!"

KIRK STILES

trying instinctively to forget. Andy helped her. He talked of anything and everything; and made love to her gaily, as if there were no obstacles between them, as if they were carefree and young and had all life before them. With nothing tragic to forget.

Or to face.

Coffee came at last; and the things they must talk of could no longer be pushed aside. Andy began it:

"I talked to Brule this morning. Have they found your nursing kit, Rue?"

She shook her head. "We looked for it this morning, Rachel and I. And I asked Rachel about the charts; I think she knows where they are; the charts for Crystal's illness, I mean."

They talked of it; and of the inquest; and of Rue's trip to the hospital.

"Alicia is still at the house?" asked Andy at last.

She looked at her small coffee cup.

"Yes."

"Oh, Rue—Rue, how much longer—"

"No, Andy. Don't talk of it."

"But I must, Rue. It's so unfair to you. Doesn't Brule even offer to—to explain? To give her up? To—"

Brule. He'd asked her not to see too much of Andy. But lunch with Andy was so small a thing; and she'd needed the bolstering that Andy supplied. The friendly reassurance he gave her.

Or was that all? Had she really, deep in her heart, come to a decision of some kind—a decision that was like a fire laid in the hearth, ready for a flame to light it?

There was something obscurely inept about the simile. Fire? Flame?

Her hand lay on the cloth, beside the lamp. No one could see and Andy again put his own hand over it. He leaned forward and there was something urgent in his gray eyes, something urgent on his tongue and about to be spoken.

But she never knew what he'd been about to say. For a man stopped beside their table and said, "Well—hello, there—" and it was Brule.

Speaking with the utmost coolness and nonchalance except his eyes were so bright and his face so masklike.

"Do you mind if I join you?" he said.

ANDY relinquished Rue's hand. Brule had seen it, of course. A waiter, hovering, brought an extra chair and Andy had got to his feet. Then both men were seated again and there was a menu card in Brule's hands. Menu cards, reflected Rue, are such a help; be nonchalant, look at a menu card.

He ordered quickly.

"Have you been at the hospital?" he asked Andy.

"Yes," said Andy, "that's where I picked up Rue. Were you operating this morning? I didn't see you."

Brule shook his head.

"No. I was at the office. Just happened to come in here for lunch and saw you both."

That, thought Rue, is not the truth. Yet there was no way for Brule to know that they were there; they hadn't known themselves that they'd be lunching together or that they would be at the Blenton. How could he have known it, then?

Andy apparently believed it.

But after his arrival it was different. The music, the flowers, the lights, the soothing little chatter of voices lost their power to lull her into gaiety; became all at once just so many pleasant props to a stage setting. Now that Brule had arrived, the delusion of escape vanished.

Brule was, as always, quietly hurried. He ate with dispatch and a good appetite and ordered brandy afterward.

"I'll take Rue home," he said briskly, while the brandy made a bright hot little lane down Rue's throat. "I'm going that way."

They went together to the door, passing tables—which seemed quite suddenly silent and observant as they passed, as they had not been silent and observant until Brule, whom everybody knew, had joined Rue and Andy. They went past the bowing but reserved headwaiter who said. "Good afternoon, Dr. Hatterick," and down the broad steps. In the palm-laden lobby Andy said he had to get back to the office and gave Rue a long look that tried to tell her the things he couldn't say. But the gaiety of their lunch seemed now false and thin.

THEIR ride along Michigan Boulevard homeward was silent. Brule didn't say, I told you not to see too much of Andy. He didn't say anything.

Gross opened the door and took Brule's coat and hat. There was music there, too, coming from Steven's studio.

"I wish he wouldn't play that," said Rue sharply and unexpectedly.

"That?" said Brule, glancing quickly at her.

"It's the thing he was playing—when Julie died." She felt a wave of impatient distaste. "Arabesque, he calls it."

"Oh," said Brule, and Gross said:

"The police are here again, sir. Waiting to see Madam."

"I see," he turned. "Well, Rue. I'll go with you."

But they wanted to see Rue alone, it developed—politely, for Oliver Miller did the talking and he was always oily with politeness. Brule went away and Rue, wondering if she would ever grow accustomed to those frequent, unpredictable bouts of questioning, sat down and, as usual, tried to hold herself steady, and tried not to show fright.

The difficult thing about those interviews was the unexpected way in which the detectives thrust new evidence into them, pouncing on her in the middle of familiar and worn paths of inquiry to ask something totally new and unexpected. Today it was keys.

Keys to the Hatterick house.

Through what long and tedious avenues of inquiry Rue could only guess, they had discovered the locksmith who had made Alicia's key. He had made it at Crystal's order. They knew the date, over a year ago, now, and they knew that it had been given to Alicia on the day the locksmith had delivered it.

But he had made two keys.

Did Rue know anything of an extra key?

Rue didn't.

"Gross would know," she told them.

The little Funk, standing in the shadow of a window curtain, darted forward, looking very grimy and scared, and said that Gross didn't know.

"All the members of the household except Miss Madge have keys and Gross himself has a key. He says that's all there are."

"Perhaps someone lost a key and the extra one was to replace it," said Rue. It seemed an extraordinarily tenuous kind of clue—if clue they considered it.

She thought there was a kind of doubt on their faces as if they agreed with her unspoken thought.

"Perhaps," said Miller a little heavily. "But Gross says there's been no key missing."

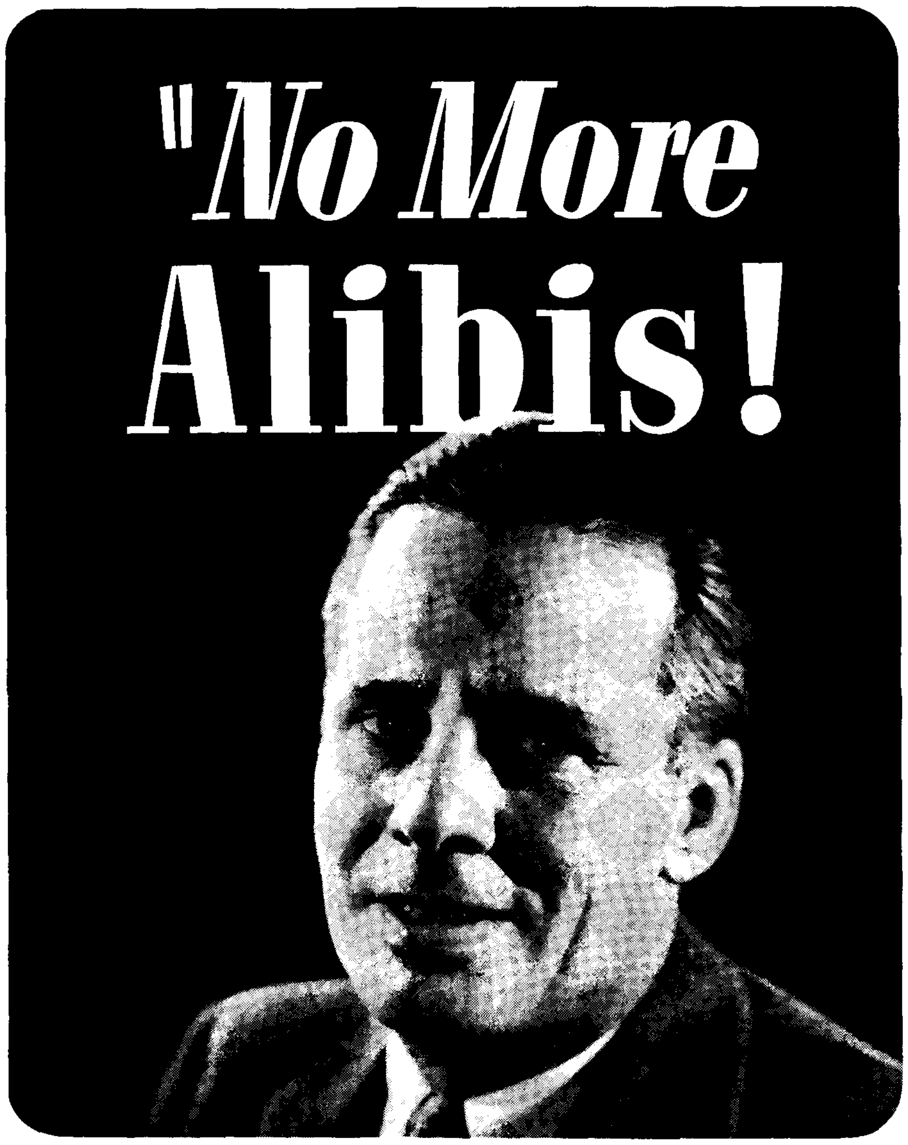
"But—but there are so many possibilities; an extra key—"

"I know," said Miller. "But the maids and the cook insist they have none, that Gross does all the locking and unlocking. He thought you might have had it, Mrs. Hatterick. Or know something about it."

"Well, I don't," said Rue a little crisply. "I have—" she searched in her flat bag and drew out a smoothly worn key. "I have this one. That's all."

They let her go after a few more questions—again about the time and manner of Julie's arrival. They said nothing, that time, of Crystal's death.

(To be continued next week)



"No More Alibis!

I'm going to quit fooling myself...
AND FLY ON MY NEXT TRIP!"

EXCUSES are a dime a dozen. For years I've invented reasons for being afraid to fly... afraid of something I know nothing about. But, yesterday, I got a new slant...

Our district managers were in town. Many of them had flown in on American Airlines. At lunch they were talking about the comfort and roominess of those big Flagships.

Bill Johnston asked me, "Don't you find flying the most enjoyable way to travel?"

So there I was on the spot... ashamed to admit I'd never been up. Later, I got to thinking. "What," I wondered, "makes me so different from men who look upon flying as an accepted, pleasant part of everyday life? Why can't I feel the same way?"

Then it dawned on me. *These* men had flown. Had learned about flying through *actual experience.* What held me back was simply ignorance . . . the old fear of the unknown.

I said to myself, "You don't think twice about driving a car or riding in an elevator. Yet, not so long ago it was common to hesitate about doing those very things. Now they're a vital part of life. *And so is flying!* A man living today owes it to himself to find out what flying is like!"

So no more alibis for me. The next trip I make—I'm going to fly!

ATTRACTIVE LOW FARES—

If you travel first class, you can certainly afford to fly American. Check these typical low fares:

Detroit-Chicago	$13.25	Washington-Chicago	$36.00
New York-Chicago	$44.95	Dallas-New York	$82.60
New York-Los Angeles	$149.95	Cincinnati-New York	$37.05

And you save 10% on round trip tickets.

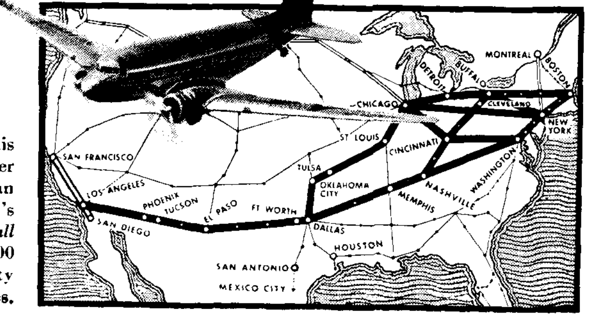
No charge for meals in flight.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR THE NEAREST AMERICAN AIRLINES' OFFICE

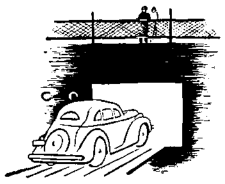
AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.

Another Record Year!

In 1937 . . . when air travel in this country passed the million passenger mark for the second time... American Airlines broke its own previous world's record. 300,571 people or 30% of *all* U. S. passengers flew over 123,000,000 passenger miles on American's mighty Flagship Skysleepers and Club Planes.



PLAN YOUR VACATION
TO INCLUDE THE
Great Lakes



Have you ever sailed the greatest lakes in the world? If you haven't—you've missed an ideal vacation-land. For the Great Lakes offer a multitude of opportunities for pleasure seekers.

Over these inland oceans sail the largest liners on inland waters. Spacious and comfortable, D & C steamships are as fully equipped for your enjoyment as many transatlantic liners. All types of accommodations are available. These big boats—the finest ships on the Great Lakes—are famed for their fine food and superb service.

If you're motoring between the East and West—put your car on a D & C liner and sail across Lake Erie. It will be a refreshing interlude in your trip.

See your local travel agent about low-cost vacation cruises on the D & C Lines. Make this year your Great Lakes year!

- D & C liners sail between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo (Niagara Falls). Also to Chicago, Mackinac Island and St. Ignace. Embark at any port.

Passenger Department C-2
D & C NAVIGATION CO., Detroit, Michigan
Please send me illustrated folder containing fares and schedules.

Name____________________

Address____________________

____

D&C LAKE LINES
THE GREAT LAKES WAY

70th Anniversary Year

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Runaway

Continued from page 17

each woman wrapped in her own thoughts. "One more thing," she added, getting to her feet. "This has stunned me in a way. Would you mind—for a day or two—not talking any more about it? Then, if there's anything to say—and I don't see why there should be—we can talk about it again. I'll be more used to it."

"That's a good idea," Sarah said simply. She put out lights downstairs. She and Becky went upstairs together, kissed each other in the upper hall without further words, and parted for the night.

Becky went into her own room, went to the wide open window that was flooded in white moonlight, knelt down and let the silver river flood over her. Fog undulated gently in the garden; there was a sweet keen smell of dew on summer dust, and tarweed, and ripening apples in the air.

"Two months ago I didn't know Gavin," she presently said half aloud. "Now—this. Everything gone. All the past gone. And my whole life changed. My mother's wedding ring, eh? And another to go with it."

She had taken from its hiding place another ring. Gavin had given it to her. He had said: "Keep it until I put it on in church," and here it was, touching the gold ring that was all she knew of her mother.

Rebecca held the two warmly in her hand, and looked out across the summer meadows toward San Francisco, and fell to dreaming.

"Well, Mother," she said, "you weren't afraid to trust me to a woman you hardly knew! It's not so strange that I'm willing to follow Gavin to the end of the world! I guess we're both runaways, you and I."

SHE, Rebecca Gibson, was on the morning train going to San Francisco on a bitter cold day of keen winds and cold sunshine, white frosts and frozen wheel ruts. The fears that had been battering about her soul like beaked birds had drifted away, leaving behind them blessed peace. There was only the rumble of the train now, and the occasional jangle of a crossing bell to underscore her busy thoughts.

She was running away at last. It was eleven o'clock. She had never planned to leave on a morning train; that would have seemed too hard to manage. But here she was, with Salletts behind her, her money snugly pinned to her inner clothing, her suitcase at her feet.

For the past two hours she had been frightened, and the relief from that fright was so great that she kept returning to the thought of it. Since exactly ten minutes after nine o'clock she had been escaping from everything, risking everything, fearing everything. Every familiar voice had held a menace in it; every familiar setting had seemed full of danger.

She had received Mrs. Kinpaw's letter at nine. Becky had been, as usual, in the kindergarten, superintending the children's last quarter hour of play before marshaling them into the schoolroom, when the postman had arrived. A letter from San Francisco and not from Gavin, she had marveled, tearing it open.

It had been written in pencil on lined tablet paper, and signed "Mrs. D. Kinpaw." The address was on Ellis Street in San Francisco.

"Dear Miss Gibson," Mrs. Kinpaw had written, "thought you might be the one to notify that Mr. Flood is sick with flu and will not go to the hospital although advised. Has been laid up for a week now and no signs of improvement. Asked him last night if he would like to have anyone notified in case of fatal termination of his illness, which, frankly speaking, is now pneumonia, and this morning he said you. Will keep you informed although hoping of course for the best."

Becky had read it, the solid earth wheeling upon its foundations about her as she read. She had put it into her sweater pocket and gone blindly toward the car, saying no farewells, leaving no explanations. She had gone straight home, finding her mother busy in the kitchen.

"What'd you forget?" Sarah had called unsuspectingly. "My press key," Becky had called back. She had forgotten before this to take the press key to school.

She had gone upstairs, had commenced feverishly, swiftly packing, fearing at any minute that her mother might come up. But Sarah had not come, and Becky had carried her suitcase downstairs unobserved. She had put it and her big coat into the back of the car, had gone to the kitchen.

"Mother," she said with a quick kiss, "I'm parking the car outside of the Exchange. I'm going to San Francisco. Gavin's dying. I'll be back. I'll write if he lives. But he's got pneumonia, and the woman who runs the place where he's staying says he won't live. Goodby, darling. Don't be mad at me!"

"Becky"—Sarah had clutched at the girl's hand. "Listen! Promise me you'll write; you'll come back. My darling, I'll worry so about you! Let me know—"

"I will!" Another kiss, a message for the boys, and Becky had vanished.

Becky had hastily planned as she went. First to the bank for the precious six hundred and twenty-one dollars, then to the station to check her bag, and then to the Exchange. Becky had smelled the good smell of the oiled floor and the bags of wheat and peppermint candy and red-stamped rubber hoses, had wondered when she would come into the Exchange again.

"Your pa's out, Beck," old Cassell had told her regretfully, pushing his eyeglasses up on his bald forehead, laying down his pen. "He and Lou Clark went over to Midden Ridge to see 'f they could get some beef. Seems the Masons want three hundred one-pound steaks for tomorrow night, and Spence and Lou are roundin' 'em up ev'vywheres they can git 'em! He won't be back for some time."

Well, that had been a relief. Becky had scribbled a message, had walked to the train. She had had twelve minutes to wait, an endless time in which imaginary obstructions had arisen on all sides, fears of her mother arriving reproachful and pleading. Mart Kane from the bank to say there was something wrong about the money, Joe Feratta, accidentally destined to go to San Francisco on the same train and amazed to see Becky there, the stationmaster to say that the twelve-ten wasn't running today.

Nothing of the sort had happened. She had bought her ticket, found her seat, tipped old man Musto who had placed her bag at her seat.

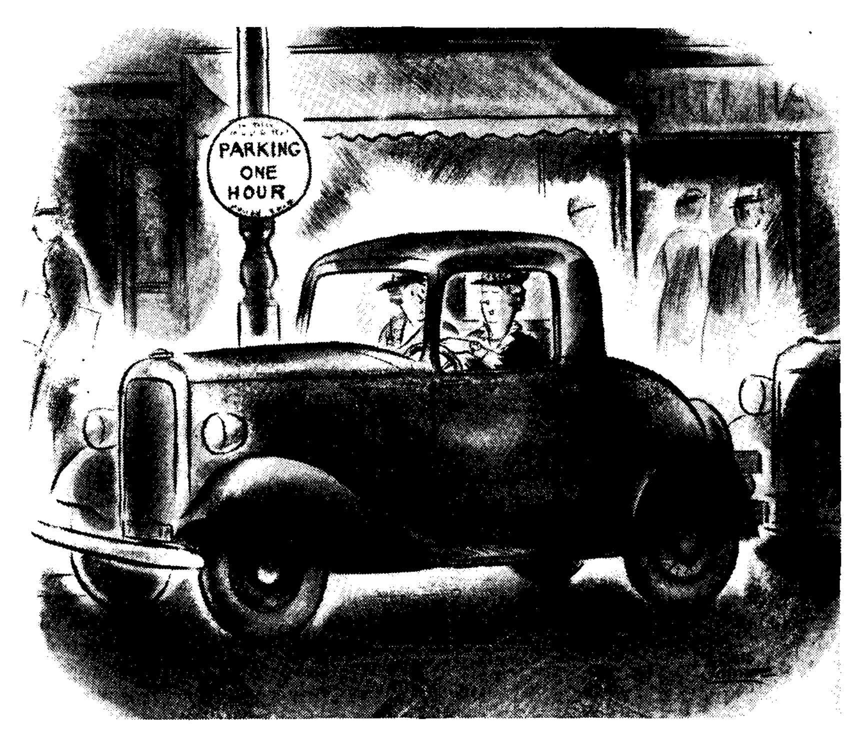
"We don't often have you with us, Miss Gibson!" David Fess had said, punching her ticket. "Return, hey? Comin' right back."

"I think in a few days." He had brought her a detective magazine, had told her that Emily had written her mother to come down; not long to wait now.

NOW she was safely on her way. She was going to Gavin. The train rushed on. The world outside the windows looked cold and bleak, with heavy clouds obscuring the sun, as they neared the city, and the little houses near the tracks withdrawn into themselves. Plumes of smoke rose from their chimneys and were snatched and torn to shreds by sudden winds. Shabby places, with garbage barrels and children's broken wheel toys in evidence, stripped trees, littered dooryards.

She must read her magazine. She must not think that Gavin could die. Oh, then, what? Would she go back to Salletts, and apologize for running away, and some day marry Joe— No, never Joe! What could she do that would not be desolation and emptiness—

She opened her magazine. She would not think.



"Just be patient. . . . The hour's almost up"

LOUIS JAMME

It was almost one o'clock when she crossed the San Francisco Bay and found herself at the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street. Becky was hungry, but she did not know it. The air struck her coldly as she left the warm train, and she felt shaken by chill, and nervous and anxious, but she did not think of hunger. She got into a taxi and gave the Ellis Street address. In five minutes she was descending before a dark-looking wooden building whose bay windows, draped in filthy soft lace curtains, were wedged tightly in between a languishing establishment that sold secondhand plumbing and a restaurant with a much-gilded downstairs window full of steaks and green peppers, whose side doorway was crowded with the cards of fortune tellers, dressmakers, foot specialists and passport photograph studios.

BECKY rang, was admitted by a small pale Japanese woman in a dirty sacking apron who simply pointed upstairs. Lugging her bag and beginning to feel actually frightened now, Becky obeyed the direction and reached a small upper hallway bounded by many varnished brown doors in the last stages of peeling and chipping. One was open and in a room beyond she saw a stout, dyed-haired woman working on her nails.

The room was over-furnished in red plush, the woman's house dress was red, her full wrinkled face was red. Red crimps were pressed down damply upon her forehead with a gauze rag. She looked sharply at Becky as the girl came panting in, and said quickly, "Close that door."

Becky shut it, smiled a faint uncertain smile, and asked, "Does Mr. Gavin Flood live here?"

"Oh?" the woman said, in a rather flat voice. "You aren't from Portland?"

"No. I'm from Salletts. Someone wrote me. A Mrs. —" Becky fumbled in her bag. "I've the letter here—" she was going on, when the woman nodded and said briefly:

"Kinpaw. That's me. . . . Yes," she went on after a moment as Becky regarded her expectantly and did not speak. Indeed Becky's mood at the moment was one of such utter panic that she could not speak. "He's here," said Mrs. Kinpaw. "The Daniel House, next door, is full, and they sent him over to me. I rent rooms downstairs."

She was leading the way downstairs as she spoke, and Becky, picking up her bag, followed her. The girl felt almost faint by this time, but she was too much frightened and depressed to appreciate that it was long past her usual lunchtime. She was only conscious that the incense-scented close air of the horrible place was making her ill.

In what once had been the back parlor of a somewhat pretentious double house, a dark room lighted just now by a narrow window jutting on a well and by the bulb of a red-shaded dim lamp, she found Gavin. He was very ill, so ill that Becky forgot everything else in instant, desperate concern for his life. Her brother Spin had almost died of pneumonia two winters before after a crazy fishing trip with the Butler boys; she had seen him look like this during the dreadful night when she and her mother and father had sat up in hourly expectation of the end. She knew there was not much to do, but tearing off her hat and coat, she prepared to do that little.

"I want ice here, and a towel, and some milk. And have you a little stove? He ought to have hot milk every two hours. Where's the nearest drugstore? When was the doctor here?"

Gavin, almost unrecognizable, was lying on a couch whose dark day cover of mottled green and black chenille, heavily bordered with fringe, was part of his bedding. It was tangled in among limp spotted sheets and dirty blankets; his pillow had protruded from a torn case; his rough uncombed head rested on the stained ticking. He had not been shaved for days; a rough stubble covered his chin, all but disguising him; his swollen lips were cracked and black and his eyes sunk into pits equally discolored. As Becky, with a little cry of love and pity, stooped for a flying second to rest her cool cheek against his face, she felt the skin burn through the beard like the touch of a hot coal.

The room was hideous with cumbersome old furniture. The chairs were rockers fastened to heavy bases; there was a bureau with a marble top and a great mold-speckled mirror that doubled the gloom of the room; there was a narrow bed of white iron, its posts trimmed with brass knobs. It had been slept in, was not made. Another assortment of dirty bedding was tumbled upon it, and a man's vest hung on one knob.

"There's another feller in here with him," the landlady volunteered. "I had to stick him in here just where I could."

Becky, in return for a bottle of milk and a grimy small alcohol stove, returned to the lady several empty milk bottles, one empty whisky flask, three towels so dirty she handled them with a scrap of newspaper and some sticky plates.

"Do you want to pay now, dear, or have me charge the milk?" Mrs. Kinpaw, who seemed amiable and sympathetic enough, as she saw Becky's concern, asked as she handed over the bottle. Becky felt a moment's check.

"I can pay now," she said, opening her purse.

"Thanks," the other woman said. "He's run up a little bill at the drugstore, pore feller," she added, thoughtfully, looking down at the unconscious and muttering Gavin.

"Well, I'll settle it later." Becky was not going to take out her money in this particular place. Intuitive caution warned her. She was absorbed in a score of duties as the landlady left the room.

No time to think or worry or reason or feel sorry for herself; it must be work now, straight-ahead work with no stop for anything whatsoever. She had straightened the bedclothes, shaken up the pillow; she had a sodden towel in her hand, was wiping chairs as she set them in order, was gathering scattered newspapers and cigarette butts from everywhere and anywhere, making them into packages with fluffs of dust and all the odds and ends of rubbish that accumulate in a neglected sickroom.

ICE arrived in a yellow bowl. Becky interrogated Mrs. Kinpaw.

"The man who's rented this bed. Can you get rid of him, put him somewhere else? We can't have him in here. He'll get it. Get flu."

"He had it. I think he give it to him," the landlady answered, jerking her head in Gavin's direction. "Sure I can move him now. It was just over the week end we was so crowded."

"Could Mr. Flood be moved to a hospital, do you think?"

"Oh, no. The doctor said yesterday it'd be death to move him or even open the window. As a matter of fact," Daisy Kinpaw went on, lowering her voice, "he didn't think he'd get through the night."

Becky seated herself on the edge of the couch, a glass half filled with warm milk in her hand.

"He hasn't taken any nourishment since Sunday," the other woman volunteered. "I don't know as the doctor wanted him to have none."

"They gave it to my brother right through everything," Becky said.

The warm milk went in through the cracked black lips; Gavin gulped, moaned and muttered for a second. He

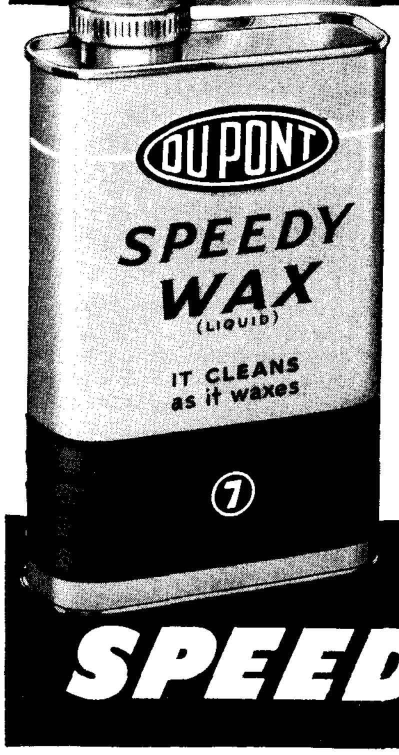
NEW LIQUID WAX
-MADE BY DU PONT

WAXES CARS IN HALF THE TIME

YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE A CLEANER BEFORE YOU APPLY SPEEDY WAX

SPEEDY WAX CLEANS AS IT WAXES.. LEAVES THE FINISH SPARKLING LIKE NEW

CUTS OUT ONE OPERATION



..IT CLEANS AS IT WAXES

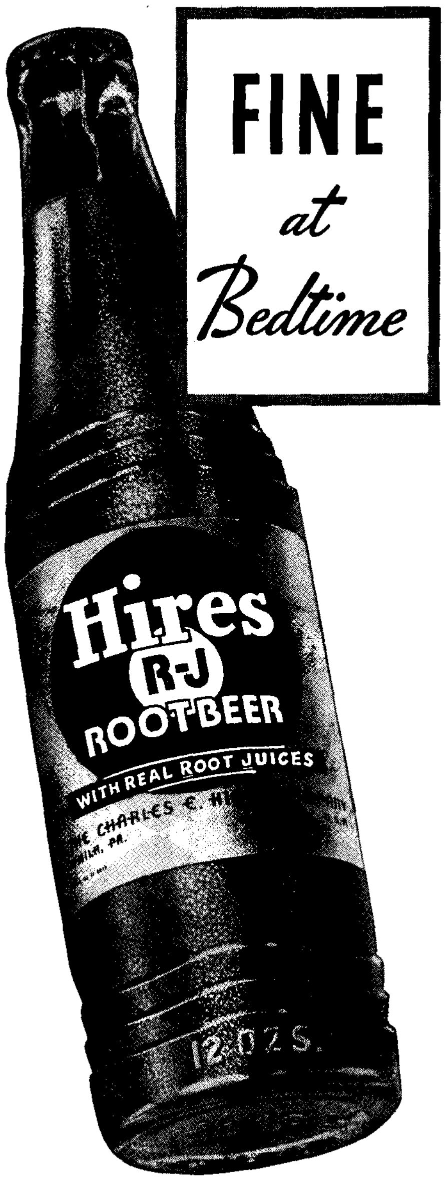
HERE'S the new, easy way to wax your automobile. Use Du Pont Speedy Wax and you can say a glad good-bye to long hours of rubbing. Speedy Wax cleans and waxes at the same time. It removes Traffic Film, and makes dull cars sparkle like new. It saves time and labor—and it works easily on all car finishes. Try it!

Hundreds of dealers are now using the new Speedy Wax on all the new cars they sell. That shows what *they* think of Speedy Wax.

• • •

SAMPLE FOR YOU! Send 6c for postage, and get a sample can of Speedy Wax—enough for fenders and hood. (Offer good in U. S. only.) Write to DU PONT, Dept. C-3, Wilmington, Delaware.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SPEEDY WAX



a New Kind of GAUZE
STICKS TO ITSELF!

GAUZTEX is a pure white surgical gauze that sticks to itself but not to skin or hair. Use wherever you ordinarily use gauze or adhesive tape. A new comfort and convenience.

FOR GOLFERS, tennis players, etc. Handy slide top metal container. At any drug or sports counter. General Bandages, 508 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

GAUZTEX Self Adhering Gauze for SPORTSMEN

STERILIZED GAUZTEX The Self Adhering Gauze MEDICATED WITH MERCURIC CHLORIDE ANTISEPTIC

GAUZTEX
THE SELF ADHERING GAUZE

When Hair Falls
EXCESSIVELY
Here Is The Way To Aid in Checking It Effectively!

What helps check excessive Falling Hair? One reason is, *well-nourished hair roots resulting from abundant blood supply to the scalp!*

That's precisely what Glover's Mange Medicine with systematic massage is designed to do.

It WAKES UP your scalp—stimulates the blood vessels and tissues. You can FEEL its tonic-like effect in the glowing, refreshing sensation it gives your scalp. Thus it aids so effectively in checking excessive Falling Hair and promotes new hair growth in Patchy Baldness.

Use Glover's Mange Medicine and massage as an aid for relief of Dandruff and Itching Scalp.

IMPORTANT! Shampoo at home with Glover's Medicated Soap. Cleanses thoroughly and removes the Mange Medicine's clean pine tar odor. Both are sold at all Druggists.

Your Barber knows the value of Glover's Mange Medicine Treatment. Have him give it to you regularly.

FREE Booklet on Glover's System for the Scalp and Hair. Write **Glover's, Dept. D, 462 Fourth Ave., New York**

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

half opened his mouth for a fresh supply. Becky did not change her position until the glass was drained. She recommenced her labors with a lightened heart. Just that he had taken some food did not mean much but it comforted her.

An investigatory tour to a dark kitchen downstairs and to a hall closet on the floor above resulted in a clean pitcher and glass, and some fresh towels. Sheets there were none to spare in the house; Becky put on her hat and coat at three o'clock and went out to find some.

On her way she passed a restaurant and entered in a sudden weakening realization of hunger. The good hot coffee, the sizzling ham and eggs she enjoyed there were a feast she never forgot. Not in all her nineteen years had Becky so relished food. It seemed to penetrate in warmth and strength to every fiber of her being, to the tips of her toes and fingers, to the tired head it cleared of a new vague pain.

SITTING back at the restaurant table with a great "Ah-h-h!" of relieved hunger, she meditated upon her present situation, and wondered what she would do if Gavin died.

She could not go home. Not with her love destroyed and her life crippled forever. She'd have to stay here, and find work, and perhaps after years, when Joe Feratta was safely married to someone else—

Meanwhile, the sheets. She went into the big warm department store with all a country girl's appreciation of its beauty and brightness, and bought eight cotton sheets and eight pillow slips, two warm blankets, a little stove with solid spirit to burn in it, a small cream-colored saucepan, a tall bottle of toilet water, drugs, malted milk, two all-enveloping hospital aprons and a pair of tennis shoes.

All this was exciting, despite the fear at her heart and the fatigue that she was now beginning to feel. She carried some of her purchases in a stout paper bag with a cord at the top—itself a ten-cent investment—and had the rest marked "Rush." And walking home, she felt a sudden sensation new to her nineteen years, a feeling of power, of self-reliance. Her old world was gone, swept away in a few short hours. But she could learn to live in this new world and master it.

The doctor came in at eight o'clock, and was openly pleased to find the sickroom so changed, and Becky in charge. She had managed with the help of a man in the house—a mysterious sickly looking fellow everyone called "Heimie"—to move Gavin into the bed, a bed freshly made and smooth. One of the new blankets and two of the new sheets were on the couch, neatly arranged for her own sleeping place. Clean and fresh herself, in a white apron and white shoes, she reported that her patient had had ice water and orange juice continually, and two half-glasses of milk.

"Very good work, Miss Gibson. Get Heimie to shave him tomorrow," Doctor Greer said.

"Tomorrow?" she repeated, sudden hope in the eyes she fixed on his face.

"Yip," the doctor said, closing his bag.

"You think he's better then, Doctor?"

"I think it may break, say around midnight. He'll be better then. You'll want to change his pajamas if it does. You his sister, what?"

"We're engaged to be married."

"I see. Well, I'll get Mrs. Kinpaw to come in and help you if he begins to sweat. Got clean things for him?"

"Yes. He's got three pairs of pajamas here still in the package. She says he sent out for them when first taken ill."

"How about you? How about you getting it?"

"I'm not afraid."

"I'll tell you," said the doctor, departing, "I can send a nurse in here sometime tomorrow morning, and you two can give him a good bath. That'll make him more comfortable. He's pretty sick, but I believe—well, can't tell. He might and he might not. But you call old Daisy if it breaks."

"I've been sponging him off a little with alcohol."

"Good idea. And any time you want to, you pile him way under blankets, just leave a hole over his face to breathe, and open that window. Have to have that radio going in the next room, I suppose?"

"It would seem so. It's been going since I got here this morning."

"Well," said Doctor Allen Greer in a cautious undertone, "if he gets better you can get him out of here pretty soon."

Becky had borrowed two crime magazines from her landlady. When the doctor had gone she performed as much of an evening toilet as was wise for a nurse on night duty, putting on pajamas and wrapper, brushing her hair off her face, assuming comfortable slippers. Then she aired the room for three biting clean fresh minutes, and tried her patient with still another half-glass of milk. Once again he took it obediently, murmuring a feverish whispered jargon in which she sometimes recognized her own name. But to the touch of her finger tips he seemed hotter than ever.

She moved the lamp, lay reading on the couch. The radio went on in the front parlor, separated from her own apartment only by a folding door. She could hear girls' voices in there, men's voices, the clinking of glasses.

Other unfamiliar night and city noises kept her long awake. But it only mattered to Becky that she was with Gavin again, that he needed her, that she could help him. After a while she fell into a light sleep.

SHE was awakened by his hoarse cawing call: "Becky!" He was awake, and in temporary possession of his senses. Drugged with sleep, cold, bewildered, frightened, she staggered up, stumbled about the routine again. Ice, and a tablet in water, and the pillow shaken—

"Becky?" he asked in a puzzled whisper. For some reason she could not define, at this first sign of his recognizing her, she felt the tears press into her eyes. "What time is it?" the thick lips managed to say.

She looked at her wrist.

"Quarter to twelve." Her hand went down to his pajama collar; it was saturated, and she saw now that the thick hair on his forehead was matted with water. She ran from the room, found a light in the hall, met the landlady coming downstairs.

"I thought I heard you talkin'," Daisy Kinpaw said. "It's broken, has it?"

That was the beginning. A few days followed in which Becky lived in a nightmare of fatigue, anxiety, smells, strange duties, exhausting effort. Then the crisis came, after the fever was gone, and Gavin sank, sank with unutterable weakness into what looked like death.

That afternoon, a bleak November afternoon at about five o'clock, he and Rebecca were married at his bedside. He had whispered that he would be happier that way, and, like a woman of stone moving through a dream, she had made what sudden arrangements she could, had gotten a gentle old clergyman's cooperation, had secured a special license.

So now they were married, and during that evening she sat watching him, expecting that every weak breath would be the forerunner of last breathing. He would go easily, the doctor said, not the usual pneumonia death, and when he died she must telephone this number and the boys would come for him at once. "But looky," kind old Greer had added, "he isn't dead yet, and don't you forget it. He's got plenty of fight in him."

"Shall I go on with the milk?"

"Oh, sure, every hour, if he'll take it."

"Every hour."

And as the hours went by and the milk went down, and the thin sunken shaved face took on, she thought, a more peaceful look, the breathing grew just a shade stronger. Why, she could hear it everywhere in the room now, and at three she had had to stoop low to hear it. When Mrs. Kinpaw came in they consulted in whispers.

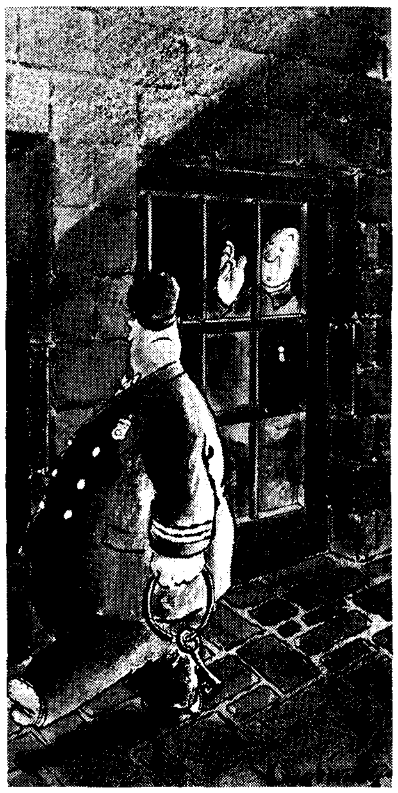
"He don't look any weaker."

"I think he's stronger."

Suddenly there was a third voice in the room, a hoarse voice with a shred of broken laughter in it.

"Sure he's stronger! How about a beefsteak?"

She went, trying not to laugh, trying not to cry, to the bedside, and knelt down, and laid her face against his. Gavin had shut his eyes, the sweat that even the little effort to speak had cost him glistening on his forehead. His hand groped weakly for hers.



"Okay, pal—I'll call yuh if I want anything"

JAY IRVING

"Who's this?" he breathed. "My wife?"

After that he had to be patient, to be quiet and obedient for many, many days. She could talk to him, but not of plans or worries, nor of anything exciting. If he tried to question her or thank her the tears came too fast, and laughing at them angrily, he had to stop.

ON THE eighth day after her arrival, which seemed the eightieth day at least, they quite suddenly left Mrs. Kinpaw's. They went to a private hospital out on the Panhandle, facing the long strip of Golden Gate Park that led to Stanyan Street.

The hospital was managed by a warmhearted, noisy, flamboyant woman named Laura Tevers. Laura came flying into Gavin's dismal sickroom at Mrs. Kinpaw's on the eighth day, and within an hour the feeble Gavin, Rebecca, and their bags and boxes were on their way to Laura's house.

It was a large handsome wooden house, rather like Laura herself, with swelling bays, and a white trim on clean gray paint. It was full, all but one room, but that one room happened to be the best of all, the first-story room with a bath behind it and a diet kitchen beyond the bath. All were nicely furnished, enormous in size, and spotlessly clean. As for pay:

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Laura said, "let that wait!"

If only physically, the escape from the squalor, the musty odors, the scent of incense, the filthy curtains, the incessant radio and the soiled blankets of Mrs. Kinpaw's establishment was an unspeakable relief to Becky. It was wonderful to spread out in the old-fashioned spaciousness of Laura's house, and find clean towels in a clean big bathroom, and enter an atmosphere where invalidism was taken for granted, and where provision for it was the normal thing.

A nice stout nurse brought up a tray of "soft foods" for Gavin at half past five; other trays were moving through the wide halls. Gavin went off to sleep, exhausted and clean and content, and Becky sat in a comfortable big chair at her bay window and looked out at the fresh green of the park, and felt herself breathe freely for the first time since her arrival in the city.

BUT there were other than physical aspects in life as she was painfully beginning to discover, and many of them presented themselves to her in this first hour of real rest and reflection and filled her with misgivings.

In the first place, Gavin. She was puzzled and distressed about Gavin. He never should have been in a loathesome den like the Kinpaw place at all. Rooming with another man in a gloomy back parlor, unattended in what might so easily have been his last illness!

Then in his persistent weakness and exhaustion he was critical and irritable, not with her, but with everyone else. Or if, as she had to admit honestly, sometimes with her, it was not often, and he would feebly apologize for it afterward. But what was he like, this husband of hers? He had said nothing about money. She had paid thirty-three dollars to Mrs. Kinpaw; she had bought soups and drugs, paid for her own meals, for blankets and hot-water bottles and sheets. Her previous savings had gone down below four hundred dollars now. Dr. Greer, dismissing Gavin today, had lingered in the hall to say suggestively: "Now, the bill, Mrs. Flood, do you want to pay that now or later?" and she had unhesitatingly paid it. Forty dollars flat. That was perhaps to be expected, but Gavin's languid, "Dismissed, eh? Did you pay him?" his quiet acceptance of the fact that she had, these things disturbed her to an extent that she had never in her life before dreamed was possible.

Laura had disturbed her. Laura was forty-five, pretty in a dyed, flashy sort of way, her eyelashes dripping black oil, and her breath, even at five o'clock in the afternoon, scented with liquor. And while Laura's house was imposing and clean and the nurse seemed nice and the colored cook seemed nice, Laura's talk was odd for the superintendent of a hospital. Laura talked races, and roulette, and of a lawsuit between a man and his wife in which she was involved, and she urged a cocktail upon Rebecca before dinner, saying that she had been through a lot and it would buck her up.

Well, there was no crime in cocktails or law suits or roulette or races, and the great thing was that Gavin was safely housed and happy. Also at dinner Becky felt reassured somewhat by the presence of a few of such of the patients as could move about. A nice tearful old lady who was stiffening from hour to hour with arthritis; a nice gentle old man who had once managed the Lockerwell's track, and whose talk was wistfully of old track triumphs and old winners; a Swiss gentleman, almost blind, waiting for an operation for cataract; a nervous young woman who instantly told Rebecca that it was a "joke," her being there, it was "rich." She was going home as soon as she heard from her guardian. She had been there, Rebecca learned later, four years, and there were bars on her windows and a lock on her door.

"She'll yell tonight," said the nurse, Mrs. Battock, as she cold-creamed her face in Rebecca's bathroom, and enjoyed a confidential chat before going to bed. She had been most kind in helping to sponge Gavin, and change his pajamas, and settle him down for the night. He was now asleep, and she reported that Mrs. Tevers was also asleep. "If you want to call it sleep," said Emma Battock, significantly. "She wasn't so bad tonight, because you were here. But she's lying right across her bed with her clothes on. She'll get up, around eleven, and go downtown and make a night of it!"

Rebecca, cold-creaming her own face, turned horrified eyes from the mirror.

"Does she—?" She left the sentence unfinished.

"Sure she does," the nurse said. "Couldn't you smell it? She's a smart woman, Mrs. Tevers is. She could make an awful lot of money out of this place, because she's got three big doctors for her—you know what I mean? They've known her for years, and they like her. But she won't be up until ten o'clock tomorrow. Then she'll do everything. I tell you she's smart. But if that girl isn't in d. t.'s before she's much older I miss my guess. I'm fond of her," the nurse said, now putting her short hair into crimpers.

"But I tell you I'm pretty sick of it," she went on, suddenly pathetic. "I'm a widow with one of the loveliest girls you ever saw; she's eleven. Jacky, we call her. Her father adored her. I'm going to quit here, and do something where I can have Jacky with me. I'm sick of never knowing how she's going to be, from one day to the other. I haven't had any money for two months. She hasn't paid the cook for seven. Rollie's husband was sick and Laura fixed him up in the basement and had the doctor see him, so I suppose she figures she doesn't owe Rollie anything. Well, Rollie sees it different. She told Laura right out she was going to sue her."

AS SHE listened to all this Rebecca's heart sank—sank; it really did not affect her or Gavin, she tried to assure herself, but it was strangely depressing. It took her some days to ask the question she had wanted to ask immediately.

"Mrs. Battock, do you know what Mrs. Tevers charges for our room?"

The answer stunned her although she showed nothing; she knew she must not show anything.

"Forty," said Emma Battock readily. "But she may shave it a little for him. She thinks the world and all of him. But then there'd be your meals extra; that's one-fifty a day. Call it forty a week."

"Forty a week." Rebecca gulped. Forty a week! With Gavin still sublimely indifferent to all practical details, never comprehending anything! On the contrary he sent out for flowers, asked Becky to bring home a quart of champagne to celebrate his recovery.

"We'll ask Laura up to have some," he said.

"I wonder what we'll do when my money is spent; I wonder what we'll *do?*" Becky repeated in her soul, over and over again. She shrank nervously from the unpleasantness of explaining, of delaying her payment for anything. "You see Mr. Flood's illness—coming so suddenly—" she could hear herself faltering. The words stuck in her throat.... Forty dollars a week! . . .

(To be continued next week)

WAITING FOR A SHAVER BETTER than the SCHICK?

Then do not wait another day

The Schick shearing head is based on such fundamental principles that we doubt if another method, *not using these principles*, will be found in our lifetime.

There were many centuries of shaving with blades—hundreds of years when men knew about mechanics—and scores of years when men could make machinery as fine as watches. But mechanical shaving *without blades*, cutting hair underneath a thin protecting plate, without injury to the skin, is what Schick gave to the world.

Shaving is a matter of small dimensions—of engineering and gauging in ten-thousandths of an inch. There is no room for even *theoretical* improvement in Schick's principles—little chance for *practical* major mechanical improvement.

WHY SHOULD YOU WAIT?

There is no reason to postpone another day the sheer comfort and economical efficiency of Schick Shaving. Some men are waiting for a $5 electrical shaver. In our studied opinion, no company can produce a fine precision instrument, such as ours, to sell for much less than $15. We don't believe a cheaply-made shaver *could* shave satisfactorily over a period of time. It would cost more in the long run than a well-made shaver.

Go to an authorized Schick dealer—let him demonstrate the Schick Shaver to you and tell you how and why it actually restores and reconditions your skin even after years of blade-shaving. Follow his instructions, and in a short time you will enjoy quick, close and economical shaves—and without the use of blades or lather.

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 19

When you give Dad a Schick you give him quick, close, painless shaves—and a renewed skin!—a face forever free of shaving irritation, cuts and callus—a natural "clear skin" look!

GRADUATION

Graduate him to quick, close shaves! Give him a Schick, the shaver that *conditions the skin as it shaves,* $15. (The de luxe Schick with gold plated shearing head and "jewelry box" case, $18.)

ANNIVERSARIES—WEDDINGS

What better gift than a Schick Shaver for anniversaries?—or for ushers to give the groom?—or for groom to give the ushers? (A man gives his wife the Schick Shavette, dainty, feminine, $16.50.)

$15
110 Volts
AC-DC

[Also made for 6 or 32 volts]

SCHICK SHAVER

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: made and sold by Schick Shaver, Ltd., Montreal

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

The Nazis Got Me

Continued from page 13

at intervals with small machine-gun towers commanding not only the entire camp but outside as well. Within the walls is another barrier, a peculiarly constructed fence of heavy wire. No one can touch those wires and live, for they are charged with high-voltage electricity. Behind the high-tension wires is a wooden fence: within that, another. Space between the two fences is so-called neutral ground; to be seen there means death by a stream of bullets from machine-gun towers and from pistols and rifles of the guard.

Behind these escape-proof barricades lies the camp; two rows of wooden barracks, each housing about 500 men, and between them an exercise *Platz* with a prisoner-built swimming pool so dirty that few dare swim in it. Here are lodged more than 3,000 political prisoners whose ages range from 19 to 70 and whose thoughts are too dangerous or too contaminating for a happy Nazi state. They include Communists, Socialists, Jews, priests, ex-officials and back-slid Nazis segregated into companies of 100 to 120 men. Communists are in separate companies, as are Socialists. There are several companies of Jews. Recently Dachau received prisoners who speak German with a distinctive, soft inflection; they are former Austrian officials who suppressed National Socialism in their country until it was taken over by Hitler. When I was in the concentration camp there were enough prisoner-priests to supply an archdiocese with monasteries. We had three companies of priests, which meant at least 300 clerics—"enough," we muttered, "to give us spiritual comfort. Our guardians think of everything."

The atmosphere of the place is apparent in the attitude of the guards. No soft-hearted jailer here! All of them are young, black-uniformed SS troops, 200-per-cent Nazi. Most of them are between 18 and 20. They grew to maturity during the Nazi regime, have been trained one way, and before embracing National Socialism had nothing to unlearn. They are armed with rifles, pistols and the Prussian policeman's sword bayonet, but their real weapons are kicks. I cannot recall even one kind word.

Where Song is Forgotten

We prisoners arriving from Munich were taken separately before the camp commandant. He eyed me with official distaste and inspected my records with the expression of having discovered a bad smell.

"You are a singer," he announced as though I disputed the fact.

"You shall not sing here," he went on, "but you will be shown the way to National Socialism."

Dismissed, I went through the usual arrival's routine. I was given a number. A doctor gave me a physical examination. My head was shaved, my now filthy civilian clothes were removed and I was issued two coarse linen suits like the work-fatigue uniform of the pre-war German army. Other gifts were a mattress, hobnailed boots, two suits of heavy underwear, two shirts, two pairs of socks, a horse blanket, soap, towel, tooth soap and brush, a huge handkerchief of Nazi brown, a mess kit, fork, spoon, but no knife. No need for comb and brush for shaven heads. The mattress had to be stuffed with straw, and woe to any prisoner who failed to keep it perfectly shaped with no wrinkle or bulge. Razors were forbidden; prisoners were shaved every Sunday by barbers from the camp and the faces of some of the more dangerous inmates were scraped by barbers from the outside.

I was assigned to a company of 120 of the most dismal, unhappy men I had ever seen. Depressed and silent, they had none of the eager anxiety of the prisoners in the Munich jails. They were not riffraff by any means; they were lawyers, doctors, former officials, men of education and among Germany's best. But they had lost hope; they were walking dead, men without souls. And I became like them.

"How long have you been here?" I asked one of them that first noon.

The man looked at me with expressionless eyes and turned away.

I spoke to another. Again the expressionless eyes and he, too, turned away without a word.

A third brushing by me muttered, "Watch yourself, boy! Talking now means trouble and plenty of it. I'll see you later."

This was my welcome by my new comrades. Before long I, too, shunned newcomers, fearing their questions, suspicious that they might be stool pigeons. Most of us landed in the concentration camp because a careless remark, like mine at my sister-in-law's, was repeated. I brought that fear to this country.

I dare not say how long I have been in America. The Goebbels Ministry will read and translate this article (it watches everything printed about Germany) and the time of my arrival would give the Gestapo a clue to my identity and friends and relatives back in Germany would suffer—as I suffered after the Munich plain-clothes men found the letter urging me to come to America and thumb my nose to Nazis. Even now when my wife and I are with friends in a restaurant, I am jumpy when anything is said about Nazi Germany and I lower my voice lest I be overheard. I cannot yet realize that I am in a country where I may say what I please. A Nazi concentration camp taught me that fear is more easily acquired than a sense of freedom.

Friends who ask me to tell some of my prison experiences don't understand when I say that I had none. But try yourself to recall details of a nightmare. They were terrifyingly real while you were asleep, but when awake you have little memory of them; merely the sensation of terror remains. Dachau was a six-months nightmare to me. We were treated like dumb, driven cattle; and we had dumb, driven cattle's spirit and reactions—none of which inspired curiosity or remembrance of what was around us. And what we remember, we want to forget. To be broken to that state was what we were there for.

The Warder is Despair

Only two hours a day, in the late afternoon, were prisoners allowed to speak. In that period on my first day at Dachau the man who warned me not to talk announced that he'd been ordered to show me how to arrange my bedding and locker.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"I said too much."

"Same here. All the advice I can give you is to do what you're told. Watch carefully every little detail. If you don't they'll put you in the darkroom."

"The darkroom?"

"Solitary confinement. Bread and water in a room with no light, no heat

"Don't get up, Margot. I made my own breakfast"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

ANY CHILD
COULD KEEP
A TOILET
CLEAN
AND PURE

No MORE scrubbing toilets. No more smelly disinfectants. You don't even touch the bowl with your hands. SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to clean toilets.

Just dash a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and that's all there is to it! Stains and spots vanish. Odors are banished. Germs are killed. The hidden trap that no amount of scrubbing can reach is purified. The bowl glistens like new. SANI-FLUSH can't injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 640-HA, Chicago
The School That Has In Its Alumni Over 1,450 C.P.A.'s

Shaving's tough? Now don't be foolish...
Ingram's makes it quick—and coolish!
—A. W. BERNAL, CALIF.

WIN $5. Write an Ingram "quickie". We pay $5 for each one published. See page 28. Send to Ingram's, Dept. E, Hillside, N. J.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

TEETH *Hard* TO BRYTEN?

REMOVE STUBBORN STAINS—even smoke stains. Thousands with teeth hard-to-bryten are changing to Iodent No. 2. Specially compounded to polish teeth to a brilliant lustre—to protect enamel—to stimulate gums. Also comes in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Get Iodent today—made by a *Dentist to clean teeth* safely.

IODENT
No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER
No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

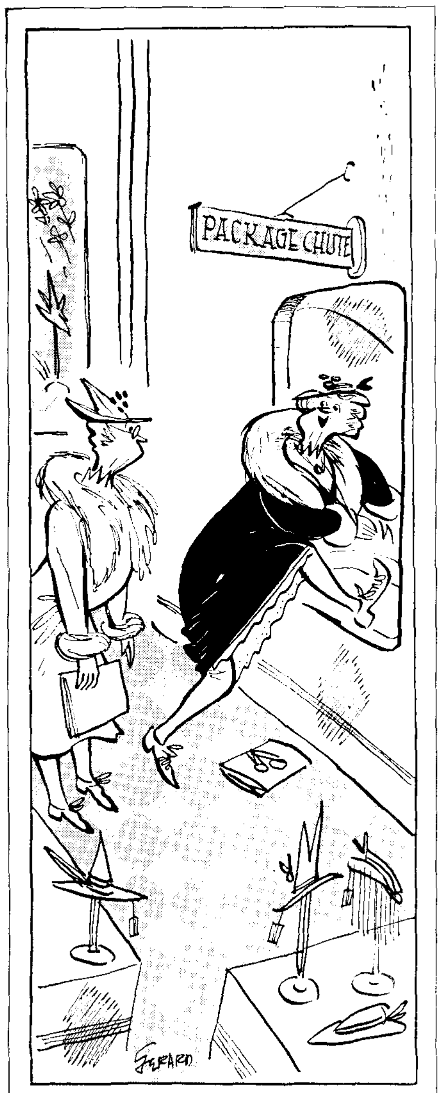
Schooner's Class

Continued from page 15

your boy's a nice boy. Serious, of course." He chuckled again, it seemed to Lane Parrington maddeningly. "*Oh,* the sailor said to the admiral, and the admiral said he—" he chanted. "Remember that one, Lane?"

"No," said Lane Parrington.

"That's right," said Schooner Fairchild, amiably. "Stupid of me. I thought for a minute, you'd been in the quartet. But that was dear old Pozzy Banks. Poor Pozzy—he never could sing the Last Rose of Summer properly till he was as drunk as an owl. A man of great talents. I hoped he'd be here this time but he couldn't make it. He wanted to come," he hummed, "but he didn't have the fare—"


PACKAGE CHUTE
GERARD

"It dumps you out in the shipping department, but —wow!—what a ride!"

DAVE GERARD

"That's too bad," said Lane Parrington, seriously. "And yet, with business picking up—"

Schooner Fairchild looked at him queerly, for an instant. "Oh, bless you!" he said. "Pozzy never had a nickel. But he was fun." He tugged at Lane Parrington's arm, as they turned a corner and saw an electric sign—1908—above a door. "Well, here we go!" he said.

AN HOUR later, Lane Parrington decided that it was just as he had expected. True, the drunk from the unidentified class had gone home. But others, from other classes, had arrived. And Schooner Fairchild was sitting at the piano.

He himself was wedged uncomfortably at the back of the room between Ed Runner and a man whose name, he thought, was either Ferguson or Whitelaw, but who, in any case, addressed him as "Lane, old boy." This made conversation difficult, for it was hard to call his neighbor either "Fergy" or "Whitey" without being sure of his name. On the other hand, conversation with Ed Runner was equally difficult, for that gentleman had embarked upon an interminable reminiscence whose point turned upon the exact location of Bill Webley's room sophomore year. As Lane Parrington had never been in any of Bill Webley's rooms, he had very little to add to the discussion. He was also drinking beer, which never agreed with him, and the cigar smoke stung his eyes. And around the singer and the piano boiled and seethed a motley crew of graduates of all classes—the Roman togas of 1913, the convict stripes of 1935, the shorts and explorers' helmets of 1928. For the news had somehow gone around, through the various class headquarters, that Schooner Fairchild was doing his stuff—and, here and there, among the crowd, were undergraduates, who had heard from brothers and uncles about Schooner Fairchild, but had never seen him before in the flesh.

He had told the story of the Kickapoo chief, he had given the imitation of President Dodge and the telephone. Both these and other efforts, Lane Parrington noted wonderingly, had been received with tumultuous cheers. Now he played a few chords and swung around on the piano stool.

"I SHALL now," he said, with his cherubic face very solemn, "emit my positively last and final number—an imitation of dear old Pozzy Banks, attempting to sing the Last Rose of Summer while under the influence of wine. Not all of you have been privileged to know dear old Pozzy—a man of the most varied and diverse talents—it is our great regret that he is not with us tonight. But for those of you who were not privileged to know Pozzy, may I state as an introduction that dear old Pozzy is built something on the lines of a truck, and that, when under the influence of wine, it was his custom to sing directly into his hat, which he held out before him like a card tray. We will now begin." He whirled round, struck a few lugubrious notes and began to sing.

It was, as even Lane Parrington had to admit, extremely funny. He heard himself joining in the wild, deep roar of laughter that greeted the end of the first verse—he was annoyed at himself but he could not help it. By some magic, by some trick of gesture and voice, the chubby, bald-headed figure had suddenly become a large and lugubrious young man—a young man slightly under the influence of wine but still with the very best intentions, singing sentimentally and lugubriously into his hat. It was a trick and an act and a sleight of hand not worth learning—but it did not fail in its effect. Lane Parrington found himself laughing till he ached—beside him, the man named either Ferguson or Whitelaw was whooping and gasping for breath.

"And now," said Schooner Fairchild, while they were still laughing, "let somebody play who *can* play!" And, magically crooking his finger, he summoned a dark-haired undergraduate from the crowd, pushed him down on the piano stool, and, somehow or other, slipped through the press and vanished, while they were still calling his name.

Lane Parrington, a little later, found himself strolling up and down the dejected back yard of class headquarters.

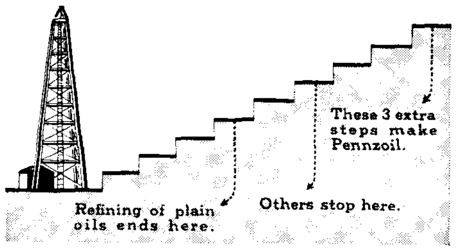
THE PENNZ-OWLS FIND THAT "BARGAINS IS AS BARGAINS DOES"
BARGAINS FRESH EGGS VEGETABLES
DON WOOTTON
THINGS SURE COST LESS IN THE COUNTRY
-YEH, BUT GOODBYE PROFITS - WE GOTTA BUY GAS!
MAYBE WE NEED OIL TOO, MUCH AS I HATE TO SAY IT!
DON'T WORRY- I'VE GOT A REAL BARGAIN FOR YOU
IT'S PENNZOIL, POSITIVELY TOPS IN PENNSYLVANIA OIL!
WHAT'S BARGAIN-ISH ABOUT THAT?
YEH, WHAT'S IT GIVE THAT THEY ALL DON'T?
PENNZOIL MOTOR OIL
PENNZOIL'S YOUR BEST BUY IN OIL BECAUSE IT GIVES ALL MOTORS AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY AT NO EXTRA COST BE OIL WISE... USE PENNZOIL!

IT'S PENNSYLVANIA'S BARGAIN OIL!

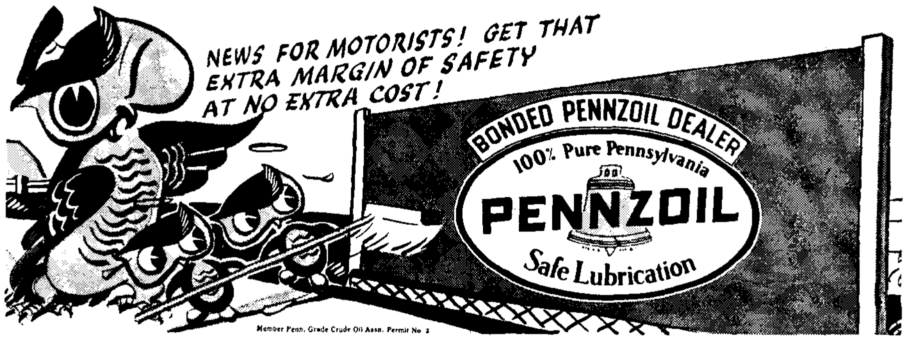
Goodbye, sticking piston rings and leaky valves . . . HELLO, savings on gas and motor oil!

That's your motor's "thank you" for using PENNZOIL. And it's all net profit, because you don't pay a penny extra for the 3 added refining steps that give Pennzoil its money saving extra margin of safety!

Get your best buy in oil where you see the Pennzoil sign!


These 3 extra steps make Pennzoil.
Refining of plain oils ends here.
Others stop here.

SURE, these 3 extra steps cost money. Make a sight better oil, too. Yet Pennzoil costs no more than plain oils!


NEWS FOR MOTORISTS! GET THAT EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY AT NO EXTRA COST!
BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2

They had put up a tent, some iron tables, and a number of paper lanterns, but, at this hour, the effect was not particularly gay. It must be very late and he ought to go to bed. But he did not look at his watch. He was trying to think about certain things in his life and get them into a proportion. It should be a simple thing to do, as simple as making money, but it was not.

Ted—Dorothy—the Leaf—West Emmetsburg—Schooner Fairchild—Tom Drury—the place in Virginia and the mean house at West Emmetsburg—United Investments and a sleight-of-hand trick at a tiny piano. He shuffled the factors of the equation about; they should add up to a whole. And, if they did, he would be willing to admit it; he told himself that. Yes, even if the final sum proved him wrong for years—that had always been one of the factors of his own success, his knowing just when to cut a loss.

A shaky voice hummed behind him:

"Oh, the ship's cat said to the cabin boy
To the cabin boy said she—"

He turned—it was Schooner Fairchild and, he thought at first, Schooner Fairchild was very drunk. Then he saw the man's lips were gray, caught him and helped him into one of the iron chairs.

"Sorry," wheezed Schooner Fairchild. "Must have run too fast, getting away from the gang. Damn' silly—left my medicine at the Inn."

"Here—wait—" said Lane Parrington, remembering the flask of brandy in his pocket. He uncorked it and held it to the other man's lips. "Can you swallow?" he said solicitously.

An elfish, undefeated smile lit Schooner Fairchild's face. "Always could, from a child," he gasped. "Never ask a Fairchild twice." He drank and said, incredibly, it seemed to Lane Parrington, "Napoleon . . . isn't it? Sir, you spoil me." His color began to come back. "Better," he said.

"Just stay there," said Lane Parrington. He dashed back into club headquarters—deserted now, he noticed, except for the gloomy caretaker and the man called Ferguson or Whitelaw, who was ungracefully asleep on a leather couch. Efficiently, he found glasses, ice, soda, plain water and ginger ale, and returned, his hands full of these trophies, to find Schooner Fairchild sitting up in his chair and attempting to get a cigarette from the pocket of his coat.

HIS eyes twinkled as he saw Lane Parrington's collection of glassware. "My!" he said. "We *are* going to make a night of it. Great shock to me—never thought it of you, Lane."

"Hadn't I better get a doctor?" said Lane Parrington. "There's a telephone—"

"Not a chance," said Schooner Fairchild. "It would worry Minnie sick. She made me promise before I came up to take care. It's just the old pump—misses a little sometimes. But I'll be all right, now—right as a trivet, whatever a trivet is. Just give me another shot of Napoleon."

"Of course," said Lane Parrington, "but—"

"Brandy on beer, never fear," said Schooner Fairchild. "Fairchild's Medical Maxims, Number One. And a cigarette—thanks." He breathed deeply. "And there we are," he said, with a smile. "Just catches you in the short ribs, now and then. But, when it's over, it's over. You ought to try a little yourself, Lane—damn' silly performance of mine and you look tired."

"Thanks," said Lane Parrington, "I will." He made himself, neatly, an efficient brandy-and-soda and raised the glass to his lips. "Well—er—here's luck," he said, a little stiffly.

"Luck!" nodded Schooner Fairchild. They both drank. Lane Parrington looked at the pleasant, undefeated face.

"Listen, Schooner," said Lane Parrington, suddenly and harshly, "if you had the whole works to shoot over again—" He stopped.

"That's the hell of a question to ask a man at three o'clock in the morning," said Schooner equably. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Lane Parrington. "But that stuff at the piano you did—well, how did you do it?" His voice was oddly ingenuous, for Lane Parrington.

"Genius, my boy, sheer, untrammeled genius," said Schooner Fairchild. He chuckled and sobered. "Well, somebody has to," he said reasonably. "And you wouldn't expect Tom Drury to do it, would you—poor old Tom!"

"No," said Lane Parrington, breathing. "I wouldn't expect Tom Drury to do it."

"Oh, Tom's all right," said Schooner Fairchild. "He was just born with an ingrowing Drury and never had it operated on. But he's a fine guy, all the same. Lord," he said, "it must be a curse—to have to be a Drury, whether you like it or not. I never could have stood it—I never could have played the game. Of course," he added hastily, "I suppose it's different, if you do it all yourself, the way you have. That must be a lot of fun."

"I WOULDN'T exactly call it fun," said Lane Parrington earnestly. "You see, after all, Schooner, there are quite a good many things that enter into—" He paused, and laughed hopelessly. "Was I always a stuffed shirt?" he said. "I suppose I was."

"Oh, I wouldn't call you a stuffed shirt," said Schooner, a little quickly. "You just had to succeed—and you've done it. Gosh, we all knew you were going to, right from the first—there couldn't be any mistake about that. It must be a swell feeling." He looked at Lane Parrington and his voice trailed off. He began again. "You see, it was different with me," he said. "I couldn't help it. Why, just take a look at me—I've even got a comedy face. Well, I never wanted anything very much except—oh, to have a good time and know other people were having a good time. Oh, I tried taking the other thing seriously—I tried when I was a broker, but I couldn't, it was just no go. I made money enough—everybody was making money—but every now and then, in the middle of a million-share day, I'd just think how damn silly it was for everybody to be watching the board and getting all excited over things called ATT and UGI. And that's no way for a broker to act—you've got to believe those silly initials mean something, if you want to be a broker.

"Well, I've tried a good many things since. And now and then I've been lucky, and we've gotten along. And I've spent most of Minnie's money, but she says it was worth it—and we've got the five girls and they're wonders—and I'll probably die playing the piano at some fool party, for you can't keep it up forever, but I only hope it happens before somebody says, 'There goes poor old Schooner. He used to be pretty amusing, in his time!' But, you see, I couldn't help it," he ended diffidently. "And, you know, I've tried. I've tried hard. But then I'd start laughing, and it always got in the way."

Lane Parrington looked at the man who had spent his wife's money and his own for a sleight-of-hand trick, five daughters, and the sound of friendly laughter. He looked at him without understanding, and yet with a curious longing.

"But, Schooner—" he said, "with all you can do—you ought to—"

"Oh," said Schooner, a trifle wearily, "one has one's dreams. Sure, I'd like to be Victor Boucher—he's a beautiful comedian. Or Bill Fields, for instance. Who wouldn't? But I don't kid myself. It's a parlor talent—it doesn't go over the footlights. But, Lord, what fun I've had with it! And the funny things people keep doing, forever and ever, amen. And the decent—the very decent things they keep doing, too. Well, I always thought it would be a good life, while you had it." He paused, and Lane Parrington saw the fatigue on his face. "Well, it's been a good party," he said. "I wish old Pozzy could have been here. But I guess we ought to go to bed."

"I'LL phone for a cab," said Lane Parrington. "Nope—you're riding."

Lane Parrington shut the door of Schooner Fairchild's room behind him and stood, for a moment, with his hand on the knob. He had seen Schooner safely to bed—he had even insisted on the latter's taking his medicine, though Schooner had been a little petulant about it. Now, however, he still wondered about calling a doctor—if Schooner should be worse in the morning, he would have Anstey come up by plane. It was nothing to do, though not everybody could do it, and Anstey was much the best man. In any case, he would insist on Schooner's seeing Anstey this week. Then he wondered just how he was going to insist.

The old elevator just across the corridor came to a wheezing stop. Its door opened and a dark-haired girl in evening dress came out. Lane Parrington dropped his hand from the doorknob and turned away. But the girl took three quick steps after him.

"I'm sorry," she said, a little breathlessly, "but I'm Sylvia Fairchild. Is Father ill? The elevator boy said something—and I saw you coming out of his room."

"He's all right," said Lane Parrington. "It was just the slightest sort of—"

"Oh!" said the girl, "do you mind coming back for a minute? You're Ted's father, aren't you? My room's next door, but I've got a key for his, too—Mother told me to be sure—" She seemed very self-possessed. Lane Parrington waited uncomfortably in the corridor for what seemed to him a long time, while she went into her father's room. When she came out again, she seemed relieved.

"It's all right," she said, in a low voice. "He's asleep, and his color's good. And he's—" She paused. "Oh, damn!" she said. "We can't talk out here. Come into my room for a minute—we can leave the door open—and after all, you *are* Ted's father. I'll have to tell Mother, you see—and Father will just say it wasn't anything.

SHE opened the door and led the way into the room. "Here," she said. "Just throw those stockings off the chair—I'll sit on the bed. Well?"

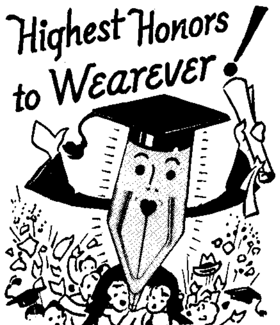
"Well, I asked him if he wanted a doctor—" said Lane Parrington humbly.

When he had finished a concise, efficient report, the girl nodded, and he saw for the first time that she was pretty, with her dark, neat head and her clever, stubborn chin.

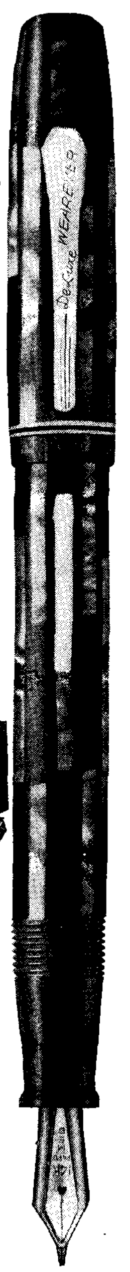
"Thank you," she said. "I mean, really. Father's a perfect lamb—but he doesn't like to worry Mother, and it worries her a lot more not to know. And sometimes it's rather difficult, getting the truth out of father's friends. Not you," she was pleased to add. "You've been perfectly truthful. And the brandy was quite all right."

"I'm glad," said Lane Parrington. "I wish your father would see Anstey," he

Highest Honors to Wearever!



The Dollar Pen with the 14 Carat Gold Point



Wearever De Luxe tops the class. Its users acclaim the way it writes. It has made its fame in competition with the best.

Wearever De Luxe quality starts with the point. Its features include:—•Big Ink Capacity—•Instant Flow Point—•Leak Proof Feed—•Vacuum Sealed Cap—•Beautiful Finish.

$1.50

Wearever De Luxe is truly "the pen you'll be glad to own and proud to give"—alone, or in the gorgeous Gift Set—($1.50)—with its companion Pencil. At your stationer's, drug or department store, or write us direct.

DAVID KAHN, Inc.
(Est. 1896)
Dept. C, North Bergen, N. J.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada

WEAREVER
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

De Luxe $1.00
FOUNTAIN PEN
THE PEN YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN

Luxurious, thrifty, full of pep;
That's how Ingram's got its rep!
—A. E. PATTERSON, N. Y.

WIN $5. Write an Ingram "quickie". We pay $5 for each one published. See page 28. Send to Ingram's, Dept. E, Hillside, N. J.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
QUININE SODA
AT FINE CLUBS, HOTELS, FANCY DEALERS,
—OR ORDER DIRECT FROM THE SPRINGS.
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA.

NATIONAL MOWER CO.
835 Cromwell St. Paul, Minn.
Sickle mower, power driven, rubber tired, pulls self, cuts high grass, hay, weeds, on level or rough. Six times as fast as a scythe.
WRITE FOR CATALOG

ATHLETE'S FOOT

3XB

Widely used, highly successful treatment. 3XB relieves itching at once...kills fungus . . . peels off diseased skin. Results are quick, effective. $1, at drug stores or by mail. The 3XB Corp., 370 Lexington Ave., N.Y.

8TH SUCCESSFUL YEAR

RELIEF OR MONEY BACK

added, a trifle awkwardly. "I could—er—make arrangements."

"He has," said the girl. Her mouth twitched. "Oh," she said. "I shouldn't have gone to the dance. I couldn't help the Momus Club, but he might have come back afterward, if I'd been here. Only, I don't know."

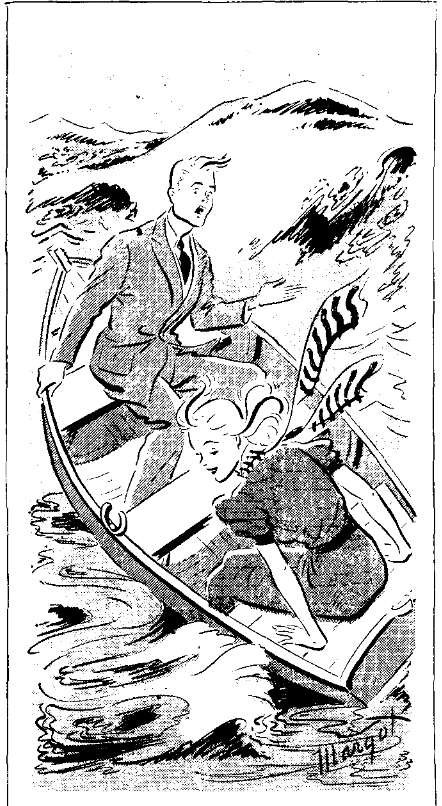
"I wouldn't reproach myself," said Lane Parrington. "After all—"

"Oh, I know," said the girl. "After all! If you don't all manage to kill him, between you! Friends!" she sniffed. Then, suddenly, her face broke into lines of amusement. "I sound just like Aunt Emma," she said. "And that's pretty silly of me. Aunt Emma's almost pure poison. Of course it isn't your fault and I really do thank you. Very much. Do you know, I never expected you'd be a friend of Father's."

"After all," said Lane Parrington stiffly, "we were in the same class."

"Oh, I know," said the girl. "Father's talked about you, of course." Her mouth twitched again, but this time, it seemed to Lane Parrington, with a secret merriment. "And so has Ted, naturally," she added politely.

"I'm glad he happened to mention me," said Lane Parrington, and she grinned, frankly.



"Please try to remember what you did with the oars, Cookie!"

MARGOT

"I deserved that," she said, while Lane Parrington averted his eyes from what seemed to be a remarkably flimsy garment hung over the bottom of the bed. "But Ted has, really. He admires you quite a lot, you know, though, of course, you're different generations."

"Tell me—" said Lane Parrington. "No, I won't ask you."

"Oh, you know Ted," said the girl, rather impatiently. "It's awfully hard to get him to say things—and he will spend such a lot of time thinking he ought to be noble, poor lamb. But he's losing just a little of that, thank goodness—when he first came to Widgeon Point, he was trying so hard to be exactly like that terrible Drury boy. You see—" she said, suddenly and gravely, "he could lose quite a lot of it and still have more than most people."

Lane Parrington cleared his throat. There seemed nothing for him to say. Then he thought of something.

"His mother was—er—a remarkable person," he said. "We were not at all happy together. But she had remarkable qualities."

"Yes," said the girl, "Ted's told me. He remembers her." They looked at each other for a moment—he noted the stubborn chin, the swift and admirable hands. Then a clock on the mantel struck and the girl jumped.

"Good heavens!" she said. "It's four o'clock! Well—good night. And I do thank you, Mr. Parrington."

"It wasn't anything," said Lane Parrington. "But, remember me to your father. But I'll see you in the morning, of course."

The following afternoon, Lane Parrington found himself waiting for his car in the lobby of the Inn. There had been a little trouble with the garage and it was late. But he did not care, particularly, though he felt glad to be going back to New York. He had said goodby to Ted an hour before—Ted was going on to a house party at the Chiltons'—they'd eventually meet on Long Island, he supposed. Meanwhile, he had had a pleasant morning, attended the commencement exercises, and had lunch with Ted and the Fairchilds at the Inn. Schooner had been a little subdued and both Ted and the girl frankly sleepy, but he had enjoyed the occasion nevertheless. And somehow the fact that the president's baccalaureate address had also viewed with alarm and talked about imperiled bulwarks and the American way of life—had, in fact, repeated with solemn precision a good many of the points in his own speech—did not irk Lane Parrington as it might have the day before. After all, the boys were young and could stand it. They had stood a good deal of nonsense, even in his own time.

NOW he thought once more of the equation he had tried too earnestly to solve, in the back yard of commencement headquarters—and, for a moment, almost grinned. It was, of course, insoluble—life was not as neat as that. You did what you could, as it was given you to do—very often you did the wrong things. And if you did the wrong things, you could hardly remedy them by a sudden repentance—or, at least, he could not. There were still the wigglers and the ones who stood still—and each had his own virtues. And because he was a wiggler, he had thoughtfully and zealously done his best to make his son into the image of one of the magnificent sheep—the image of Tom Drury, who was neither hungry nor gay. He could not remedy that, but he thought he knew somebody who could remedy it, remembering the Fairchild girl's stubborn chin. And, in that case at least, the grandchildren ought to be worth watching.

"Your car, Mr. Parrin'ton," said a bellboy. He moved toward the door. It was hard to keep from being a stuffed shirt, if you had the instinct in you, but one could try. A good deal might be done, with trying.

As he stepped out upon the steps of the Inn, he noticed a figure, saluting—old Negro Mose, the campus character who remembered everybody's name.

"Hello, Mose!" said Lane Parrington. "Remember me?"

"Remember you—sho', Mr. Parrington," said Mose. He regarded Lane Parrington with beady eyes. "Let's see—you was 1906."

"Nineteen hundred and eight," said Lane Parrington, but without rancor.

Mose gave a professional chuckle. "Sho'!" he said. "I was forgettin'! Let's see—you hasn't been back fo' years, Mister Parrington—but you was in Tom Drury's class—an' Schooner Fairchild's class—"

"No," said Lane Parrington and gave the expected dollar, "not Tom Drury's. Schooner Fairchild's class."

WHY MEN PREFER BIG BEN

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
BIG BEN
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE & CIGARETTES

BETTER TOBACCO *plus* VALUABLE COUPONS!

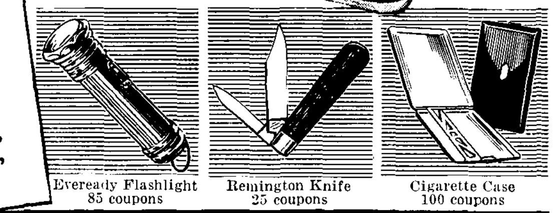
IT'S DOUBLE VALUE—this union-made BIG BEN! Jammed with two full ounces of super-mild, sweet burley—crimp-cut for slow-burning "coolth"! Fresh? YES! See that air-tight Cellophane seal? AND—pipe the free B & W coupon! (One in each 2-ounce tin—*8* in the pound air-tight canister!) Save 'em—for 46 knockout premiums! Try BIG BEN today! Look for the red tin with the thoroughbred horse on it. If you roll your own, ask for free cigarette papers. (Premium offer good in U. S. A. only.)

UNION MADE

FREE PREMIUMS

B & W coupon in every tin

Send for complete illustrated catalog No. 14. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky. Write now!



Eveready Flashlight 85 coupons

Remington Knife 25 coupons

Cigarette Case 100 coupons

B & W Coupons are also packed with Raleigh, Kool & Viceroy Cigarettes

Ready for Vacation?

HAVE you been reading the exciting vacation advertisements in this magazine? What glorious good times they offer! Perhaps you would like to earn extra money in spare time for a vacation fund? Whether you choose the mountains or the shore, here is your chance to write your own ticket to Vacationland.

Try This Profitable Plan—Now!

TAKE a tip from Miss "Jimmie" Brown who smiles at you from the picture at the right. She recommends the Crowell Plan because it is so wonderfully *pleasant* and *profitable*. You, too, may earn a substantial extra income by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications.

Miss "Jimmie" Brown of Montana

ACCEPT this invitation to get acquainted with our profitable offer. Of course, you must have the initiative to make the first move for an extra income. Then, we'll help you with personal cooperation from a competent Division Manager. You don't even need to write a letter.

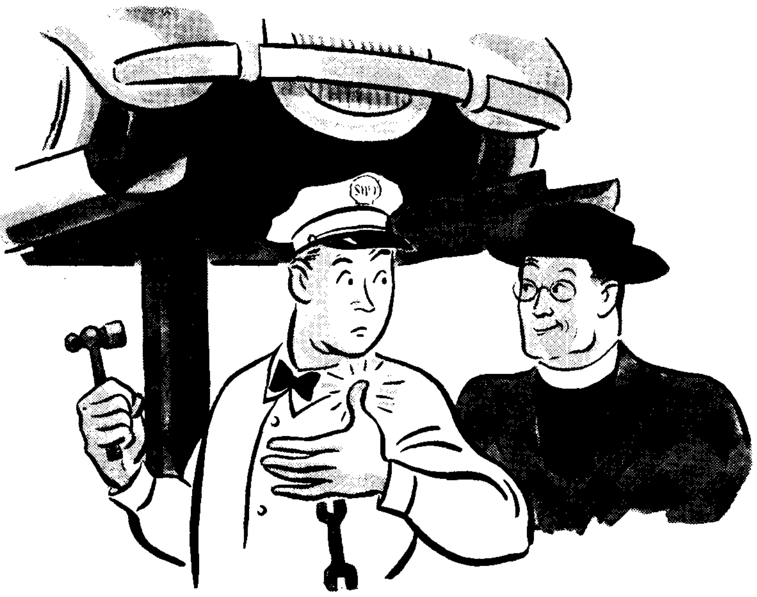
JUST paste the coupon on a penny post card and mail now! —*there is no obligation.*

Mail This Coupon ➔

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-7
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WHAT is your money-making Vacation Plan?

Name ....
Address ....
Town ....
State ....



One day Rev. Kelly heard me mash a thumb...

Here I am reaching up trying to get a drain plug to turn loose when WHAM . . . !!XXX###!!!

Then I turned around and saw him!

"I-I was just thinking about today's stop-and-go driving," I said, flabbergasted.

"Must be *terrible,*" said Rev. Kelly, not smilin'.

"Yessir, Rev'rend," I chatter on. "Every time a car stops and gets cold, the oil all drains off the movin' parts. Then you start the engine and cause a lot of wear.

"Unless, Mister . . . I mean *Reverend* Kelly—unless your oil starts *flowin'* like a bat outa—outa—well, flowin' *fast.*

"And Rev'rend, I bet a lotta nickels and dimes that used to go for thirty or thirty-five cent oil get put in the collection plate now. This Golden Shell is only a quarter." (That one just flashed into my mind.)

"Well, Bill (*he calls me Bill always*). You've helped me with that information—maybe I can help you."

So I promised to go to prayer meetin' next Wednesday night.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

Sol the Salesman

Continued from page 48

of the Liberty Bell being rung again. Sol had a standing offer of $500 reward to anyone who could suggest an idea about George Washington that he wasn't already using in some form or other.

The highlight of the Bicentennial was the dollar-throwing episode. It all started when Sol offered odds of twenty to one that Walter Johnson couldn't throw a dollar across the Rappahannock at the point where Washington was supposed to have thrown his money away. The dollar myth was "preposterous and ridiculous," Bloom exploded to get things started.

Over the River

Sol's odds were good considering the fact that the river was less than 300 feet wide at the point where Washington did or didn't stand, so the citizens of Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock put up more than $5,000 to take the bet. It looked as though Bloom would have to put up or shut up, but he did neither. He produced a cable from England saying that old records showed the river was 1,300 feet wide in Washington's day. His bet, he insisted, required that all conditions be exactly as they were when Washington made dollar-throwing history.

"Now let's hear something from those who've been wanting to take my twenty-to-one bet that it couldn't be done," Sol crowed.

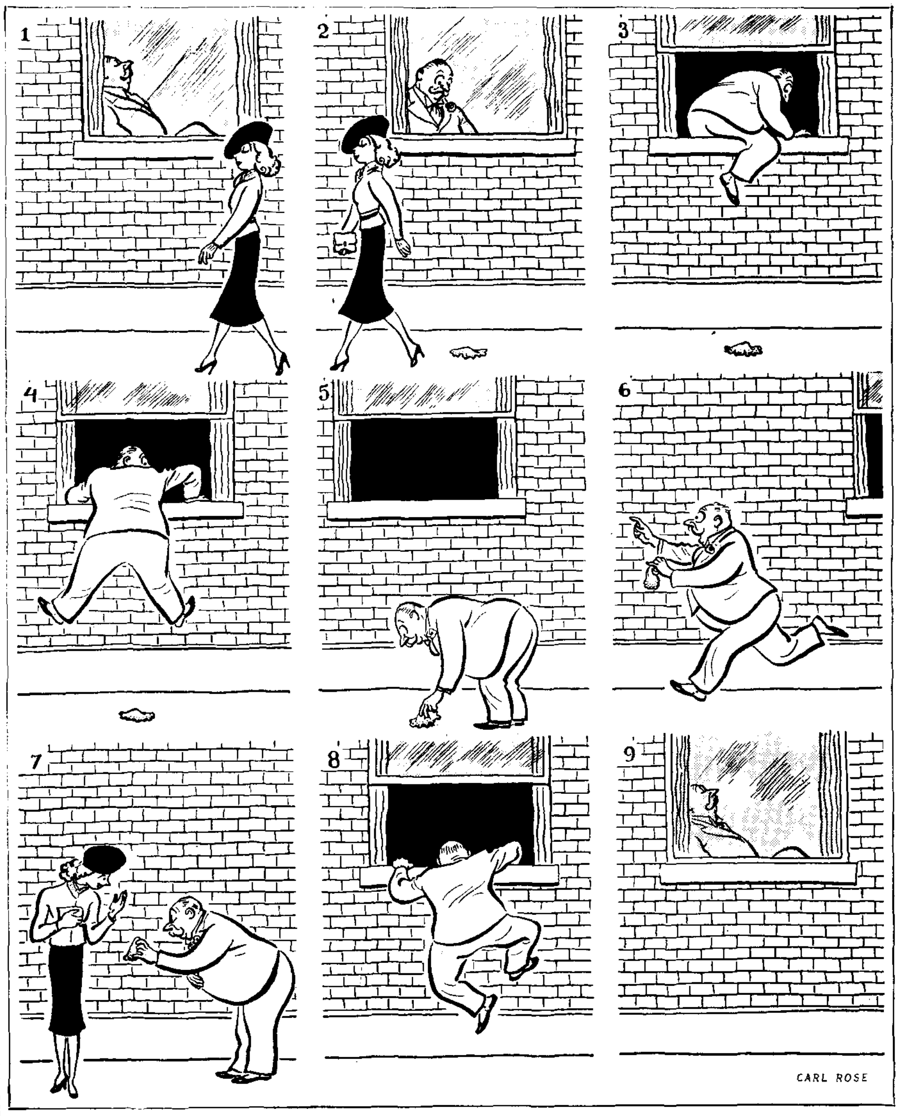
Meanwhile Walter Johnson had agreed to unwind his ancient pitching arm on two conditions: one, that he not be required to wear a colonial costume; and two, that somebody else furnish the dollar.

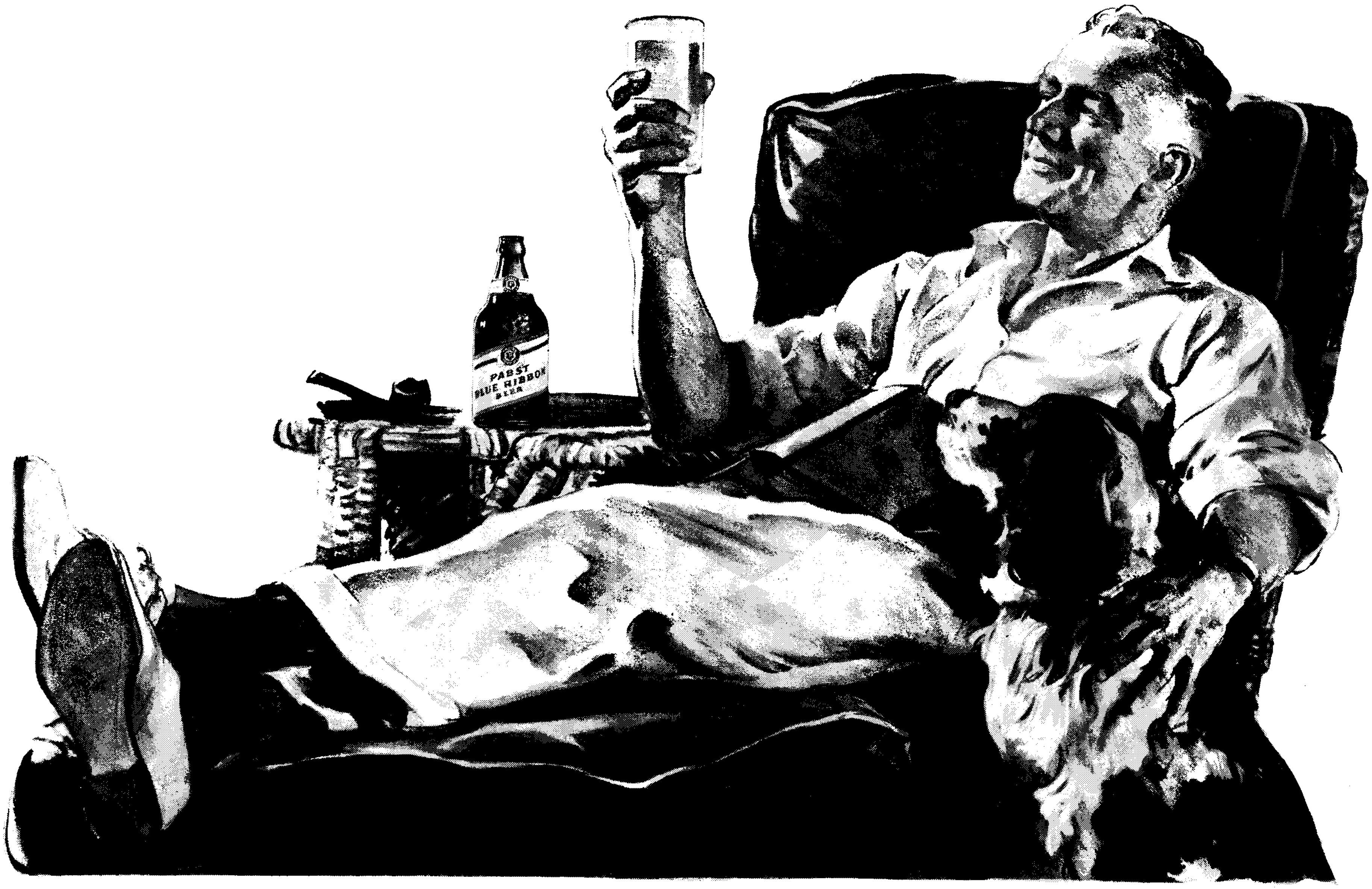
The big day at Fredericksburg saw the expected crowd of 10,000 dwindle to five bus loads of state legislators, their families, friends and page boys, a corps of newspapermen and an army of natives. Most of them were plastered—with Rappahannock mud among other things. Two out of three of Johnson's tosses spanned the river. The official dollar traveled 286 feet 6 inches and landed in a crowd of spectators who trampled one another's faces in the slime scrambling for the souvenir. Thus was celebrated the 200th anniversary of the Father of His Country.

Sol has had three major blows lately. One is the depression. "I have the distinction," he says, "of going through three big depressions. I licked the first two; the third licked me."

The second was Congress' abrupt decision to call off Bloom's program to sell still more patriotism through the Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission. The Constitution celebration was very dear to Sol's heart. He had just got nicely started, having met up with a man who could recite the Constitution by heart, when stories got out that some of the commission's methods of letting contracts might not be quite cricket.

The third was the report that the Administration had persuaded the veteran Congressman Sam McReynolds of Tennessee not to leave the House and run for the Senate because it would move Sol up into the chairmanship of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Sol was deeply wounded. He himself had advised Sam not to give up his job in the House. But suppose Sol did become chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, what's so terrible about that? "If there's one thing I know, it's diplomacy!"

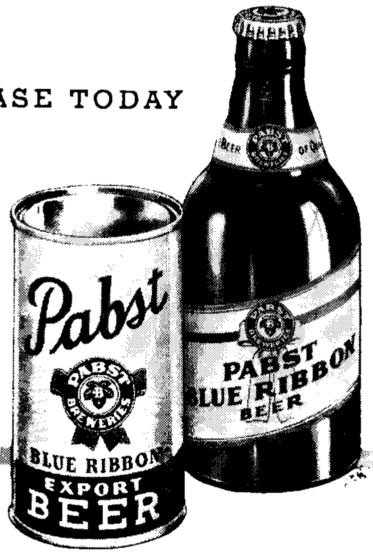



PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

Faithfully Yours . . .

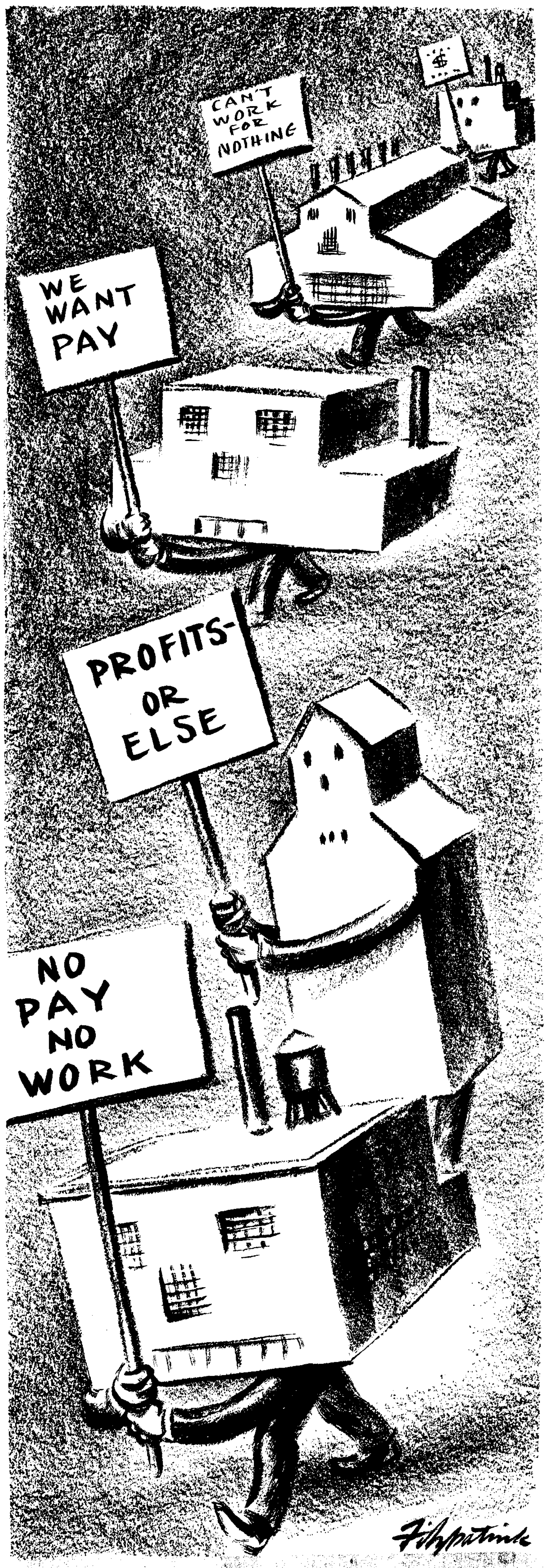
Solid comfort. A wholesome drink of cooling Pabst Blue Ribbon makes your leisure hour complete. Pabst is brewed for your enjoyment by brewers who for 94 years have been faithful to one tradition—*Quality.*

PABST ORDER A CASE TODAY


Pabst
PABST BREWERIES
BLUE RIBBON
EXPORT
BEER
PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

GOOD TASTE FOR 94 YEARS

© 1938, Premier-Pabst Sales Co., Chicago



Collier's THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

No Profit, No Business

NOT since Rexford Tugwell ornamented Washington, have any of the bright young statesmen had the temerity openly to attack business profits as unnecessary.

The same school of thinking led by David Cushman Coyle and kindred economists, however, now talks of a strike of capital as though capital were a living thing, able to pout if not pleased and to work or loaf as its mood suggested.

This sort of nonsense has been widely prevalent, not only in the United States but in many countries. Ever since Karl Marx wrote the Socialist bible his followers have believed that profits were sinful. Many, not avowedly and perhaps not consciously Socialists, have borrowed this belief that business profits are actually little better than "tainted money" if not actually stolen goods.

Against this folly the World Bank has spoken out in its recent annual report. Speaking of many countries, the bank, by no means a Tory institution, said: "The fact should not be overlooked that the main incentive to recovery over wide areas of the world is still the expectation of a sufficient margin of profit during a sufficiently long period."

Our Congress, as well as other governing bodies, needs to remember this basic reality.

Take the Wage and Hour measure. The benevolent purpose of this proposal is to increase the incomes of low-paid workers in the South. We sympathize with this purpose. Wages in too many establishments are shockingly low. Unhappily, however, passing another law is not likely to raise wages. On the other hand, it may deprive many of the jobs they now have.

As everywhere else, Southern business exists only if it makes a profit. If governmentally fixed wages are too high to justify a reasonable expectation of profits, men will not risk what they have, nor what they might hope to borrow, as capital in business.

Unless some men are willing to venture in establishing a new business, or in expanding or even in continuing an old business, the supply of jobs diminishes.

The net effect of any law that diminishes the total number of jobs is bad. We can be wholly certain a law that makes profitable operation extremely difficult will decrease employment. This is as sure as that water runs down hill.

In numerous other ways our lawmakers have shown a frivolous disregard for the effects of their acts upon the profits of business. The old buccaneer railroaders of fifty years ago boasted that they charged all the traffic would bear. In fixing tax rates our lawmakers have shown a desire to get more than the traffic was capable of bearing.

The only possible result of tax levies that make profitable operation improbable, no matter how holy their purpose may be, is to slow down business and throw willing workers out of jobs.

It is all too simple to believe that businessmen are mean or disgruntled because new enterprises are not started when the prospect of profits is dim. Actually, most enterprises are started on borrowed money. Nobody except rich uncles or lunatics will lend the capital to establish a business without the expectation of profits. Without profits a business can last only until it has eaten up its capital.

Under any system of government or production, profits are essential. The labor unions that ventured into banking and other co-operative enterprises quickly learned this lesson. The bank without profits had to be closed regardless of who owned it.

The farm co-operatives that failed to earn profits had to be liquidated. Even various business concerns established by states have been abandoned when they ceased to return profits.

The rule is very simple. On the national scale we can consume only what we produce from year to year. We can increase our productive power only by saving something from one year for future use. If we do not add to our capital or, in other words, if we do not make a national profit, we cannot grow.

The system of private enterprise operated for private profit has been extraordinarily productive in this country. No other system has remotely approached the American achievement. American business has not been perfect and many important reforms have been urgently needed.

But a more productive form does not exist in any other land or even in any man's mind. The dream of the statesmen of other countries is to approach the American standard of living.

We can maintain and raise our standard of living only as vast numbers of Americans are stimulated by the reasonable expectation of success to use this native ingenuity, initiative and enterprise in business. Only as men and women have fair incentives are they moved to expand their activities.

If the politicians would, by definite action, make it clear to the average citizen that the profitable operation of a business will not be penalized by legislation, the energies of the American people would surge forward.

Of course there will be governmental regulation, and of course taxes will continue to be high. Business can make profits in spite of governmental regulation and in spite of high taxes. Business will not grow and flourish, however, unless energetic, capable and imaginative men and women believe they will be allowed to make sufficient margins of profit over sufficiently long periods of time to justify the extraordinary risks and efforts essential to any sustained success. Profits are the seeds of any growing enterprise.

2 Clues for Party Givers

by S. S. VAN DINE
CREATOR OF "PHILO VANCE"

Clue #1

"LOOK AT THE RECORD! Actual figures show that America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind. You simply can't go wrong if you follow that clue in choosing a gin that's sure to please all your guests—whether you're giving a party for four or fifty!"

Clue #2

Evidence gathered at private swimming pool parties . . . at country clubs and bars . . . indicates that the Gin Julep is one of America's favorite Summer drinks. So follow that clue and serve this delicious, refreshing cooler:

Fill a silver julep cup or tall glass half full of finely cracked ice, add 5 or 6 leaves of mint lightly dusted with powdered sugar. Crush lightly with spoon; then fill with more cracked ice. Now fill the cup or glass with Hiram Walker's Gin and add two sprigs of lightly sugar-dusted mint.*

*Here's why Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin takes the mystery out of successful drink-mixing. It's made by the exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniformly perfect flavor in every bottle!

THIS BRAND & TRADE MARK ARE REGISTERED AT THE U.S. PAT. OFF.
TRADE W MARK
ORIGINAL FORMULA
Hiram Walker's
NINETY PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

AMERICA BUYS MORE HIRAM WALKER GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND

VETERAN *of* 2000 Tobacco Auctions

Billie Branch says: "Like most other independent tobacco experts, I smoke Luckies!"

Mr. Smoker: What about these experts who smoke Luckies 2 to 1?

Mr. Lucky Strike: It's a fact... and sworn records show it.

Mr. Smoker: What sort of experts?

Mr. L. S.: *Independent* experts. Not tied up with any cigarette maker. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: What do they do?

Mr. L. S.: Take Billie Branch, for instance. He's been "in tobacco" since boyhood. He is an auctioneer.

Mr. Smoker: He must *know* tobacco!

Mr. L. S.: He *does*. He's seen the tobacco all the companies buy, Lucky Strike included—and he's smoked Luckies for 15 years.

Mr. Smoker: That speaks well.

Mr. L. S.: What's more, only Luckies employ the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. "Toasting" makes Luckies a light smoke.

Mr. Smoker: I believe I'll try them.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Billie Branch Has Smoked Luckies for 15 Years

Sworn Records Show That...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company